

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

---

SOCIAL LIFE IN GREECE.

FIRST ARTICLE.

A BOOK recently written by an old acquaintance, Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, Trinity College, Dublin, has called our attention to this subject, and will furnish us with a great part of what is valuable in this article. Perhaps there is no historical field where we moderns feel ourselves more at home than in that of Greece. There is something weird and fantastic in the disjointed sentences of the Egyptian moralist; the land of the pyramids and the sphinx and the shepherd-kings and the Pharaohs is dry and dead as its own mummied dust; and its literature, represented by its "Book of the Dead," could never breathe the breath of life in the atmosphere of our modern literature. Rome shows us strength and energy, but lacks the flexibility and refinement of culture. The confused metaphors of the Hebrew prophet show, that were he transplanted into our life and taught our language, he would still be completely at a loss to follow the reasonings of our ordinary writers. Ezekiel or Amos could not move in modern society, and it is improbable that even Cicero would be a success. But Aristotle or Socrates or Aristophanes would be at once at home if introduced to our moral and social questions, and would very soon be up to the times in poetry and fiction. Even the barons and priests of the

Middle Ages have far less affinity for us than the ancient Greeks. Cœur de Lion, Thomas à Becket, the Black Prince, or Louis XI would be sorely shocked and perplexed by "the satire and skepticism of our modern society, the decay of fixed belief, the omnipotence of free discussion, as shown by desk and platform, the rule of private interest over patriotism and self-sacrifice," our commerce and speculation, debate and diplomacy. But all this would be congenial to the cultured Greek. He would recognize the teaching of his nation at the foundation of all our poetry, architecture, and painting; he would find Herodotus, in some respects, as modern as Livingstone; and he would peruse systems of mental science which had not outgrown the authority of Socrates and Plato, and which owed much of their method to Aristotle.

Our only very definite improvement upon Attic Greece is in morals, and, I think, it is plain that our improvement there is not a mere *natural growth*. It is not true that ancient civilization contained the germ of our modern heightened respect for divine law and sympathy with human suffering. Among the Greeks, as among the barbarians, morality was divorced from religion. Our modern ethics and the practical observance of them do not spring from the

ancient by a process of evolution. Grecian culture was as full-grown as our own. Ours is superior only because it has been infused with Christianity. A dwarf-pine, transplanted from within the arctic circle or from the snow-line of the Alps to our American forests, will never equal the pines of Maine or Michigan. It is perfect according to the light and heat it had, and, once full-grown, no sun can be so warm, no air so genial, no loam so rich, as to increase its stature one cubit. So Attic culture reached its full though stunted growth. It died, and a new civilization was born, having for the constellation of its horoscope the cross, its breath of life the spirit of Christ, and immeasurably superior to all earlier civilizations in this at least, that it appears, like the soul of man, to be gifted "with the power of an endless life," and the more magnificent the dimensions of its growth the more marvelous becomes the rate of its progress.

But we must not forget that our topic is *social* Greece; and we naturally begin with the Greeks of the Homeric Age. And here we must guard against taking Homer's pictures, in all their bold outline and brilliant coloring, as representing the exact condition of the Greeks among whom he lived. The epic poets composed works for recitation at the courts of kings and chiefs. They were intended to honor these chiefs by extolling the deeds and lives of their ancestors. So an ideal state had to be described, differing from the poet's own experience in the more frequent interference of the gods, in the larger size and strength of the heroes, and in the greater valor of their deeds. Besides this, the rank and file of the people, both in war and peace, on the battle-field and in the agora, is treated as of almost no account. There is not a single instance in the "Iliad" of a chief being wounded by an ignoble hand. Still we must remember that divine power which enables the artist to observe and copy nature faithfully, and yet modify and color it, just as the rising or setting sun can gild with imperial

beauty the huge, misshapen rock in mid ocean.

The knights of the Middle Ages, with whom the Homeric heroes are sometimes compared, used to sum up their idea of moral perfection in one word, *HONOR*,—a term for which there is no equivalent in Greek. This word implied a readiness to contend against all odds, and to encounter death, rather than yield one inch from his post. The man of honor must be free from the stain of a single lie, must ever be ready to help the weak and distressed, and must with his whole heart obey God and the king. The component parts of *HONOR*, then, were *courage*, truth, compassion, and loyalty.

Let us now measure the Homeric heroes by this standard. Their *courage* resembled the French rather than the Anglo-Saxon type. It was dependent on excitement, and vanished quickly before depression and delay. With the exception of Achilles and Diomedes, all the chiefs in the "Iliad" are subject to panics, and fly before the enemy. And even Achilles flies in fear from the pursuit of the river Scamander; but this is rather the dread of an ignoble death, as he himself says, than proper cowardice. This vacillating bravery meets us all through Greek history. The Athenians, who Herodotus says were the first to look the barbarians in the face, are frequently seized with panics, and run for their lives.

As regards the low standard of *truth* among the Greeks, there is little room for controversy. In the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," to deceive an enemy is meritorious;—to deceive a stranger, innocent; to deceive a friend, unobjectionable, if any object was to be gained. It is said, to the credit of Menelaus, that he *will* tell the truth, if you press him, "for he is very considerate" (πεινυμένος). But whether round Troy or in Olympus, the whole Homeric society is full of guile and falsehood.

The third element in honor, *compassion*, appears to have been delegated to

Zeus, whose various amusements, however, often prevented him from attending to his business. The Homeric gentleman, of whose refinement and delicate politeness Grote and Gladstone tell us so much, knew little pity for the widow, the orphan, and the decrepit or aged. What more plaintive lament is there in all the domain of literature than that of Andromache over Hector? Take a few lines of it:

"For though he [the orphan child, Hector] 'scape  
this tearful war with Greece,  
Yet naught for him remains but ceaseless woe,  
And strangers on his heritage shall seize.  
No young companions own the orphan boy;  
With downcast eyes, and cheeks bedewed with tears,  
His father's friends approaching, pinched with want,  
He hangs upon the skirt of one, of one  
He plucks the cloak: perchance in pity some  
May at their tables let him sip the cup,  
Moisten his lips, but scarce his palate touch:  
While youths with both surviving parents blest  
May drive him from their feast with blows and  
taunts:  
Begone, thy father sits not at our board!" etc.

We feel painfully the beauty of the following simile, showing the sad fate of the Homeric widow: "As when a woman weeps, falling upon the body of her dear husband, who had fallen before his city, and commanding his people, defending the town and his children from the pitiless day [of slavery]. She then, seeing him gasping in death, casts her arms about him with piercing cries. But they [the enemy], striking her with spears on the back and shoulders, bring her into slavery, to have sorrow and misery, and her cheeks waste with piteous woe."

As is well known, when a town was captured, the noblest and fairest ladies, whether married or not, became the property of the victors. Such a fate, though felt as a lamentable misfortune, was in no sense considered a disgrace to the Greek lady, of which she would afterward be ashamed. Neither Briseis nor Chryseis seem the least disgraced by their residence in the Greek camp; and, still worse, Helen, after living for years with Paris, is then handed over to Deiphobus, and finally taken back by Menelaus without scruple or difficulty. Neither

Chaucer nor Shakspeare, in their story of Troilus and Cressida, sufficiently recognize this significant fact. The case of Penelope confirms this view of the law of force so constraining the Homeric lady that all delicate feeling, "however ornamental to the surface of society, vanished in stern practice." It was hateful to her to marry one of the rude and ungentlemanly suitors, who thrust their attentions upon her in her grief. Yet if Ulysses were surely dead, there was no help; she must pass into their hands, whether she chose it or not.

Not less characteristic is the treatment of old age. The king or chief, as soon as his bodily vigor passed away, was pushed aside by younger men. We see even Laertes, whose son Ulysses might be expected some day to return and avenge his father's wrongs, exiled to a barren farm in the country, and spending the close of his life, not in honor and comfort, but in poverty and hardship.

The idea of *loyalty* is not unknown to Homer's men and women. Achilles and Penelope are in the highest sense loyal; the one to his friend Patroclus, the other to her husband Ulysses. But the chiefs, in general, are woefully deficient in that chivalrous quality. I shall not lay stress on their want of conjugal fidelity; but in their treatment of Agamemnon the want of loyalty is specially prominent, showing that lack of veneration for merely great personages which is seen later in full bloom in Athens and the United States of America. Achilles is always ready to insult him. Among the gods in Olympus there is similar disloyalty. Zeus rules over a number of turbulent, self-willed, lesser gods, who are perpetually trying to evade and thwart his commands. They would be a treasure to a modern politician, for they are true to one thing only, and that is, their *party*.

The Greeks and Romans wisely laid great stress on the habits of the table as indicative of civilization; and we find it noted of such mythical humanizers as Orpheus, the musician, that they had induced men to improve their manners at

table. The appointments of the Homeric feasts were simple, but not unrefined. Each guest generally had a small table to himself, well cleansed with sponges, and a special supply of bread. The washing of hands before eating was universal. With the exception of the large cup on the table, which was often embossed, and the work of a famous artist, we hear of no plate, or other valuables to ornament the tables. The food, however, was abundant in quantity and rude in kind; always consisting of great roast joints, and reminding us of the "mutton and damper" of the Australian squatter. There was ruddy sweet wine, mellowed by age, and esteemed for its *bouquet* and flavor; but it was always tempered with water; for bestial drunkenness was, in all ages, an offense against Greek taste. The bard was present, who sang the deeds of men of old renown, the ancestors and models of the warriors who sat before him at their tables. There were sometimes ladies present, as we see Helen and Arete at their respective courts, and the current news of the day formed the topic of conversation.

The want of regular communication between distant places was so much felt that wandering beggars evidently attained an importance similar to that of the beggars, and also of the peddlers, in Scott's novels, who combine with the trade of selling goods that of carrying news, and were even, at times, employed as confidential messengers.

There is some reason to think that, in Homer's time, hospitality was degenerating from a primitive and more generous type. Every chief was still bound to entertain a stranger, and the old hero, Nestor, lays hold of Mentor and Telemachus, when they would return to their ships for the night, and says: "Zeus forbid that you should leave me and go to your ships, as if I were a poor man, who had no wrappers and rugs for himself and his guests to sleep in comfortably." And so, when Menelaus's confidential servant (*θεραπών*) asks: "Shall we take round the horses of these noble strangers,

or send them on to some one else, to take care of them?" the noble Menelaus chides him sharply for not understanding his hospitable practices better. But both Nestor and Menelaus were gentlemen of the old school. Another hero speaks out more naively: "Of course you must receive a stranger when he comes; but who would be so foolish as to *invite* a man of his own accord, unless it were a skilled artisan," who would repay his host by his services? No one can read the account of the games in the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey," without being struck with the gentleness and grace of the ideal life portrayed. The modern sporting man will be surprised at the open and gentlemanly way in which the races and other contests were conducted. To be sure, there was a little jostling, and some cheating on the part of the gods, but then we find a man's word believed that he had no unfair intention.

The women, at least among the higher classes, seem to have enjoyed much consideration. The presence of Helen among the company, her luxurious elegance, her quick tact and ability,—all these features show how fully the poets appreciated the influence of female society in softening the rude manners of the pugnacious heroes. So we are introduced to Queen Arete as a lady honored by her husband above the honor given to other ladies by their husbands, and greeted with kindly words by her people whenever she went out through the city; "for she was not wanting in good sense and discretion, and acted as a peace-maker, allaying the quarrels of men." Agamemnon had very bitter experience of his wife Clytemnestra's infidelity; and the advice put into the mouth of his ghost in Hades shows how strong was the influence and intimate the relation of married women as regards their husbands: "Take care not to speak your whole mind to your wife, but keep back something,"—an advice which is sometimes given in the present day by people who have never heard of Agamemnon. Probably, as is usual in most



communities, among the lower classes woman was more depressed in the social scale. Hesiod, who represents the lower castes, as Homer the higher, considers the worst feature of a bad wife her desire to sit at meals with her husband.

Now let us turn from Homeric times to those of the lyric poets. Social intercourse appears to stand far apart from the olden times. Moderate eating and drinking, with good conversation, had assumed, in the minds of educated Greeks, the position which they now hold in intellectual society. Of course, all noise and clamor, such as is fashionable among our university students,—at least among those of Europe,—were intolerable to Greek refinement. Tennyson, in his "In Memoriam," has illustrated this point by a fine contrast:

"All within was noise  
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys  
That crashed the glass and beat the floor:  
Where once we held debate, a band  
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,  
And labor, and the changing mart,  
And all the frame-work of the land," etc.

Phocylides recommends light and good-humored banter over the wine-cup. Theognis wishes that he may sit at table beside some wise man, by whose conversation he will profit. Xenophanes says that at a feast he wants to hear a man talk from his own resources, either drawing from his experience, or suggesting moral discourse, and not one who marshals for you the battles of the giants or the Titans,—inventions of the ancients.

What was the position of woman in the lyric age? We do not find her at all degraded from the models of the Homeric age. There is a fragment of Simonides containing the lament of Danae, perhaps not a whit inferior, either in sentiment or diction, to the celebrated lament of Andromache, in the "Iliad," part of which I have quoted. In this exquisite lyric fragment we have the proof that the age which produced such a poem can not have been wanting in the highest type of female dignity and excellence:

"When rude around the high-wrought ark  
The tempests raged, the waters dark

Around the mother tossed and swelled:  
With not unmoistened cheek she held  
Her Perseus in her arms, and said:  
'What sorrows bow this hapless head!  
Thou sleep'st the while thy gentle breast  
Is heaving in unbroken rest;  
In this our dark unjoyous home,  
Clamped with the rugged brass, the gloom  
Scarce broken by the doubtful light  
That gleams from yon dim fires of night.  
But thou, unwet thy clustering hair,  
Heed'st not the billows raging wild,  
The moanings of the bitter air,  
Wrapt in thy purple robe, my beauteous child!  
O! seemed this perilous to thee,  
How sadly to my words of fear  
Would'st thou bend down thy listening ear!  
But now sleep on, my child! sleep thou, wide sea!  
Sleep, my unutterable agony!  
O! change thy counsels, Jove, our sorrows end!  
And if my rash, intemperate zeal offend,  
For my child's sake, her father, pardon me.'"

Simonides of Amorgos has left us a celebrated poem in which the various tempers of women are shown to result from a kinship with various domestic animals. The poem begins with the untidy woman, whose mind is said to be akin to that of a pig; and, next, the curious and tell-tale woman is compared first to a fox, and then to a dog. She wishes to hear and to know every thing, and goes about looking for news, and retailing it. "Nor can her husband make her stop, even with threats, whether in a rage he should knock her teeth out with a stone, or whether he speak to her gently, and not even when she is sitting in company with guests." Next comes the dull woman without sensibility, whose mind is of the earth, earthy, "who cares not for good or evil: the only work she does is to eat, and not even when God sends a hard Winter, does she draw her chair nearer the stove." We can hardly conceive a more telling or truthful picture. People without sympathy for others are sure to have no taste for comfort themselves, for comforts are essentially social things, and imply a pleasure in other people's happiness. We next come to the fickle woman, who is like the sea. One day she is laughing and joyous, and the guest seeing her in her house will praise her, and say, "There is not in all the world a better or a fairer woman than this." But next day she is furious and unap-

proachable, alike to friends and enemies. There follows an elegant parallel description of the sea, alternately smiling to the sailor's delight, and again raging with loud-sounding waves. Then follow the ass-like and cat-like women, with details which show that those domestic animals were esteemed then exactly as they are now.

Presently we come to the luxurious and extravagant woman, whose mind is akin to a horse. She avoids all slavish work and toil, and will not touch the grinding-stone, nor clean up the house, nor sit at the kitchen-fire. Such a woman makes her husband *intimate with necessity*. She washes herself twice a day, or even three times, and uses unguents. She wears her hair always combed and in tresses, decked with flowers. Such a woman is a fair sight for other people, but, to him that owns her, an evil, except he be some tyrant or ruler who delights his mind with such things, by way of luxury. Then comes the ugly woman, akin to the ape, who is, of course, most objectionable to the Greek moralist. "Such a woman goes through the town a regular laughing-stock to all men."

But the last has the nature of a bee: happy the man that obtains her, for to her alone no blame attaches. The poet's description of her runs somewhat parallel with Solomon's of the excellent woman. Under her care his living prospers and increases. She grows old, a loving wife to her loving husband, the mother of a

fair and praised race. Distinguished is she among women, and divine grace clings to her: nor does she delight in sitting among women when they are talking low scandal. The poet ends with two general remarks: First, that when there is a lady in the house, "the guest is not received with the same open welcome," alluding, I suppose, to the friends of bachelor days. And then, that it is the habit of every man to praise his own wife and abuse those of others, not reflecting that all are under a like misfortune.

In no period of their history did the Greeks fall into the vice of loving wealth for its own sake. They loved wealth because it obtained for them all the great enjoyments of this life,—success in love, success in revenge, success in political life; and, as we can see clearly, money was more successful in procuring all those blessings in those days than it has been in almost any other nation at any epoch of its history. This keen love of pleasure was one of the indelible characters in Greek human nature, reappearing at all times and in all ranks of society; so much so, that Aristotle notices the defect even of a term in the language to denote that blunt and stolid nature, which is not strongly affected by this motive, and calls such a man a sort of inanimate or non-percipient creature.

In the next article, we shall consider the social life of the Greeks during the Attic Age.

GEORGE C. JONES.

## DEATH AND LIFE.

BY the eye whose glance unheeding  
Still seems full of eager pleading;  
By the lip whose trembling motion  
Quivers with a dumb devotion;  
By the spent and failing breath,  
This must be—O, this is Death!

By the spirit undismayed;  
By the soul so surely stayed;  
By the hope whose steady light  
Brightest shines on darkest night,  
Quenchless in that deadly strife,  
This must be—O, this is Life!

A. S. MARTIN.

## THANKSGIVING ANN.

IN the kitchen doorway, underneath its arch of swaying vines and dependent purple clusters, the old woman sat, tired and warm, vigorously fanning her face with her calico apron. It was a dark face, surmounted by a turban, and wearing, just now, a look of troubled thoughtfulness not quite in accordance with her name,—a name oddly acquired from an old Church anthem that she used to sing somewhat on this wise:

"Thankgivin' an'—"

"Johnny, do n't play dar in the water, chile!"

"Thankgivin' an'—"

"Run away now, Susie, dearie."

"Thankgivin' an'—"

"Take care dat bressed baby! Here's some gingerbread for him."

"Thankgivin' an' the voice of melody."

You laugh? But looking after all these little things was her appointed work, her duty; and she spent the intervals in singing praise. Do many of us make better use of our spare moments?

So the children called her Thanksgiving Ann; her other name was forgotten, and Thanksgiving Ann she would be, now, to the end of her days. How many these days had already been, no one knew. She had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Allyn for years, whether as mistress or servant of the establishment, they could scarcely tell; they only knew that she was invaluable. She had taken a grandmotherly guardianship of all the children, and had a voice in most matters that concerned the father and mother, while in the culinary department she reigned supreme.

The early breakfast was over. She had bestowed unusual care upon it, because an agent of the Bible Society, visiting some of the country places for contributions, was to partake of it with them. But while she was busy with a final batch of delicate waffles, the gentleman had

pleaded an appointment, and, taking hasty leave of his host and hostess, had departed unobserved from the kitchen windows; and Thanksgiving Ann's "Bible money" was still in her pocket.

"Did n't ask me, nor give me no chance. Just's if, 'cause a pusson's old an' colored, dey did n't owe de Lord nuffin, an' would n't pay it if dey did," she murmured, when the state of the case became known.

However, Silas, the long-limbed, untiring, and shrewd, who regarded the old woman with a curious mixture of patronage and veneration, had volunteered to run after the vanished guest, and "catch him if he was anywhere this side of Chainy." And even while Thanksgiving sat in the doorway, the messenger returned, apparently unwearied by his chase.

"Wa-ll, I come up with him,—told ye I would,—and give him the three dollars. He seemed kind of flustered to have missed such a nugget; and he said 't was a ginerous jonation,—equal to your master's. Which proves," said Silas, shutting one eye, and appearing to survey the subject meditatively with the other, "that some folks can do as much good just off-hand as some other folks can with no end of pinchin' an' screwin' beforehand."

"Think it proves dat folks dat do n't have no great 'mount can do as much in a good cause by thinkin' 'bout it a little aforehand, as other folks will do dat has more, and puts der hands in der pockets when de time comes. I believes in systematics 'bout such things, I does;" and with an energetic bob of her head, by way of emphasizing her words, old Thanksgiving walked into the house.

"Thankgivin' an' the voice of melody,"

she began in her high, weird voice. But the words died on her lips; her heart was too burdened to sing.

"Only three dollars out 'n all der 'bundance!" she murmured to herself. "Well, mebbly I ought n't to judge; but then I do n't judge, I *knows*. Course I knows, when I's here all de time, and sees de good clo'es, an' de carr'ages, an' de musics, an' de fine times,—folks an' hosses an' tables all provided for, an' de Lord of glory lef' to take what happens when de time comes, an' no prep'ration at all! Sure 'nough, he do n't need der help. All de world is his; and he can send clo'es to his naked, an' bread to his hungry, an' Bibles to his heathen, if dey do n't give a cent, 'spose; but den dey 're pinchin' an' starvin' der own dear souls. Well—taint *my* soul! But I loves 'em,—I loves 'em, an' dey 're missin' a great blessin'."

These friends, so beloved, paid little attention to the old woman's opinion upon what she called "systematics in givin'."

"The idea of counting up all one's income, and setting aside a fixed portion of it for charity, and then calling only what remains one's own, makes our religion seem arbitrary and exacting, it is like a tax," said Mrs. Allyn, one day; "and I think such a view of it ought by all means to be avoided. I like to give freely and gladly of what I have when the time comes."

"If ye haint give so freely an' so gladly for Miss Susie's new necklaces an' yer own new dresses dat ye do n't have much when de time comes," interposed Thanksgiving Ann.

"I think one gives with a more free and generous feeling in that way," pursued the lady, without seeming to heed the interruption. "Money laid aside beforehand has only a sense of duty and not much feeling about it; besides, what difference can it make, so long as one does give what they can when there is a call?"

"I would n't like to be provided for dat way," declared Thanksgiving. "Was, once, when I was a slave, 'fore I was de Lord's free woman. Ye see, I was a young, no-'count gal, not worf thinkin' much 'bout; so my ole marse he lef' me

to take what happened when de time come. An' sometimes I happened to get a dress, an' sometimes a pair of ole shoes, an' sometimes I did n't happen to get nuffin, an' den I went bare-foot; an' dat's jist de way—"

"Why, Thanksgiving, that's not reverent!" exclaimed Mrs. Allyn, shocked at the comparison.

"Jist what I thought, did n't treat me wid no kind of reverence," answered Thanksgiving.

"Well, to go back to the original subject, all these things are mere matters of opinion. One person likes one way best; and another person, another," said the lady, smilingly, as she walked from the room.

"Pears to me it's a matter of which way de Master likes best," observed the old woman, settling her turban. But there was no one to hear her comment, and affairs followed their accustomed routine. Meanwhile, out of her own little store, she carefully laid aside one-eighth. "'Cause if dem ole Israelites was tol' to give one-tenth, I'd jist like to frow in a little more, for good measure. Talk 'bout it's bein' like a tax to put some away for such things! 'Clare! I get studyin' what each dollar mus' do, till I get 'em so loadened up wid prayin's an' thinkin's dat I mos' b'lieve dey weigh double when dey does go.

"O de Lamb! de lovin' Lamb!

De Lamb of Calvary!

De Lamb dat was slain, an' lives again,  
An' intercedes for me."

And now another call had come.

"Came, unfortunately, at a time when we were rather short," Mrs. Allyn said, regretfully. "However, we gave what we could," she added. "I hope it will do good, and I wish it were five times as much."

Old Thanksgiving shook her head over that cheerful dismissal of the subject. She shook it many times that morning, and seemed intensely thoughtful, as she moved slowly about her work.

"'Spose I need n't fret 'bout other folks' duty,—dat ain't none o' my busi-

ness; yas 't is, too, 'cause dey 's good to me, an' I loves 'em. 'Taint like 's if dey did n't call darselves His, neither."

Mr. Allyn brought in a basket of beautiful peaches, the first of the season, and placed them on the table by her side.

"Are n't those fine, Thanksgiving? Let the children have a few, if you think best; but give them to us for dinner."

"Sartain, I 'll give ye all dar is," she responded, surveying the fruit.

Presently came the pattering of several pairs of small feet; bright eyes espied the basket, and immediately arose a cry:

"O, how nice! Thanksgiving Ann, may I have one?"

"And I?"

"And I, too?"

"Help yerselves, dearies," answered the old woman, composedly, never turning to see how often, or to what extent her injunction was obeyed. She was seated in the doorway again, busily sewing on a calico apron. She still sat there when, near the dinner hour, Mrs. Allyn passed through the kitchen, and, a little surprised at its coolness and quietness at that hour, asked wonderingly:

"What has happened, Thanksgiving? Have n't decided upon a fast, have you?"

"No, honey; thought I 'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come," said Thanksgiving Ann, coolly, holding up her apron to measure its length.

It seemed a little odd, Mrs. Allyn thought. But then old Thanksgiving needed no oversight; she liked her little surprises now and then, too, and doubtless she had something all planned and in course of preparation; so the lady went her way, more than half expecting an especially tempting board because of her cook's apparent carelessness that day. But when the dinner-hour arrived, both master and mistress scanned the table with wide-open eyes of astonishment, so plain and meagre were its contents, so unlike any dinner that had ever before been served in that house.

"What has happened, my dear?" asked the gentleman, turning to his wife.

"I do not know," she replied, with a questioning glance at Thanksgiving.

"Dat's all de col' meat dar was,—sorry I did n't have no more," she said, half apologetically.

"But I sent home a choice roast, this morning," began Mr. Allyn, wonderingly; "and you have no potatoes, either,—nor vegetables of any kind."

"Law's, yes! but den a body has to think 'bout it a good while aforehand to get a roast cooked, an' just the same wid 'taters; an' I thought I 'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come, an' I did n't happen to have much of nuffin. 'Clare! I forgot de bread!' and, trotting away, she returned with a plate of cold corn cake.

"No bread?" murmured Mrs. Allyn.

"No, honey; used it all up for toast dis mornin'. Might have made biscuit or muffins, if I 'd planned for 'em long enough, but that kind o' makes a body feel 's if dey had to do it, an' I wanted to get dinner for yer all out o' my warm feelin's when de time come."

"When a man has provided bountifully for his household, it seems as if he might expect to enjoy a small share of it himself, even if the preparation does require a little trouble," remarked Mr. Allyn, impatiently, but still too bewildered at such an unprecedented state of affairs to be thoroughly indignant.

"Cur'us how things make a body think of Bible verses," said Thanksgiving, musingly. "Dar's dat one 'bout 'who giveth us all things richly to enjoy,' an' 'what shall I render to de Lord for all his benefits to'ards me?' Dar! I did n't put on dem peaches!"

"Has Thanksgiving suddenly lost her senses?" questioned the gentleman, as the door closed after her.

"I suspect there is 'a method in her madness,'" replied his wife, a faint smile crossing her lips.

The old woman returned with the basket, sadly despoiled of its morning's contents, but she composedly bestowed the remainder in a fruit dish.

"Dat's all. De chillerns eat a good



many, an' dey was used up one way an' 'nother. I's sorry dar ain't no more, but I hopes ye 'll 'joy what dar is, an' I wishes 't was five times as much."

A look of sudden intelligence flashed into Mr. Allyn's eyes; he bit his lip for a moment, and then asked quietly:

"Could n't you have laid aside some for us, Thanksgiving?"

"Well, dar now! 'spose I could," said the old servant, relenting at the tone. "B'lieve I will next time. Allers kind o' thought de folks things belonged to had de best right to 'em; but I 'd heard givin' whatever happened was so much freer an' lovin'er way o' servin' dem ye love best, dat I thought I 'd try it. But it does 'pear 's if dey fared slim, an' I spects I 'll go back to de ole plan o' systematics."

"Do you see, George?" questioned the wife, when they were again alone.

"Yes, I see. An object-lesson with a vengeance!"

"And if she should be right, and our careless giving seem any thing like this?" pursued Mrs. Allyn, with troubled face.

"She is right, Fanny; it does n't take much argument to show that. We call Christ our king and master; believe that every blessing we have in this world is his direct gift, and all our hopes for the world to come are in him. We profess to be not our own but his, to be journeying toward his royal city, and that his service is our chief business here; and yet, strangely enough, we provide lavishly for our own appareling, entertainment, and ease, and apportion nothing for the interests of his kingdom or the forwarding of his work, but leave that to any chance pence that may happen to be left after all our wants and fancies are gratified. It doesn't seem like very faithful or loving service," Mr. Allyn answered, gravely. "I have been thinking in that direction occasionally, lately, but have been too indolent, careless, or selfish to come to a decision and make any change."

There was a long talk over that dinner-table,—indeed it did not furnish oppor-

tunity for much other employment; and that afternoon the husband and wife together examined into their expenses and income, and set apart a certain portion as sacred unto their Lord,—doing it somewhat after Thanksgiving's plan of "good measure." To do this, they found required the giving up of some needless indulgences,—a few accustomed luxuries. But a cause never grows less dear on account of the sacrifice we make for it, and as these two scanned the various fields of labor, in deciding what to bestow here and what there, they awoke to a new appreciation of the magnitude and glory of the work, and a new interest in its success,—the beginning of that blessing pronounced upon those who "sow beside all waters."

Mrs. Allyn told Thanksgiving of their new arrangement, and concluded, laughingly, though the tears stood in her eyes:

"So you see we have adopted the 'systematic' plan too; and you need n't starve us for supper, Thanksgiving Ann, you dear faithful old soul!"

Silas heard of the change in that mysterious way in which he contrived to hear of every thing that happened anywhere within a circuit of ten miles of him, and coming to the old colored woman that evening as, with face of content, she occupied once more her favorite seat in the doorway, he launched forth on the subject at once.

"An' now I s'pose you 're satisfied."

"I 's 'mazin' glad," said Thanksgiving, looking up brightly; "but *satisfied*—dat 's a long, deep word, an' de Bible says it 'll be when we 'awake in His likeness."

"Wall, now, I do n't perless none of these kind of things," said Silas, standing on one foot and swinging the other, "but I do n't mind tellin' ye that I think your way 's right, an' I do n't b'lieve nobody ever lost nothin' by what they give to God; 'cause he 's pretty certain to pay it back with compound interest to them, ye see."

"Mebby so; but do n't ye think, Silas Ridgelow, dat it 's a drefful mean way to offer a little gift to yer best an' dearest

friend—a calk'latin' dat he 'll pay back more?"

"Wa-ll, ye see folks do n't always feel right," observed Silas, dropping dexterously on the other foot.

"No, dey do n't. When ebery body feels right, an' does right, dat 'll be de millennium. Does yer know dar's a prophecy 'bout de time when even de bells of de hosses shall hab 'holiness to de Lord' on 'em? Do n't know what dat means, 'less 'tis dat de rich folks'

carriages behind de hosses shall be goin' on his arrands, an' carryin', part of de time, 'de least of dese, his brederin.' Guess de lovin' 'll have got so strong den dar 'll be no thinkin' 'bout prayin'," said the old woman, musingly. "Well, I's glad of de faint streak of dat day dat's come to dis house!" And she went in with her old song upon her lips:

"Thankgivin an' de voice of melody."

KATE W. HAMILTON.

## GARRETS.

### PART II.

WE turn now, with a sigh of relief, to Oliver Goldsmith; for though, like Chatterton, spending most of his life in these aerial abodes sacred to the memory of authors, his bright, sunny disposition always surrounded him with friends. Though forced, like that ill-fated boy, to coin his brain for bread, he was ever careless and merry; and though, like him, forced upon the rough corners of the world, he cushioned them so thoroughly with simplicity, warm-heartedness, and generosity, he never felt their angularity. Sitting in his lofty habitation, with a worsted stocking on his head, in spite of debts, duns, executions, and termagant landladies, who were all so unreasonable as to want money, he was still a happy fellow; and, being fully satisfied he would pay if he could, he left things to right themselves, and turned to laugh with Tony Lumpkin or moralize with Dr. Primrose.

The Goldsmith family were poor, and, for some time after Oliver's birth, were quite dependent upon his mother's parents for support. Their slender means had been strained to the utmost to give the oldest brother a liberal education, and it was decided to bring Oliver up to a trade; but the solicitations of his mother,

and his passionate love of books, induced his father to throw aside all scruples of economy, and he was placed at Trinity College, Dublin. Here he could only be admitted as sizer, or poor scholar, a position most mortifying to a sensitive person, as such pupils were forced to wear a coarse black gown, without sleeves, and a red cap, to distinguish them from the others, and were expected to wait upon the wealthy students at table, eating what remained after they had left. He finally found his situation so uncomfortable, owing principally to a brutal tutor, who even went so far as to inflict personal chastisement upon our poor poet, that he sold all his effects and went to Cork to sail for some foreign country; but he lingered so long that he spent all that he possessed; and finally, selling the clothes off his back, in a state of misery and starvation, sought his brother Henry, who fitted him up again, and took him back to college.

Soon after this escapade his father died, and, poorer than ever now, he was sometimes compelled to pawn his books, and was driven to the extremity of writing penny street ballads.

He at length left college,—some of his biographers say before graduating,—and,

after a year spent as tutor, an employment very distasteful to him, he purchased a horse and set out, no one knew whither. Weeks passed; and when his friends, distressed beyond measure, had given him up for dead, he suddenly reappeared, minus every thing, horse, clothes, and money. His mother was thoroughly indignant with the scapegrace; but he related his adventures in so amusing a manner, seemed so penitent, and so glad to be at home again, that he was once more forgiven. This promising youth had been intended for the Church; but he now positively refused this calling, not, as he tells us, for lack of godliness, but because he would not wear a long wig when he liked a short one, or black clothes when he preferred brown. So it was decided that he should study law; and his never-failing friend, his Uncle Contarine, advanced the necessary funds, and he set out for London. Here the unlucky Oliver fell into the hands of a sharper, was plundered of all he had, and once more returned to his despairing family. Theology and the law being now both out of the question, his much-enduring uncle decided to take him to Edinburgh; and here he commenced the study of medicine. His lodgings were, of course, far from palatial, and he tells us his landlady was an adept in the art of saving, performing surprising feats, such as making a loin of mutton serve a family of five for a whole week. Having heard several courses of lectures, though it is probable he spent more time at the tavern and the gaming-table than in the college, it was decided he should continue his studies at Leyden, his uncle furnishing the funds. He, accordingly, went to Leith to engage passage to Leyden, and, finding a vessel just sailing for Bordeaux, for no reason in the world but his eccentricity, engaged passage on her! They encountered a fearful storm, escaped a shipwreck, and landed in Rotterdam; whence he went by post to his destination. Here, as usual, he squandered his time and his money, spending

most of his little hoard in a package of tulip roots for his uncle, which at that time commanded extravagant prices in Holland; and, at length, leaving his professors, for whom he seems to have had little esteem, he set out on a pedestrian tour through Italy and France, his sole possessions being one clean shirt, a shilling, and a flute! When, toward nightfall, he approached a peasant's hut, he would play one of his merriest airs, and this always secured him food and a night's lodging. "Thus," he says, "I passed among the peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be merry; for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants." Thus he saw the glories of France and Italy; and we, to this day, are enjoying the results of his vagrancy, in the charming poem of "The Traveler;" which, had Goldsmith been a proper youth, quiet, frugal, and industrious, would never have blessed the world with its beauty.

Goldsmith at length turned his steps homeward, and we see him arriving in London, without, as he expresses it, "friends, recommendation, money, or impudence." But, fortunately, our poet had "a knack of hoping," which gladdened the future, and gave him spirits and energy to push on. First he tried the position of usher in a school; and the following words, put into the mouth of one of his characters, show how he enjoyed it: "I," said he, "have been an usher to a boarding-school, and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I would rather be an under-turnkey at Newgate. I was up early and late; I was browbeaten by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys, and never allowed to stir out to meet with civility abroad. No, sir, if you are for a genteel, easy profession, bind yourself seven years as an apprentice to turn a cutler's wheel, but avoid a school by all means." Having soon thrown up his uncongenial situation, he cast about for some other way to put bread in his mouth; but, by this time, his clothes had

grown so shabby that no one was willing to employ him. Just at this trying time an old friend recognized him, who, aiding him with something besides advice, though that too was given and accepted, enabled our poor hero to begin the practice of medicine. He also wrote a little; and thus, as he expressed it, "with very little practice as a physician, and very little reputation as a poet, I make shift to live."

It is pleasant to see the light of independence and sterling honesty burning brightly through the darkness of poverty and destitution. Lord North sent to him Dr. Scott, with *carte blanche*, to induce him to write for the ministry; but Goldsmith was not to be bought. "I found him," says Dr. Scott, "in a miserable set of chambers, in the Temple. I told him my authority, that I was empowered to pay most liberally for his exertions, and, would you believe it, he was so absurd as to say: 'I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party: the assistance you offer me is, therefore, unnecessary.' And so," says the Doctor, "I left him in his garret."

And now we see Goldsmith regularly launched in the drudgery of literature, the then worst paid, as well as most uncertain, wearing, and feverish, of occupations. He lived a life of one long, unceasing anxiety, and died poor,—the lot, alas! of hundreds of others. For his "Traveler," he received twenty guineas; "The Vicar of Wakefield" brought sixty, and "The Deserted Village" one hundred,—less than two hundred pounds for three of the most popular works in the English language!

His "Inquiry into Polite Literature" was written in a miserably dirty room, with but one chair in it, which Goldsmith politely handed to strangers, and sat himself meanwhile in the window. From one of his greatest straits, Johnson relieved him. He was sent for by Goldsmith one day in the greatest distress. Sending word that he would come immediately, and suspecting as usual some pecuniary trouble, he sent him a guinea.

Shortly after, he arrived at the poet's lodgings, and found him deep in misery, and a bottle of Madeira, which he had purchased with the guinea! Johnson, upon inquiry, found that Goldsmith was deeply in debt to his landlady, a Mrs. Fleming, who insisted upon all arrears being paid up, or, fearful proposal! that she should be instantly united in marriage with the unfortunate poet! They argued and entreated, but in vain; the lady was firm; the money or a husband, and at once. Dr. Johnson was at his wit's end how to redeem the person of his friend from the clutches of the landlady, whose charms were as few as her demands were urgent. Finally, after much consultation, Goldsmith produced a manuscript which proved to be the "Vicar of Wakefield," and Johnson, catching a gleam of hope, flew with it to Dodsley, who, after some consideration, gave him ten pounds for it in money, with an eventual consideration upon its future sale. Johnson prudently concealed the amount he had received, and wisely administered a pound at a time to the improvident poet, who never could resist a gay suit of clothes, or the cry of one poorer than himself. He was, notwithstanding his ugly face and awkward figure, very fond of gorgeous dressing, and was constantly in debt to his tailor for scarlet breeches and suits of the most delicate shade of pink, while sky-blue satin and Genoa velvet are scattered profusely through his bills, some of which are still in existence to attest his extravagance. Though we may smile at these instances of weakness, we can not but love the man who never failed to supply the need of the suffering. Sometimes every cent he had would go to some poor widow or starving child. Sometimes, when every penny was gone, he would pull off his own coat for some poor shivering wretch, and his biographers relate that on one occasion, on first coming to London, he even rushed to his room, and, tearing off his last sheet and quilt, threw them around the shoulders of a poor quaking beggar. He himself crept under the mattress and became so entan-

gled in the ticking that he was unable to extricate himself, and could not get out till some friend broke open the door and set him free the next morning. He seems again to have tried the practice of medicine, but we only hear of his having one patient, whom he visited in a gorgeous cloak, and with a sword and cane! "I shall cease prescribing for my friends," exclaimed Goldsmith, in despair. "Do, dear Doctor," exclaimed the witty Beauclerk; "when you undertake to kill, let it only be your enemies."

When hard beset by creditors, it is said that Goldsmith used to retire to Islington; and the old tower of Canonbury House is still shown where, for days and even weeks, he lay concealed, and where, it is also said, he wrote "The Deserted Village." But if Goldsmith was poor, he was also philosophical, and when covered with darts and patches, he deftly used his tricornered hat to cover the most impudent ones. He sagely advises: "If you be caught dining upon a half-penny porringer of soup and potatoes, praise the wholesomeness of your repast; if there be found in your equipage some irreparable defect, which can not be concealed by all the arts of sitting cross-legged, coaxing, or darning, say that neither you nor Sampson Gideon were ever fond of dress. Appear to be a miser rather than a beggar. To be poor and to seem poor is a certain method never to rise. Pride in the great is hateful; in the wise, ridiculous; *beggarly pride* is the only sort of vanity I can excuse."

Finally, poor "Goldie," as he was affectionately termed by Johnson, at the early age of forty-four, enveloped in debt, and attacked by a fever, which was augmented by his mental distress at his pecuniary difficulties, lost his "knack of hoping," and the generous, impulsive, improvident, loving Irish heart ceased to beat. Every one sorrowed at the sad news. Burke wept; Sir Joshua laid aside his brushes for the day; Johnson sat silent and moaned for hours.

Poor Goldsmith lies in an unmarked

grave in the Temple burying-ground. The Literary Club had intended to give him an imposing funeral, but when the extent of his indebtedness was ascertained, the idea, from motives of delicacy, was abandoned. But a stately monument was placed to his memory in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey not long after. How can England show better her appreciation of one of her most brilliant writers, whose fame only increases as the years roll round, than by removing his remains from their humble resting-place to occupy their proper position in the Walhalla of British poets?

The great Dr. Johnson, rude, dogmatic, bigoted old tyrant, that he was, came of very humble origin, his father being a bookseller in a very small way, and his mother the daughter of a yeoman. They managed, however, by the help of friends, to keep Samuel, the eldest of two sons, three years at Pembroke College; where he suffered so much from lack of money as sometimes to be unable to attend his classes, from want of necessary clothing in which to appear. Greatly to his sorrow, he was obliged to leave Pembroke before obtaining his degree, and accepted a situation as usher in a school, which he hated as thoroughly as Goldsmith did a similar one. He married, most imprudently, a widow double his own age, having first unsuccessfully courted her daughter. It is said that he told his future wife that he had neither family nor fortune to offer her, as he had hardly a guinea of his own, and had had an uncle hanged; to which she responded that she had no more money than he, and though she had never had a relative hanged, she had a dozen who deserved to be!

After attempting several undertakings which proved to be failures, Johnson decided to try London, the city which had witnessed the poverty and failure of so many men of letters. If the path of literature had seemed a thorny road in the times of the magnificent Dorset, what words can describe the thorns and brambles which beset the way when Walpole held the supreme power? Of all the



men of letters who lived and struggled and died in the palmy days of Sir Robert Walpole, Young is the only one who received from his hands a pension as the reward of literary merit solely. Goldsmith and Johnson came upon the stage in the very darkest time, when no patron extended a helping hand, and when, as yet, the public felt no hunger for literary food. In those days, every thing that was utterly miserable was expressed in the single word, author.

"Slow rises worth by poverty depressed;"

and the night sometimes found Johnson walking the streets of the sleeping city, unable to pay for the poorest bed. His first lodgings were in the house of a Mr. Norris, a staymaker, where he tells us he dined very comfortably for eightpence; a cut of meat for sixpence, bread for a penny, and a penny for the waiter. He could lodge in a garret at eighteen pence a week, and if he was inquired of as to his residence, it was easy to say, "Sir, I am to be found at such a place." On "clean shirt day," he went out to pay visits, and altogether he estimated that thirty pounds a year enabled him to live without being contemptible. But he found it hard work, even with the strictest economy; and we hear of the sale of all his little valuables, given him in his youth, even a small silver cup, the gift of the mother so tenderly loved. We are told that Johnson's publisher and a Mr. Harte were dining one day at the tavern, when Mr. Harte warmly praised Johnson's writings. Shortly after, Mr. Cave told the gentleman how happy his commendations had made poor Johnson, who was eating his dinner near them, but behind a screen, being too meanly dressed to appear.

At one time Dr. Johnson went with Sir Joshua Reynolds to dine with the Miss Cotterills, who lived somewhat in the fashionable world. Johnson was very shabbily dressed, and the servant who opened the door, seeing the uncouth and dirty figure of a man, and not conceiving that he could be one of the guests,

caught hold of his coat as he went up the steps, exclaiming:

"You, fellow! what do you want here? I suppose you have come to rob the house."

This threw our irritable poet into such a fit of shame and anger that he was almost beside himself with rage, and roared out in such thundering tones that the maid was only too glad to let him go.

It is also related that once Sir Joshua, who, at that time, was in no better circumstances than his friend, was calling with Dr. Johnson upon a lady of their acquaintance, who was much disconcerted by the arrival of a duchess while "she was in such company." Johnson quickly perceived her embarrassment, and took his revenge by pretending to be a common mechanic, asking Reynolds how much he thought they could "earn in a week, if they wrought to their utmost?"

So poorly was Dr. Johnson paid for his works that long after he was famous his penury continued. By the time that the "Dictionary," his most famous work, was completed, he found the payment for it completed also, as he had been obliged to draw upon the publishers for his daily sustenance. When he had been twenty-two years in the great city, and had obtained great eminence as an author, he was obliged to borrow six of the twelve guineas which he sent his mother upon her death-bed. And I think the readers of "Rasselas" will peruse it with double pleasure, if they remember it was written, in snatches of time obtained from his daily labors, to defray the expense of his mother's funeral, and to cancel a few debts she left unpaid. Though Dr. Johnson was exceedingly hard upon sentimental or imaginary troubles, no one extended a readier helping hand in real affliction. He entertained whole nests of people in his house, as Mrs. Thrale tells us, the lame, the blind, the sick. A Miss Williams, a maiden lady in poor circumstances, came to his house to remain while an operation should be performed upon her eyes, and never left it again till her death, some thirty years

after. Two other ladies and a Mr. Levet, a poor apothecary, also enjoyed his hospitality, and, as they were all jealous of one another, his home was not the most cheerful one imaginable. He described the state of warfare in this way: "Miss Williams hates every body; Levet hates Desmoulines, and does not love Williams; Desmoulines hates them both; Polly loves none of them." However, their bickerings were not of very much importance, as during eighteen years he was almost a constant member of Mr. Thrale's household, only spending parts of three days in the week at home, when he treated his curious and ill-grained family with the most ceremonious politeness.

After five and twenty years spent in struggling with poverty,—sometimes destitute of pen or paper with which to transcribe his thoughts, sometimes arrested for debt,—when his powers were beginning to wane and a miserable old age was staring him in the face, the Government settled upon him a pension of three hundred pounds a year. As we have seen, he spent it benevolently; and the remainder of his life, made cheerful by his club and his acquaintance with the Thrales, moved smoothly on. As we close this brief sketch, Macaulay's description rises to our minds: "The club-room is before us, and the table on which stands the omelet for Nugent and the lemons for Johnson. There are assembled those heads which live forever on the canvas of Reynolds. There are the spectacles of Burke, and the tall, thin form of Langton; the courtly sneer of Beauclerk, and the beaming smile of Garrick; Gibbon, tapping his snuff-box, and Sir Joshua, with his trumpet in his ear. In the foreground is the strange figure of Johnson, which is as familiar to us as the figures of those with whom we have been brought up,—the gigantic body, the huge, massy face, seamed with the scars of disease; the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the gray wig, with a scorched foretop; the dirty hands, the nails, bitten and pared

to the quick. We see the eyes and mouth moving with convulsive twitches; we see the heavy form rolling; we hear it puffing; and then comes the 'Why, sir!' and the 'What then, sir?' and the 'You don't see your way' through the question, sir!'"

We can not close this article, already too long, without a few words about that extraordinary man, Robert Burns, who, without any education, the son of a poor farmer, was called from the plow to wield the scepter in the glorious realm of poetry. Upon a miserably poor, unfertile farm, taken in the vain hope of relieving his father from the load of debt which was weighing him down,

"He walked in glory and in joy,  
Following his plow along the mountain side."

And here wrote most of his celebrated pieces; and from here was called to Edinburgh to superintend a new edition of his poems. Here he was flattered by the nobility and fêted by *litterateurs*; but from the most splendid entertainments of the aristocracy he groped his way through dingy alleys to his obscure garret and his share of a deal-table, a sanded floor and a chaff-bed,—all of which luxuries he obtained at eighteen pence a week.

Upon his second visit to Edinburgh we find Burns no longer the lion of the day. His peasant origin and his poverty were crimes which his genius could not balance; and he found the doors which, "on golden hinges turning," had before opened wide to receive him, now closed against him. It is related that, on one occasion, being invited to dine at a nobleman's, he went, and, to his amazement, found he was expected to eat with the butler. After dinner he was sent for and requested to sing a song. Dissembling his anger, he complied, and sung:

"Is there for honest poverty  
Wha' hangs his head and a' that?  
The coward slave, we pass him by,  
And dare be poor for a' that,—  
For a' that and a' that,  
A man's a man, for a' that!

"You see yon birkie ca'ed a lord  
(Pointing to the noble at the head of the table),

Who struts and stares and a' that;  
Though hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that."

At the last words he passed from the house, not deigning a syllable.

Treated thus with contempt and indignity by those who had heaped upon him every honor, he shook off the dust of Edinburgh, and, with an exciseman's appointment in his pocket,—the highest and best gift Scotland could afford her then greatest poet,—with ruined hopes and thwarted ambition, broken in substance as in constitution, he strode away, to make both ends meet on seventy pounds a year! He settled at Dumfries, in a little house of five rooms; and here he died, when only thirty-six years old! Alas, it is but the old story over again:

"Cold, pain, and labor, and all fleshly ills;  
And mighty poets in their misery dead."

Nor were the great novelists of this time any exception to the general rule of starvation to *litterateurs*. The three great founders of the modern novel, Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, who, after the lapse of more than a century, have found but few superiors, were none of them enriched by their writings. Richardson was the son of a joiner, and had only the most ordinary education. His first novel, "Pamela," was written when its author was over fifty years of age, and was a great success, running through five editions in one year. "Clarissa" and "Sir Charles Grandison" were equally well received; but, as Macaulay says, "Richardson kept a shop, and his shop kept him, which his novels, admirable as they are, would scarcely have done."

Henry Fielding, the author of "Tom Jones," undoubtedly the first of English novels, was glad to receive the appointment of justice, at three hundred pounds a year. After his death his family were preserved from want by the charity of his brother and a devoted friend.

Poor Smollett, thrown upon his own resources at the age of nineteen, did not find his pathway to distinction paved with gold and silver. Notwithstanding

his facility for composition, his general information, and his ability to produce such works as "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," and "Humphrey Clinker," his life was one continued struggle for existence. His ill-luck attended him to the very end, and he died just as he would have inherited an estate of a thousand pounds a year!

Let us glance but a moment at the great musicians whose productions have delighted the world, and which, speaking no unknown tongue, are loved wherever refinement and civilization have fought their way.

Beethoven, the king of composers, shut out from the sound of his own harmonies for twenty years, yet working steadily forward, producing the grandest music ever written, died deceived by friends and overtaken by want. During the composition of Mozart's grandest productions, his family wanted the commonest necessities of life; and we are told that, after all his life of toil, he at the last filled a pauper's grave. Poor Handel's never-dying oratorios were written in the deepest poverty, with the blindness which afterward fell upon him slowly advancing. Schubert, one of the four great composers whose genius has rendered the whole world debtor to Vienna, died at the early age of thirty-one. After his whole life devoted to composition, he passed away, quite unknown to fame, miserable, neglected, and actually in want of the commonest food! No wonder he exclaimed, "*Meine ruh ist hin, mein herz ist schwer*" (My peace is gone, my heart is heavy).

This is a sad picture; but let us not altogether blame the people and the publishers. As Macaulay says: "The literary character assuredly has always had its share of faults,—vanity, jealousy, morbid sensibility. To these faults were now superadded all the faults commonly found in men whose livelihood is precarious, and whose principles are exposed to trial of severe distress. All the vices of the gambler and of the beggar were now blended with those of the

author. The prizes in the wretched lottery of book-making were scarcely less ruinous than the blanks. If good fortune came, it came in a manner almost certain to be abused. After months of starvation and despair, a full third night or a well received dedication filled the pocket of the lean, ragged, unwashed poet with guineas. He hastened to enjoy these luxuries, with the images of which his mind had been haunted whilst sleeping amid the cinders, and eating potatoes in Shoe Lane. A week of taverns soon qualified him for another year of night cellars.

Sometimes blazing in gold-laced hats and waistcoats; sometimes lying in bed because their coats had gone to pieces, or wearing paper cravats because

their linen was in pawn; sometimes drinking Champagne and Tokay; sometimes standing at the window of an eating-house to snuff up the scent of what they could not afford to taste,—they knew luxury, they knew beggary, but they never knew comfort."

Let us view with leniency their faults, nor consider wasted a half-hour spent in remembering the misfortunes of men, poor in gold, but rich in genius, the pioneers of literature. They smoothed for us the thorny way, and filled, with cruelest toil, the bogs and quagmires, while we walk unharmed and dry shod. Theirs the labor, the grief, the disappointment: ours the recompense, the joy, the glad fruition.

MARIA P. WOODBRIDGE.

### CAMP-MEETINGS.

**T**AKING up a country newspaper last Summer, my eye chanced to fall upon the following paragraph:

"The camp-meeting at Claremont Junction this season has been a great success, owing to the excellent manner in which the services have been conducted, and the perfect weather that has prevailed. It is estimated that over ten thousand were in attendance last Sabbath. Had we the means at hand, we should like to give the history of camp-meetings in connection with this notice. We believe, however, this primitive worship was introduced by John Wesley, the founder of Methodism."

As many, reading the above, may be led to believe the grave error expressed in the closing sentence, we will here briefly give the origin and truthful history of this form of divine service.

The camp-meeting, which has become an American "institution," so far as all the branches of the powerful and numerous Methodist family, and some other re-

ligious denominations, are concerned, is purely of American origin.

The first camp-meeting in the United States was held in 1799, on the banks of the Red River, in Kentucky. The common idea that it was exclusively of Methodist origin is simply erroneous. The manner in which it was begun was this: There were two brothers by the name of M'Gee, one a Presbyterian, and one a Methodist, preacher. Being on a religious tour from Tennessee, where the former was settled, to a locality near Ohio, they stopped at a settlement on the river to attend sacramental services with the Rev. Mr. M'Geedy, a Presbyterian. Sermons were delivered on the occasion by the brothers M'Gee and three Presbyterian clergymen, and the excitement created seems to have been as great among those present as that which has followed the preaching of Moody and Sankey.

When the news of the extraordinary movement reached the surrounding coun-

try, the people, having never heard of the like before, rushed in such crowds to the meeting-house that it was immediately overflowed, and the religious services were therefore transferred to the forest. Many came from every direction, with provisions and other necessities for encampment, and continued several days dwelling in tents.

Sectarian divisions seemed to have been entirely forgotten in this *first* camp-meeting. The services were conducted by Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists. The result was so extraordinary that it suggested another meeting of the kind; and, from this unpremeditated beginning, these meetings extended, increasing in power and usefulness, under the special direction of both Presbyterians and Methodists. Because of this union of sects in their support, they were called "General Camp-meetings." At length, however, the Presbyterians gradually retired from the field; but the Methodists carried them into other parts of the country, till they became general in the connection; with more or less effectiveness, they have been continued to the present time.

Camp-meetings were introduced into England by Rev. Lorenzo Dow, an earnest, wide-awake, though somewhat peculiar, Methodist preacher, whose name is familiar in almost every Christian home. This man, from his eccentricity of manner and dress, was known by his enemies, and other thoughtless and unworthy people in many parts of this country, as "Crazy Dow." In spite of contumely and rebuff,—often, we are sorry to say, from members of his own denomination,—and ceaseless dangers and hardships of all kinds, he persevered for nearly forty years in preaching, traveling over the United States and Canada, England and Ireland. And, by the blessing of God, a rich reward followed his great labors for the ingathering of precious souls. The great success of Moody and Sankey will not be regarded as unprecedented by those who remember that (so-called) "Crazy Dow," with an awkward and un-

gainly person, a harsh voice, unattractive delivery, and somewhat illiterate phraseology, who had a simple fervor which so supplied the place of eloquence that he rarely failed of having attentive and even most enthusiastic hearers. The simple key to the problem was, he was moved, guided, and guarded by the power of the Holy Ghost.

Finding, in 1807, a general religious interest in Staffordshire, England, brother Dow suggested to the people the plan of camp-meetings. This was immediately adopted, and the first English camp-meeting was held. The new plan did not, however, receive the unanimous approval of English Methodists. On the contrary, the Wesleyan Conference, in 1807, declared: "It is our judgment that, even supposing such meetings to be allowable in America, they are highly improper in England, and likely to be productive of considerable mischief, and we disclaim connection with them."

Why such a spirit should have been manifested by that highly respectable association is a mystery to the writer, and he would like to hear information on the subject that will give a clearer insight into the cause of such decision. Their advocates, however, still continued to hold them, and in 1810, when the "Primitive Methodist" denomination was organized, it sanctioned the habit of preaching in camp-meetings, as well as in market-places and in the highways.

It is probable that when the camp-meeting was organized, its founders had in mind the original simplicity of Christian worship, when the apostles, "in sandals and with staff in hand, proclaimed the everlasting Gospel" in the wilderness and beneath the shade of trees. They may have also had in remembrance the camp of Israel itself, when, from the period of the sojourn in the desert to the crossing of the Jordan, the twelve tribes were formed into four great armies, encamping in as many fronts, or forming a square, with a great space in the rear where the tabernacle of the Lord, surrounded by the tribe of Levi,



was placed. Says an able correspondent of a prominent New York publication:

"To worship God under the broad canopy of the sky seems to many to bring them into immediate relations with Him of whom it has been said, that heaven is his throne and the earth his footstool, although he condescends to dwell in temples made with hands."

Whatever the aims of its originators, the first camp-meetings were distinctly primitive, held far from city haunts, the visitors living in tents, and sleeping on beds of straw and blankets. Their provisions were brought with them, and boarding-tents and refreshment-booths were utterly unknown. The progress of the age, however, has brought its changes; and, while the devoutness of the worshipers may be as fervent as of yore, there is an advance in the æsthetic arts of the camp almost as marked as that in Church architecture. The grounds, in some sections, are occupied as a permanency, pretty cottages erected, squares and fountains add to the adornments, the commissary department as regularly supplied as in an army, and the camp itself has become a favorite Summer resort. It does not follow, because these movements indicate a departure from the practices of primitive Methodism, that the beneficent influences of the camp-meeting are in any way diminished. They may, indeed, reach a larger class of minds than before; and, as a well-known author truly says, "To commune in any way with woods and fields should take us 'from Nature up to Nature's God.'"

We can not better close this article than by giving the following choice extract from the editorial columns of a religious paper, from an article entitled, "Old Camps and New:"

"When camp-meetings were invented, the leading idea was to have them in as

homely fashion as possible. The great purpose was to have a religious exercise away from the worldly and demoralizing influences of a large community. If privations had to be undergone, they were considered of little consequence. None of them were allowed to interfere with the holy fervor of the occasion. A waterproof tent was unknown in those days. A tent with a floor to it was an unheard-of luxury; and yet there was abundant enjoyment in a rough way. The people who roughed it in these rural religious exercises were not exactly of the sort that wear ten-button kid gloves or swallow-tail coats. Well do we remember hearing them sing, long ago, that quaint old hymn,

'Gideon, he went out to camp,  
With his pitcher and his lamp.'

These sturdy folks went in the spirit of Gideon and his band, and were prepared to take rough with smooth, storm with sunshine, just as it happened. The camp-meeting of to-day is an entirely different thing. It is more civilized and more comfortable, and with these improvements it need not be any the less religious. It gathers together great throngs of people, many deeply in earnest about the salvation of their souls; some, perhaps, as full of curiosity as the majority of the crowds whom Jesus Christ fed in Galilee. With all the inconvenient things of the camp-meeting, and even with the drawbacks in the way of some of the little unpleasant things which are perhaps inseparable from it, we regard the institution as one of very great value. The immense congregations which gather to hear the most practical presentation of Gospel truth, as well as the most eloquent, can not fail to receive some excellent impression. God speed their preachers! God bless the great multitudes!"

GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

## ANOTHER OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

I WISH to emphasize the fact, so often lost sight of, namely, that the root and origin of intemperance is with the drinker, and not with the vender, of intoxicating liquors. If the latter sometimes holds out false lights to lure his victim on to fatal rocks, a little prudence and foresight would prevail against such snares, if the ship were sea-worthy, well built, and staunch. When we have prevented or destroyed the appetite for unnatural stimulants, we have circumvented the rum-seller, and saved the land from intemperance.

The reformers are beginning to take account of this fact. The advocates for light alcoholic drinks prescribe wine and beer, they tell us, in order to meet the restless cravings of the appetite, and keep out the seven more wicked spirits, who would fain take possession of every unsatisfied soul. The Corbett Cooking Depots of Glasgow, the Holly Tree Inns of Boston, coming nearer to the actual need, recognize the existence of this fearful appetite, and also the fact that, with poor people at least, it arises from the lack of proper nourishment. It is absurd to call this craving for tonics and stimulants natural or normal. It is too much to charge it upon the climate. It is, with the rich as well as the poor, an unwholesome diet, a mismanagement of some of the simplest arts of living, that gives one-half our people dyspepsia, and so many of the other half delirium tremens. There is no tax upon pure air and fresh water,—none that a man is not better off for paying. Wholesome food is less expensive than unwholesome food, and yet the vicious manner of living in which the poorer classes indulge is notorious,—not that well-to-do have much to boast of in these matters.

Dr. Clarke, of enlightened Boston, says: "We live in a region of perpetual pie and doughnuts, and our children indulge in the unassimilable abomina-

tions." Dr. Clarke is not singular in his profession. Physicians have talked upon the ill effects of improper food until we are tired of hearing,—some of us. We will eat and drink what we choose. We say, "It is no sin," and if trouble comes, why, there are the patent medicines, and the temperance pledges. When we know the door, yet persist in climbing up some other way, we are responsible for our own ruin; but the many, many, many who do not know; the little children, whose eyes we put out that they can not see,—is there nothing to be done for them? The ignorant, well-meaning mother begins at the earliest moment to deprave the appetite of her child, to sow in its little body the seeds of disease and ruin.

What help do we find in the Churches, the organized means of grace? what corrective there for the abuses of home training? In the Sunday-schools they are working for temperance in the name of religion. They have cold-water armies, and temperance banners, and little journals that tell the children of the terrors of King Alcohol. There are temperance pledges for the children to sign, and pledges with long lists of names, as names of conquerors, proudly posted on the walls. I do not say this is wrong; but, knowing what I know of the home training of many of these children, the means seem fearfully inadequate to the purpose.

The Jesuit priests, in the early history of our country, dared every danger to convert the aborigines, and counted themselves happy if they might only make the sign of the cross with water over a dying child, and so save its soul. I have no doubt the child, dying, was saved. If it had lived, the mystic sign would have faded from its forehead, and the baptized baby would have grown up a reprobate Indian. So our own children, in spite of the Temperance Tablet that bears their names, if brought up

among influences that debase the passions and undermine the foundations of self-control, will grow up sensualists and drunkards.

We hope great things for these children through conversion. We do every thing ignorantly or carelessly to bring them "under the body," and then we pray earnestly that their souls may be saved. Are we indeed sinning that grace may abound?

I do not think the clergy are altogether free from blame in this matter. We will not hear the truth from an infidel. Our physicians tell it to us only when it is too late. Let the ministers begin to teach that the physical nurture of our children should run parallel with our prayers for them, and we may begin to look for the millennium,

It is the duty of the schoolmaster to spread the principles of physiology and hygiene among the children of the land. He may do much to interest the parents. But let the spirit of religion be breathed into the dry bones of his teaching. Let the clergymen instruct the masses of good and honest citizens that "to live sober, righteous, godly lives, denying every worldly lust," means something more than the attendance upon divine service and prayer-meetings, the avoidance of card-playing and spirituous liquors; that it means, among other things, a rational, wholesome (I had almost said holy) diet for one's self and family; and those incisive words of St. Paul, "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," will begin to have their full significance. Not that clergymen have been altogether remiss in this sort of teaching.

The following extract from the pen of an eminent preacher has no uncertain sound:

"One of the greatest causes of unhealth is injudicious eating. The great majority of blue-devils with which men have to contend come from the morbid appetites and desires which spring from a want of regulation in their tables. One of the

greatest blessings that could be bestowed upon men would be a knowledge of how to cook food so that it should be healthful. A woman may pray at home and abroad, and read as many tracts as she pleases; but a diet of apple-dumplings and unleavened short-cake, and a thousand other things which are supposed to be simple and harmless, uncooked or badly cooked, will be a match for all her tracts and prayers. Reform the table, and give pure health, so that men shall feel sweet and buoyant and songful when they wake up in the morning, and they will scarcely be tempted to drink; but give them a heavy stomach after each meal, and let them go gulping and flatulent, and suffering from heart-burn, and depressed, not knowing what ails them, and you may be sure that they will be tempted more from that cause than from any other. There is great temptation to drink, in wrong dietetic habits. Much of the intemperance in communities has its rise in such habits. The oven as well as the shop needs to be looked after."

This is true doctrine; but that it has not been generally taught in the Churches, the tables of the majority of the brethren and sisters bear witness.

It is essential to temperance that principles and habits of *cleanliness* be taught to the child; and he must learn that in the physical as in the moral world, mere outside washings of the cup and platter are of little avail. We need to give him, by our own example, by our precepts, by our constant dealings with him, a sort of enthusiasm for purity,—clean thoughts, clean words, a body clean and pure enough to be a fit temple for a pure and holy spirit. He must know, too, that this body will not be pure if he send unwholesome food to the stomach, foul air to the lungs, and administer stimulating drugs and narcotics to the senses.

I once heard a celebrated missionary, giving an account of his labors among the Sandwich Islanders, of the battles with savage filth and indecencies which had to be fought, remark energetically,

"Why, we reckon a man half converted when he washes himself and puts on a clean shirt!" I think that the boy in a civilized land, who has been so well instructed in the Sunday-school, the day-school, or at home, that he does not dare indulge in a bath of "rotten air," or treat his friends to one; that he is afraid to put filth or poison into his mouth, whether it come in the guise of food or amusement; who has a genuine respect for his physical system, and understands some of the laws which govern it, is on the royal road to temperance, and not far from the kingdom of heaven.

We need to teach our children *self-control*,—train them to keep every bodily sense subject to the higher powers of the spiritual nature. We begin to do this when we regulate their times of feeding and their hours of rest; when we teach them that what they want must give way to that which is best for them, when the two are in opposition to each other. We give them lessons in self-control when we teach them to be polite at the table. We teach them, in the terse language of Scripture, to "keep the body under"—our eager, hungry boys—when we require them to wait quietly at the family board until a blessing has been asked upon the food, and until the older people have been served. It is good discipline for them to be obliged to curb their strong appetites, while they help their mother or each other, when impulse prompts them to help themselves. In the old Roman Church, men walked with peas in their shoes in order to learn to deny themselves. The Protestant Church has done away with penances; let us not forget to teach the grand lessons of self-denial. Without it there is no self-control. Do we need to put peas in our shoes or the children's? Every worldly lust is to be denied,—painted candy or toy cakes for perpetual lunching; ice-cream and coffee at unseasonable hours; sweetmeats because "all the other girls" at school have them; cigars because "all the other boys" smoke; and a drunken

spree on New-Year's day, by and by, because other gentlemen indulge in such tantrums, and ladies set the tempting bait.

Does any one say that Christian parents try to teach their children self-denial, and does one attribute their ill success to the general depravity of the world? I say, then, that our lessons are not comprehensive enough, and they leave out altogether very weighty matters. Among the "pleasures of sin," we forget, often, to reckon the unlawful indulgence of the appetite until it comes to tobacco or whisky. We ask our children to give up articles of finery from their dress, to stay at home from a dance, because they love the Lord; but we forget to ask them to refrain from the indigestible lunch offered at bed-time at a Church festival, or to leave untasted the deadly mince-pie put on their plate at dessert at the dinner of a friend. On the contrary, we give them these things ourselves, and taint the bodies that belong to Christ with indigestion and diseased longings for sensuous indulgence. When this treatment has borne its legitimate fruits, and our children accept the more deadly stimulants offered them by a thoughtless society, by a designing liquor-dealer, we go distracted, and clutch at prohibitory laws, and weary earth, if not heaven, with our prayers.

It is not strange. We sinned ignorantly, perhaps; but is it not possible to train our children, beginning in their earliest infancy, so that they will grow up without the tastes or proclivities of drunkards? Is it not possible to feed them with food so convenient for them, so nourishing, palatable, healthful, that our spirited boys may be saved from the fierce cravings of an unnatural appetite, forever goading them on to sin? Is it not possible to train up a race of men fit to live and work in God's world, and who will never need such desperate, agonizing prayers?

I believe in prayer. O, is it possible to live in this world and do any thing without constant, unceasing prayer? I

believe in the passage and maintenance of decent laws; but, if we would have a temperance reform broad and deep and lasting, we must begin at home to correct the abuses there. We must have a better physical training for our children. We must covet for them the best gifts in the physical world. A natural appetite, an unimpaired digestion, a knowledge of the laws of health and a habit of observing them, is a good heritage for any child. Add to these the principle and habits of self-control, a love for truth and purity, and, with the blessing of God, we need

not fear that our sons will go away from our roof-tree to ruin. The poorest family may give their children these noble habits of temperance, if they only knew.

To this end I think we should command the wisdom of the world. Let the men of science tell us how; the writer, the teacher, the religious man,—every one who hopes to leave his corner of the world a little better than he found it,—insist so strongly on the ounce of prevention that in a little while we shall find that we do not need the costly, insufficient pound of cure. F. K. K.

### IN PARADISE.

O PARADISE, the joyful!  
 Our tear-dimmed eyes we raise  
 To thy walls of strong salvation,  
 To thy gleaming gates of praise.  
 Here oft the night of sorrow  
 Is dark our pathway o'er,  
 But a cloudless sky on the distant land  
 Shineth for evermore.

O Paradise, the peaceful!  
 No sound of weary strife  
 E'er mars their blest enjoyment,  
 Who share thy endless life;  
 No shade of chill estrangement,  
 No din of battle fray;  
 For the Prince of Peace doth reign in thee,  
 And love hath perfect sway.

O Paradise, the holy!  
 What scene of earth so fair,  
 But sin hath left its impress,  
 Its fearful witness there!

Only within thy borders  
 Is stainless purity,  
 For He on sin who can not look  
 Hath his abode in thee.

O Paradise, the changeless!  
 Our hearts long wearily  
 For faces once familiar,  
 Which now we never see.  
 The past grows distant—distant,  
 The future is so drear!  
 But to thee we turn, O blessed home,  
 For thou art very near.

O Paradise, the endless!  
 The brightest hours of earth,  
 Its fairest, best enjoyments,  
 But perished at their birth.  
 Soon, soon, from fleeting pleasures,  
 O, may we rest for aye,  
 Where no shade is cast on thy perfect bliss  
 By the grief of yesterday.

ANNIE KERR.



## FAIR WEATHER AND FOUL IN A "FAR COUNTRY."

"GENTLE reader," so-called, when last we parted, you and I were weeping over the forlorn destiny of Kwan-non's loyal lover. The out-door efforts in that direction have been so intense, however, that I have ceased in sheer disgust. (N. B.—June is a month of rain in Japan; but July, having a sisterly heart, sometimes assists at the ceremonies.) One might suppose that Nature lost a "dearest friend" annually, judging from the fall of skyey tears. But this affair of the weather shall not be the uppermost topic in our conversation, as it was the last time we talked together.

I was adrift on the surging human tide that flows through Jeddo streets, a few weeks ago, and the brave scenes still haunt my imagination. Jeddo is still real Japan, spite of the steady encroachment of foreign modes. The bright bazaars, with curious toys, bonny enough to delight the most fanciful young American; the street stands with their (to a Japanese) appetizing supplies of food; the venders of various wares plodding through seemingly happy crowds; the jugglers in their fanciful costumes,—in a word, all those nameless touches of sight and sound which one, feeling, can not tell, made me realize, for the first time, that I was in the so-called "Land of the gods." Truly, I am not surprised that it is toward the capital the hearts of all loyal Japanese turn, shaping the proverb that "one must live in Jeddo in order to be happy." It represents to them, with its many-changing phases, the best they know of art and culture. I look back upon it as upon a far-off fairy-land, a fairy-land, however, which it would be well to desert in the Summer season, albeit romance should take no note of melting sun or stinging mosquitoes.

Thanks to magic-working fancy, there are *some dreams* which even Hakodadi mosquitoes can not mar by their melodious chorals. That great Osaxa Temple

seems to enchant me. The gilded fret-work still gleams; the proud idol gate-keepers still keep watch; the sacred pigeons (like Quakers ready for heaven) still flutter before me in their sober-hued garb; the worshipers still kneel around the altar, or move, some devout, some careless, among the massive pillars. Perhaps a woman, with despairing face, presses toward some shrine, with a prayer that is agony; but she is an exception. Most of them, poor though they are, seem to revel in one luxury,—that of velvet-slipped consciences. There are many pictures for the benefit of the gazer, and behind the altar one horrible, but holy, representation, which a wire net-work half conceals, and glinting lights within seek to reveal,—whether image or picture, I can not tell.

My midsummer day's dream holds even a certain miraculous old divinity and a certain old woman,—a vender of grain for those religious birds. *He* is perched up in the temple, much the worse for wear, or rather for worship, reminding one of Mark Twain's "battered apostles" in the church at Fayal. They have been rubbing him for years and years, till he fairly shines, not with good-humor, but with greasy luster. *She*, I mean the old woman, sits by the wayside in the temple grounds, her store of bird-food before her, patient, invincible, a true Buddhist philosopher. She and her birds are equally contented pensioners of fate, and her soul and that of the eel-woman, who sits in an odd nook, are twin sisters. They are both neat and pious speculators. The eel-woman begs in a modest way. Buy her beautiful eels, and then save a valuable life by tossing them back into their receptacle again, unkilld, uneaten, thus delighting the heart of Buddha. I can not but admire the Japanese worldly wisdom, which provides entertainment for the merry at heart. For a trifling sum, one can pass from the regions of

devotion to the realms of sense. These people are cunning artificers in many respects.

Fancy a life-size figure of a woman riding a beautiful white horse, the gallant steed being fashioned of shells; or a great eagle and her callow young among the most real-looking rocks of paper, the birds being made of straw, "only this and nothing more," and yet you would not dream it was so. These are but a few illustrations. One sees a gay craft, in one part of which a fair coquette is apparently flirting with some admirer on the river shore, while her rightful lover behind, hid from her sight, is looking unutterable hate and revenge. Move on and the scene shifts to a poor wretch caught in the immense web of a spider that must have lived in "prehistoric times" somewhere; or to the brilliant plumage of some tropical bird, made of many-colored straws; or to a sea-view, where the rocks, as usual, are of paper, and the waves blue and white crockery, while a daring mortal in rich robe, made of some other table-ware, rides gloriously through the waters on a strange sea-creature, or furious steed "out of his sphere." If you do not now believe the Japanese the most ingenious of people, just float across the small Pacific Sea on a Summer jaunt, and see for yourselves, by stepping into the Hakuran Kuwai, or museum.

I would tell you about its attractions, but, not being designed by nature as a "showman," my head reels with the queer jumble it has gathered of old armor, lacquer, bronzes, musical instruments, swords, old-time imperial kangos, or carriages, and heads bearing semblance to ancient sages, and so on, *kagiri naki*, which simply means *ad infinitum*, but is more Oriental. Yet even amid this medley, and the other unnamed greater one, sits a beautiful bird, covered with gold, daintily fashioned, and trying to shine order out of chaos. She does not succeed; for the other departments are still more confused. Stuffed birds, gorgeous with tropical tints, the eagle of

colder clime, petrified wood, and preserved sunfish swim in a common chaotic sea. I confess, with "confusion of face," that, of the living animals, a delightfully silly old ape, and a cow dressed in a "gray suit," made the most lasting impression on my mind. The former because he knew so much of the blessed science of being funny; the latter because she came from distant India. Two profound philosophic reasons!

If any one has had patience to follow me through this labyrinth of images, let the brave being come without and look upon my charming mirage,—a miniature lake silvering under Summer skies, its quiet margins guarded by stately white storks, with their red-crested heads and graceful black tail-feathers. And yet another picture,—a magnificent fish with great body and fins, yellow with gold, and flashing in a thousand sunbeams.

If you are weary now of display, take a "Jin-riki-sha," which somebody styles an "exaggerated baby-carriage," and let your swift-footed Coolies wheel you away in it, with dash and clatter, to the grounds where was formerly situated the palace of the Mikado. The change will rest eyes tired of a strange land and strangers; for good old Mother Nature always "holds her own." Like all true women, she delights in bewitching changes of attire; but her face is the familiar face of a friend. Take your leisure among the wide, winding aisles with their grand tree-arch overhead. Feast your eyes on the feathery bamboo grove by the way; make a picture of the suspension bridge over that ravine with its flowing stream; or step into the little house on the height and paint one, as you catch a glimpse of distant sea-side palace, great city, and the Bay of Jeddo, with its ships asleep in morning sunshine; or sketch a softer one from lake and fount, lately seen in their setting of palm and maple. Think of palm, bamboo, maple, and fantastically-shaped red pines, holding a loving tree-fellowship together. Make a note of that group of trees you see, magnificent in their bulk, as well as in their height.

They are worth your remembering, and Ruskin would delight to immortalize them.

If you are too tired after all this converse with art and nature, take another day for wandering up and down the Tokaido, with its fine-looking foreign stores well stocked with native and imported goods, and, as you look across the broad thoroughfare, hearing the clatter of some hurrying omnibus and the stir of a crowd, you may well fancy yourself for a moment in a land old in civilization. Japan, the least in empire and in people, has grown far beyond her Oriental sisters in the spirit of progress. And yet here, at the last, I will call you, from the incoming light of her new day, back to the dusk of her "middle ages."

One day we rode several miles from that quarter of Jeddo allotted to foreigners to the home of a friend. Quiet social fellowship, not sight-seeing, was our mission; but it chanced, as so often happens in this work-a-day world, that we unwittingly blundered upon a sorrowful romance. Filling a leisure hour with a pleasant stroll, the scene we looked on was a simple one, common to Japan,—only a height, down whose slope we passed through "greenerie," and paths whose fresh-leaved thickets told no tale, but that of recent rains. More than two hundred years ago, however, in that of our Lord 1614, when other rains were descending in scalding drops upon His followers, according to Romish creed; when official hands were outstretched to grasp their property, their wives, their little ones; when flames thrust forth hands as pitiless to clutch their lives, or flood and sword yawned to devour them,—a ship bore away by edict the Jesuit fathers, leaving but a remnant, hid by the faithful, to keep hope alive. About this time, saith Tradition; nearly one hundred years later, saith History, a brave Italian priest, fired by fervid enthusiasm and holy zeal, resolved to make one more attempt to win this land for Mother Church, and, as he believed, for Christ. For a long time he could

find no ship fool-hardy enough to put him on shore. At length, however, his ardor triumphed, and he was landed, alone and helpless, in the province of Satsuma, while the ship sailed away, leaving him to his fate. Closely guarded, weak and exhausted, the victim to an erring cause was borne to the capital and to this very height, where, for nine weary years, he pined within prisoning walls, allowed only to exercise in the little garden adjoining, his every movement watched,—a living dead man. It actually required a small village of officers to guard one unfortunate human being in an unknown country. The site is still pointed out. At last he was borne to a wayside grave, marked only by a now prostrate stone, whose shape denotes that the lowliest kind of outcast has received sepulture. The hill-side is called, to this day, "Christian slope."

The man was a true martyr. Under the crust of Romish superstitions lay a noble soul, rich in spiritual aspiration and beautiful in self-surrender. This his replies in his examination prove. They are still preserved among the records of the great city; and who can doubt that they are also kept "on record" in the Lamb's Book of Life? The "great multitude, that no man can number," holds all who have touched the Master by faith, though it be but the hem of his garment. The grave of Abbé Sidotti, with its nameless stone, seems a spot more royal than the honored resting-place of Japanese noblemen, not far distant. Stand but a moment with me by its side, and, as your thoughts flit back over the space of three centuries and more, to the time when a ship, tossed by storms, drifted to these then isolated islands, and as you shudder over the influx of Jesuit superstitions which soon followed, and the bloody drama which at length annihilated them; then, as you contemplate the brighter present, with its railroads, telegraphs, and schools, and, above all, the spirit of inquiry after truth, say, reverently, "What hath God wrought!"

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

## THE TWO TRAITORS.

THE student of history, in poring over the musty records of the past, and endeavoring to dive into the deep and dark abyss of antiquity, loves naturally to turn where the good deeds of noble and illustrious men glitter, amid the surrounding darkness, like priceless gems in the subterranean mine; but there are times when it is profitable to study the evil actions which have characterized the lives of the depraved and abandoned, of those whose best efforts have been spent in spreading ruin and misery among their fellow-men, and whose only fame is that of monsters of iniquity, prodigies of crime. The lives of good men should be studied, that we may imitate, and, if possible, excel their virtues; those of the reprobate and pernicious, that we may strengthen our abhorrence of that which is evil, our love of all that is worthy of imitation.

Let us now endeavor to overleap the centuries, and traverse the streets of old Rome as it stood some sixty years before the birth of Jesus. It is a beautiful day in Autumn, and from a clear and cloudless sky, such as only Italy can produce, the sun looks down upon the earth with a radiant smile. The avenues of commerce and pleasure are filled with a busy throng, all tending toward the Forum, the seat of Roman eloquence, which then frequently resounded with the soul-stirring strains of Hortensius and Cicero, besides a host of others; but now, though all nature looks gay, there is a look of anxious care on each brow. Low, muttered words pass from one to the other, in which we frequently recognize the names of Catiline and Cicero. Accompanying the multitude, we approach the temple of Jupiter Stator, lifting its graceful proportions from the base of the Palatine Hill, and, on entering the building, we find the Roman Senate (the body which then gave laws to the world) assembled in august majesty. On all sides we see the forms of noble men. Here Hortensius, versatile

and eloquent; there Cato, rigid and severe, sits amid a throng of admiring colleagues; while, exalted above them all, in the curule chair, rests the noble form and lofty mien of Cicero the consul, the presiding officer of the Senate and the head of the Roman republic. But who is this that comes with slow and painful steps, with a wan and haggard countenance betokening a long course of dissipation and debauchery, but which, even now, gleams fitfully with the light of genius, and bears stamped upon it the indubitable marks of great talent, an iron will, and unconquerable energy? The senators leave the seats to which he approaches; no friend salutes; the most dreadful silence greets his ears; he sits down alone. All eyes are bent upon the lofty seat of the consul, and, as he slowly rises, all ears drink in with eagerness his words. The very stillness seems vocal; and, turning to the new-comer, he addresses him in a strain of exalted eloquence, bitter satire, and beautiful diction, that have made his address a most splendid example of oratorical power. As he makes known to the guilty man his past deeds; as he discloses to him actions which he thought shut up within the deepest recesses of his own heart; as he lays bare his very thoughts and intentions, his most secret motives and designs, all boldness forsakes him, and, pale and subdued, he can only answer his accuser with a few weak, equivocating words; but, as he hears on all sides the execrations of the senators, and cries of "Traitor!" "Perjurer!" "Enemy!" meet his ears, his courage returns, and, with bold, defiant threats, he rushes from the temple and from the city. In that moment Catiline was conquered; Rome was saved.

Just entering upon manhood, full of ardent longing for renown, and with little scruple as to the manner in which it was to be obtained, when Scylla commenced

his famous career of bloodshed, civil war, and proscription, Catiline was very early trained in the science of arms, and became inured to hunger, thirst, and cold, and every other privation. He is described by Sallust as a man of great vigor, both of body and mind, but extremely profligate and depraved. From his earliest youth he delighted in murder, rapine, and every species of dissipation and licentiousness. His great variety of talents gave him an unexampled power over the minds of his associates, especially of the young. He drew his friends into the deepest debauchery, taught them to be adepts in profligacy and vice, made them boon companions in all his pleasures, and assistants in all his schemes of plunder, and thus drew round him a band of faithful though abandoned supporters, who clung to him even in the darkest hours, and who, when all was lost, gave up their lives on the battle-field in his defense. Such is the power which one determined, courageous soul, however depraved, possesses over his fellow-men. The life of Catiline was, from beginning to end, a series of excesses, crimes, and the most flagitious outrages, and his death was in strict accordance with a life so desperate and depraved. After he had been driven from the city by Cicero, he went to Manlius, who was at the head of an army stationed in Etruria. With this army, to which some re-enforcements were added, he maneuvered among the mountains; and finally, when he heard that all his plots in Rome were frustrated and that the chief conspirators were slain, he sought to make his way into Cisalpine Gaul; but so rapid were the movements of his adversaries that they forced a decisive contest. After arranging his army, he placed himself in front, with the venerated eagle by his side which Marius had carried in the Cimbrian war, and directed the attack, with his accustomed skill and fury, against his countrymen. His men, maddened with rage and despair, fought like demons; but, undisciplined and without arms, they could avail nothing against

Rome's choicest troops. They all fell with honorable wounds, and their leader, with a few faithful friends, after working their way into the midst of the hostile forces, was surrounded by foes. Like a wolf attacked by yelling hounds, he laid one and another of his enemies dead at his feet, till, weakened by many wounds, he fell upon a heap of slain, and died cursing his foes and his fate.

Let us leave this scene, and, retracing our steps over the intervening ages, come back to our own land, and nearer our own time. In the latter part of the eighteenth century a scene was presented to the world, which, for deep interest and impressive grandeur, has never been surpassed. A nation young, as far as settlement and organization was concerned, but experienced in the talent of its statesmen and warriors; feeble as to military force, but mighty in the firm conviction that its cause was just, attempted to cope with the mightiest empire of the earth. The people were weak in material resources, but they fought for liberty, and were strong in their unanimous purpose to struggle till death for the freedom of their native land. But, alas! there were some traitors in the camp, some mean, base souls, who, for filthy lucre and empty titles, would sacrifice the hopes of millions oppressed by tyranny. A man who would prove recreant to the interests of his country, at a time like that, should be regarded with detestation and horror. There is no petty meanness to which his soul would not stoop. For the merest trifle he would desecrate the most sacred ties, would barter the remains of his own mother, and stand by with cool indifference while he saw the dissecting knife mangle the features which, in life, had been lit by a smile, or darkened by grief, at his joy or pain. And yet a few such miscreants were found among the American forces, who, while they pretended to be friends of liberty, were watching for a safe and profitable way of betraying it.

On a cold, gray morning in the Spring of 1781, a young man of noble form and



commanding look, which betokened a high birth and military education, might have been seen riding slowly along the banks of the Hudson, looking about now and then upon the beautiful landscape, then covered with a somber hue from the misty dullness of the morning. The shade which encompassed nature seemed to have enveloped his own soul, for he looked anxious and care-worn; and yet his firmly compressed lips and flashing eye showed that he had entered upon some dangerous enterprise, determined to succeed or die. In another direction three hardy rustics might be seen walking in a path directly crossing that of the young soldier, who, as they approached, looked troubled and disturbed. On meeting, the sturdy farmers, taught vigilance by the troublous times, challenged the horsemen, who, in reply, intimated that he belonged to the forces of the king. Stubborn friends of freedom, they immediately declare him a prisoner. His face is at once white as snow, and, with entreaties and bribes, he seeks to dissuade them from their purpose. The interests of a future Republic now hang seemingly upon a brittle thread,—the virtue of a few countrymen; but a rock of adamant could not support it more firmly! A sense of duty blunts the sympathy of their natures, and, with the proudest scorn, they spurn the proffered gold. Thus justice and right triumph, and the machinations of the traitor are frustrated. But, alas! the comparatively innocent instrument of wickedness must suffer, while the guilty principal escapes. André, young, and full of ardent aspirations, must suffer an ignominious death, while Arnold, the hateful traitor, is rewarded for his treachery. If this world were the only place of punishment, the penalties were indeed distributed with an unjust and partial hand.

Arnold, like his great antecedent, was courageous and skillful, and he had not those darker traits of vice and crime which characterize Catiline. He was

avaricious, unscrupulous, and revengeful; but he was neither dissipated nor licentious. Avarice and revenge, two of the foulest demons that ever afflicted our race, led him on to the commission of his greatest crime. He was offered a large sum by the British, and was continually haunted by the recollection of imaginary injuries received from his countrymen. Before his fall there were some noble traits in his character, but afterward there was nothing too low or too base for his guilty soul. He ravaged, with circumstances of the most fiendish atrocity, the place of his birth, burning and devastating the country in sight of his own home, the spot which should have been endeared to him by all the sweetest recollections of childhood. Of Arnold's life after the war but little is known, except that it must have been miserable beyond expression. Despised by those who had been benefited by his treason, hated by his countrymen, and stung with remorse, he dragged out his life in loneliness and obscurity, and died forsaken by all. The names of Catiline and Arnold will descend to the latest generation in connection with every example of infamy since the beginning of time; and, though distance may spread the veil of palliation over some circumstances of their guilt, they will always be regarded as among the worst enemies of mankind. Speak nothing but good of the dead is an old Roman maxim, but its wisdom is very doubtful, and it is seldom obeyed. However painful may be the task, it is sometimes necessary to rake up the stagnant pool of evil deeds that their noxious effluvia may teach men to shun them with horror. We have reason of thankfulness to God that such unexampled prodigies of crime seldom afflict our race; and surely every citizen of this great Republic may well offer a deep and heart-felt prayer that such a miscreant may never again endanger its safety or seek its ruin.

J. W. HEATH.

## MANZONI.

IT is related of Sir Walter Scott that, after reading the "Promessi Sposi," he visited Milan with a view of making the acquaintance of the new Italian novelist, and, having been presented to Manzoni, expressed his great admiration for his inimitable romance.

"If it has any merit," meekly replied the poet, "I owe it to you, to say that it is much more your work than my own, so diligently have I studied the masterpieces of your genius."

"If that be the case," replied the Scottish Ariosto, "then the 'Promessi Sposi' is my most beautiful romance."

However this may be, few will entertain a doubt that the place of Manzoni in literature is already assured. A *quasi* nonagenarian, his literary career overlapping three generations, he had the rare fortune of hearing the verdict of posterity pronounced in his favor, and of seeing a whole people educated in the thought that his genius had inspired. In "Urania," one of his earlier minor poems, he expressed the ardent hope that Italy would one day enroll his name among her sacred band of bards; and he lived to see the time when he enjoyed the literary primacy, not only as the first of modern Italian poets, but as the father and prince of Italian novelists.

It is, perhaps, not claiming too much for Manzoni to say that he has achieved a revolution in Italian literature. Elevating poetry from the low moral plane to which it had been debased even by some of the great masters of Italian song, he leads us away from the seductive voluptuousness of Tasso, and the moral indifference of Ariosto, up to the saintly purity and severe morality of the Dantesque ideals. In him we find an exaltation of virtue instead of the glorification of force, and the substitution of conjugal love for that illegitimate, meretricious passion that hitherto for the most part had given tone to the drama. He

came to proclaim a new literary evangel. His genius symbolized faith, hope, and charity, while his mind and heart ever aspired toward a pure and lofty ideal. In his unwearied research for the supreme principles of life, truth, and duty, God, the family, and his country was the trinity that he worshiped; and this worship he has forever enshrined in the most chaste and beautiful of formularies:

"Non far tregua coi vili: il santo vero  
Mai non tradir; ne profferir mai verbo  
Che planda al vizio, o alla virtù derida."

In these three celebrated verses, which embody a condensed, if not a complete, system of ethics, we find the key-note to the life, character, and writings of the illustrious author; and the path of duty thus traced out he faithfully followed to the end of his life.

Manzoni was one of those elect spirits whose mission it is to arrest the gravitating tendencies of our nature downward, and to recall us to the first principles of truth, honor, justice, and morality. He found his country in need of a savior, and to her he consecrated his noblest energies. He found literature deposed from its high prerogative, and he addressed himself to the task of restoring it to its godlike mission. He found poesy the mistress of the Beautiful, and he sought to make her the handmaid of the Good and the True. He wrote for eternity,—an eternity where every pen-stroke will repeat itself, as in a whispering gallery, in countless echoes for all time to come. The great Lombard, whose high-toned morality gives an added luster to the bright and beautiful nimbus that encircles his brow, furnishes a striking example of the fact that genius is not incompatible with sound judgment, or the most brilliant talents with superlative goodness. In a long life, says Borighi, he had no thought, which, being good, was not beautiful; or, being beautiful, was not good.

Alexander Manzoni, who was born in Milan, March 7, 1785, could trace his descent from a rich and noble family. His mother, a woman of rare intelligence and refinement, was the daughter of the celebrated Marquis Beccaria, whose influence had not a little to do in forming the early character of his gifted grandson. He studied at Milan, afterward at Pavia, and was on terms of friendship with Monti and Foscolo. In his youth he inclined to the classical in art, and the skeptical in philosophy. He had a fiery spirit, and delighted in the pleasures and amusements incident to youth. But the period of effervescence was brief. The process of crystallization having set in, his intellectual powers soon began to assume those pure, transparent, and symmetrical forms which so eminently characterized his subsequent life.

In 1805, Manzoni, then a youth of twenty, with "a massive forehead, and eyes full of fire," accompanied his mother to Paris. Here the name of Beccaria introduced him at once into that famous circle of ideologists which held its reunions at Auteuil, once presided over by the accomplished Madame Helvetius, and the rendezvous of the most distinguished poets, philosophers, and statesmen of the time. Among these were Boileau, Rumford, Molière, Napoleon, and Voltaire, who styled it "the real Parnassus of the true children of Apollo." At the time of Manzoni's visit, it numbered among its members Volney, Cabanis, De Tracy, Fauriel, and Garat, who, as Minister of Justice, read Louis XVI his death sentence. With such associations, at such an age, it is not surprising that the future author of the "Inni Sacri" and the "Morale Cattolica" should have been confirmed in his skeptical tendencies, even to the point of embracing the atheistical philosophy of the French encyclopedists.

Under these auspices the young poet made his *début* in the "Versi Sciolti," composed on the death of his foster-father, Carlo Imbonati. Returning, in 1807, to Milan, he married, the year follow-

ing, Luisa Enrichetta Blondel, daughter of a Geneva banker,—a beautiful, noble woman of elevated and refined genius, who, as the poet himself expresses it, in his dedication to her of the "Adelchi," with her conjugal affection and maternal wisdom, ever preserved a virginal soul. In 1809, he published "Urania," his first and last attempt at poetry drawn from mythological sources.

Such a mind as Manzoni's, however, could find no repose in the nebulous vagaries of pantheism, or the cold abstractions of nihilism. Giving voice to the inarticulate cry of doubt and despair, "O God, if thou art, reveal thyself to me!" after long and profound meditation, and an arduous struggle with the mystery of the Infinite; searching every-where for a definite solution of the great problem of human existence,—for the unknown quantity in life's perplexing equation,—he at length found rest in a Christian theism. Rejecting the skeptical philosophy which he had embraced in early youth, he became from henceforth the sacred lyricist and Christian poet of Italy. In his "Inni Sacri," the first fruits of his newly consecrated genius, he created a new species of lyrical poetry. Masterpieces of thought, fancy, and sentiment, and characterized by vigor, grace, force, and propriety of expression, "they combine," says an Italian critic, "the grandeur of Pindar with the divine enthusiasm of David." Though their simple sublimity of conception and expression occasioned them to pass for a time unnoticed, they subsequently became deservedly celebrated, both in and out of Italy; and Manzoni, as founder of the new school, had many imitators, but no worthy rival.

In his "Conte di Carmagnola," Manzoni completed the literary revolution he had already inaugurated. It is true that Pellico and Foscolo had made some attempts at a reform already preached by the Schlegels, and accomplished by Goethe and Schiller in Germany. But whatever credit attaches to the emancipation of the drama in Italy from the shackles of the classical school fairly belongs to

Manzoni. The "Carmagnola" was published in 1820. Conceived in the spirit of romance, and in defiance of the three Aristotelian unities, it created a great sensation in literary circles, not only throughout Italy, but in England and Germany. It was introduced into Germany by Goethe, who, being an enthusiastic admirer of the Italian poet, translated it, together with the "Cinque Maggio," into German. This tragedy is characterized by the simplicity of its dramatic forms and the sobriety of its style. The chorus, which Manzoni has introduced into this and a subsequent tragedy with great lyrical effect, differs from that of the old Greek dramatists in that, whilst the latter is merely a musical interlude embodying a moral, the former, in which the poet addresses the public in his own proper person, plays an important part in the delineation of character and the development of the plot.

The dramatic genius of Manzoni culminated in the "Adelchi," which appeared in 1823. "I do not hesitate to affirm," says an enthusiastic critic, "that for me there are only three perfect tragedies, "Edipus," "Hamlet," and "Adelchi." Let him protest who will, I console myself with the reflection that I share this my enthusiasm with Goethe, Mazzini, and Giusti." In opposition to those who denounced the drama as necessarily immoral, Manzoni contended that the fault was not in the essence but in the form of the drama, which is capable of a development founded upon the purest morality, and which, in depicting the nobler emotions, may become a great moral educator. Though the poet embodied his theory in the "Carmagnola" and "Adelchi," from which the sexual passion is entirely excluded, since there is not a love scene in either, like other laudable attempts to reform the theater, they both fell still-born upon their reproduction on the stage.

The "Cinque Maggio," which was published in 1821, is, of all his miscellaneous pieces, the one by which the poet is most universally known. It

is an Ode on the death of Napoleon, whose

"Was the stormy, fierce delight  
To dare adventure's boldest scheme;  
The soul of fire that burned for might,  
And could of naught but empire dream;  
And his the indomitable will  
That dreamed of empire to fulfill,  
And to a greatness to attain  
'T were madness to have hoped to gain!  
All these were his; nor these alone;—  
Flight, victory, exile, and the throne;—  
Twice in the dust by thousands trod,  
Twice on the altar as a god."

Beranger, Delavigne, and Lamartine had each composed verses upon the occasion of Napoleon's death, but none of them, the French critics themselves being the judges, have equaled the sublimity of the author of "Cinque Maggio." "The grandest man of action of the century," says Bersezio, with the pardonable partiality of a native critic, "was sung by its greatest poet."

It would appear that Manzoni had contemplated for some time an epic poem upon the founding of Venice, but, perceiving, as Gioberti justly remarks, that the modern novel, conforming as it does to the genius of modern society, is scarcely less a necessity of our civilization than the epic was to that of the ancients, like Sir Walter Scott, he turned aside from poetry to prose, and his contemplated epopœia became, instead, a popular romance.

The "Promessi Sposi," which appeared in 1827, is a masterpiece of art, beauty, and philosophy, in which the genius of Manzoni reached its apogee. It has been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe, and furnished the subject of at least three operas and several dramas. Throughout Italy its principal characters are as well known as any saint in the calendar, and, after the "Divina Commedia," it is the book you will most easily find in every Italian household. The ideal creations of the author's genius, reproduced upon the stage, and embodied in the manifold forms of modern art, have been invested in the popular estimation with all the reality of historical verities. Visit Lecco, and the familiar

names and not less familiar forms of the various characters flash upon you everywhere,—along the street and in the public squares, in hotel and café and *trattoria*, from the rude charcoal sketch to the polished marble tablet; whilst the simple peasantry will show you the house of Lucia or the cell of Friar Christopher, or the parsonage of Don Abondio, with as much *naïveté* as they would point out the serrated summit of the famous Resegone, or the distant dome of the cathedral at Milan.

In an edition of the "Promessi Sposi," issued in 1842, the author added as an Appendix the "Storia della Colonna Infame," in which he drew a vivid picture of the cruel executions to which the superstition of the Milanese populace had given occasion during the plague of 1630. Among his minor works we may note his "Morale Cattolica," written in reply to Sismondi, who, in his history of the Italian Republics, had severely animadverted upon the influence of the Catholic Church on Italian affairs during the Middle Ages; besides a discourse upon some points of Lombard history, and a beautiful Ode upon the movements of 1821. It is understood that he has left some posthumous works, and, among others, one of a historical character on the French Revolution.

Whether we consider Manzoni as a man or citizen, as a poet or novelist, we are almost equally struck with admiration. A sincere Catholic, he was, at the same time, a pure patriot. Rising superior to the petty conflicts of parties, he knew admirably well how to reconcile the instincts of patriotism with the convictions of religion,—principles which, in the fierce conflict still raging between Church and State in Italy, have been pronounced irreconcilable. Tolerant of the opinions of others, he was not one of those who are more in love with a theory than with the truth, who prefer a triumph gained to a principle vindicated, or who pit a papal dogma against a universal law, or a Providential decree. His piety was devoid of superstition, and he

had no love for the monks. He was, as Goethe observes, a Christian without fanaticism, a Roman Catholic without bigotry; . . . and if he was not exempt from proselytism,—something very natural in one who is convinced of the truth,—he shows himself so mild in his strictures as to merit the good will even of his adversaries.

Manzoni was ever a devoted friend of Italian unity and independence. To this he consecrated his noblest powers, and, "hoping against hope," saw with prophetic eye a free and united Italy:

"Una d'armi, de lingua, d'altare,  
Di memorie, di sangue e di cor."

The "Carmagnola" and "Adelchi" every-where breathe the spirit of liberty and independence. The "Promessi Sposi," with two such liberals as *padre* Christopher and the Cardinal Borromeo, and such revolutions, pure and simple, as the bread riots at Milan, narrowly escaped the *Index Expurgatorius*. He hailed with enthusiasm the Revolution of 1848, and, together with some of the best citizens of Milan, signed an address to Carlo Alberto invoking his aid,—a signature which, as Broglio observes, might have cost him his head. Finding one of his sons at home, slightly indisposed and lying in bed, whilst the others were fighting at the barricades, he exclaimed: "You should not be sick in such days as these. My son can not remain inactive whilst the others are fighting; rise and do your duty."

The year following he was tendered a seat as deputy in the Sub-alpine Parliament, but declined the proffered honor in favor of some one who, at that critical period in political affairs, would be better qualified, as he said, to discharge the duties of so responsible a position. He subsequently, however, on the annexation of Lombardy to the kingdom of Italy, accepted a seat in the Senate. Rarely taking an active part in politics, he was by no means an indifferent spectator. As a senator, though his extreme age and the delicate state of his health prevented his attending regularly the



sessions of Parliament, he did not fail to be present when those great principles were at stake which so deeply involved the national welfare. The author of the "Morale Cattolica," at the age of seventy-six, went expressly to Turin to sanction with his vote the proclamation of the kingdom of Italy, founded upon the ruins of the temporal power of the Pope, and shouted his *vivas* with the rest when Rome was united to Italy. "For my faith in Italian unity," he one day remarked to some friends, "I have made the greatest sacrifice that was possible for me, that of consciously writing bad verses,"—a sacrifice, no doubt, which only a poet jealous of his reputation can duly appreciate who has ever attempted the poetry of politics.

And yet he did not always approve in advance of the manner in which Italian unity was achieved. In '48, he refused his consent to the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont. At that time he preferred to see all the Italian provinces unite to constitute an undivided Italy, instead of having Italy annexed to Piedmont,—a kingdom to a province.

One day, discussing the Roman question with a French Benedictine monk, who naturally refused to admit the right of Italy to Rome, the poet inquired if he were willing to recognize the temporal right of the popes to Avignon.

"Ah! that's another thing," replied the friar. "France is France; but Italy—"

"But," exclaimed Manzoni, suddenly interrupting him, and at the same time intimating that Italians had some rights that the Church was bound to respect, "but we also, *non pere*, we also were born somewhere."

Manzoni and Mazzini represented, perhaps, the extremes of the liberal party in Italy. Both loved their country, and labored for national unity and independence, but each in a different way. Mazzini was the flaming herald of a new dispensation, for which the way has not yet been fully prepared; Manzoni, the venerable prophet of an old, with his face to the past, but his index finger

pointing to the future. Mazzini represented action and agitation; Manzoni, contemplation and resignation. In one we find a fiery impetuosity; in the other, an Olympian serenity. In these stormy days, when the political elements were lashed into deeper fury by the flaming appeals of Mazzini and Guerrazzi, Manzoni was ever tranquil and serene, like some friendly pharos that cast its benign rays far and near, amid the darkness, over the wild and troubled elements.

Varying the comparison, "Dante," to borrow the language of another, "was Italy of the fourteenth century, unhappy, agitated, convulsed, execrating, and pronouncing sentence against, her oppressors, her own ungodly subjects, her errors and misfortunes, the oppressor, and herself. Manzoni is Italy of the nineteenth century, which has struggled and suffered, shed tears and blood, yet always sustained by the light of faith and the courage of hope, till at length, free and independent, and inducted anew by God himself into the family of nations, she becomes calm, collected, serene, reverent, magnanimous,—and pardons."

Italy, in her rapid development, may have outgrown some of the political and religious ideas of Manzoni; but his artistic excellence, his pure morality, and the splendid example of his spotless life, she will not willingly suffer to die.

As a man, Manzoni was loved and venerated, without distinction of social position, political parties, or religious opinions. Institutes and academies vied with each other to do him honor. Princes and sovereigns who passed through Milan considered it a privilege to be permitted to pay their respects to the venerable poet. With the king, for whom he cherished a warm affection to the last, his relations were of the most intimate and cordial character. Royal honors would have been his without stint, but Manzoni, like Cavour, lightly prized the "pomp of ribbons." Shortly after the battle of Solferino, the king, having learned, on visiting Milan, that the poet's fortune was not

such as comported with his fame and position, proposed to confer upon him the grand cordon of San Maurizio, with an annual pension of twelve thousand francs; but, as Manzoni would never accept a decoration, the difficulty was to confer the pension without its having too much the appearance of a public charity, thereby offending the susceptibilities of the poet.

Modest and retiring in the midst of the universal esteem and admiration of which he was the object, the manners of Manzoni were as gentle as his heart, and ever characterized by a golden simplicity. On one occasion, it is related that, on his appearance at the theater, the audience saluted him with the most hearty applause. He, supposing it to be intended for the actors, commenced clapping his hands with the rest, and only perceived his mistake to be overwhelmed with confusion. Descended from a noble family, he was entitled to the prefix of count to his name; but, with ensigns armorial such as genius alone can confer, he held his patent of nobility in light estimation, and was accustomed to say to those who called him Count Manzoni: "*Che conte?* I am plain Alexander Manzoni, and nothing more." His more intimate friends, however, usually addressed him as *Don Alessandro*, which had something in it of a paternal, or rather patriarchal, flavor, and was the only approach to a title that he would tolerate.

Mildness and amiability were his unfailing characteristics. The general expression of his countenance was that of intelligence united with goodness, while its benevolent and tranquil aspect revealed the serenity of a musical conscience. His smile was a benediction.

A good listener, his conversation was easy, polished, and fluent. At times it was piquant with attic salt, or pungent with the most delicate irony. At others, a word expressed a thought, an illustration an argument. Speaking of the political situation of France under the administration of M. Thiers, he said: "With three monarchies and two repub-

lics on her hands, France is in a bad way." His impromptu replies and sallies of wit and repartee were treasured up by his intimate friends as something unusually rare. It is related that Zuccoli, the artist, having sketched the portrait of the poet, solicited his autograph. Manzoni, seizing a pen, wrote upon the instant: "The portrait painter, like the copyist of a faulty manuscript, should be faithful to the original, without making emendations and corrections."

Thus, full of honors as of years, the Nestor of Italian literature passed the goal of fourscore, dividing his time between his farm at Brusuglio and his native Milan, thinking and writing to the very last. His delicate health had received a severe shock in the recent death of a favorite son, and he fell the more easily a prey to disease. He died from catarrh, May 22, 1873, in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

In the death of Manzoni, Italy has lost one of the noblest, most illustrious, and most universally respected of her sons,—the one who, in the eyes of Europe, most of all personified modern Italian literature. No sooner was the news of his death flashed by telegraph over the country than telegrams and letters of condolence began to pour in by the hundred from all classes of society, from the king and royal princes down to the associations of the humblest artisans. Verdi tendered his services in the composition of a grand funeral requiem, and Florence decreed his remains a resting-place in Santa Croce, her pantheon of glory; and such funeral honors have rarely, if ever, been paid to any literary man. It is estimated that over sixty thousand persons visited his remains while lying in state; and that half Milan, and twelve thousand non-residents and foreigners, were present at his obsequies. All along the route of the funeral *cortege*, the windows and balconies, streets and public squares, were decorated with the national colors, draped in mourning, and, where they were not lined with troops, were thronged with spectators.

The great cathedral, where the funeral services were celebrated with all the pomp and pageantry so characteristic of the Catholic ritual, was crowded by an immense concourse of people, that filled nave and transept and aisles, and then overflowed into the surrounding square. Umberto, the prince hereditary, and Amadeo, Ex-King of Spain, were among the pall-bearers, while cabinet ministers, senators, deputies, mayors of the various cities, and deputations from the several provinces, followed in the funeral train. As the funeral car, richly decorated, and drawn by six splendid horses, caparisoned in black, moved slowly along, between continuous lines of infantry and the national guard, preceded by a detachment of cavalry, and followed by more than a hundred civic associations, with banners and bands of music, and bearing garlands and laurel crowns to be deposited upon the tomb of the illustrious dead, the whole constituted a grand and imposing pageant, that seemed to be not so much a funeral as an apotheosis.

The "Promessi Sposi," as the masterpiece of the primate of Italian novelists, merits something more than a cursory notice. "As a work of fancy," says Gioberti, "his book is the greatest and most wonderful that has been published in Italy since the 'Divina Commedia' and the 'Furioso.'" "It is," exclaims another Italian critic, in a burst of enthusiasm, "the epic poem of modern times, and the Iliad of Christianity." An historical romance, its primary scope is to describe the state of society in the duchy of Milan in the seventeenth century. The plot is quite simple, merely furnishing the author with a slender thread upon which to string his literary pearls.

Don Abondio, curate of a small village near Lecco, returning home one evening, reading his breviary, encounters two hired assassins of Don Rodrigo, who, in obedience to their master's orders, threaten him with death in the event of his solemnizing the marriage of Renzo Tramaglino

with Lucia Mondella, two young peasants belonging to his parish. Don Abondio, with whom "discretion is the better part of valor," promises whatever they demand, and then hastens home, where he meets his maid-servant, the faithful Perpetua, from whom he is unable to conceal the cause of his agitation. Renzo, suspecting some imbroglio, and confirmed in his suspicions by Perpetua, encounters the curate, and succeeds by threats in extorting from him his secret. Smothering his rage, he hastens back to where Lucia, in her wedding-dress, awaits him, and learns from her for the first time how Don Rodrigo had previously insulted her. After a hurried consultation, Lucia goes for advice to her confessor, *padre* Christopher, who, on hearing her grievance, resolves boldly to confront Don Rodrigo, and deter him, if possible, from the accomplishment of his villainous purpose.

When this plan has failed, Agnes, the mother of the bride expectant, proposes to the lovers that they should present themselves with two witnesses before the curate, and declare themselves, in their hearing and presence, husband and wife, which, according to the custom of the times, was sufficient to legalize their union. Meanwhile, Don Rodrigo devises a scheme by means of which his hired ruffians are to seize Lucia and carry her off by force to his castle. Both plans, however, miscarry. The *Sposi* and Agnes, warned of their danger by Father Christopher, fly,—Renzo to Milan, the mother and daughter to Monza, where they take refuge in a convent. The unfortunate Renzo arrives in Milan on the eve of a popular insurrection, in which he imprudently takes an active part and is arrested, but in the midst of the tumult succeeds in freeing himself from the hands of the officers and making his escape to Bergamo, where, under an assumed name, he takes up his abode with his cousin, a silk-weaver.

Don Rodrigo, foiled in his first attempt, with a view of violating the asylum of Lucia, has recourse to a powerful chief-

tain, known as the "Innominato," or No Name, who "fears not God nor regards man." Through the connivance of the lady superior of the convent, who is on terms of improper intimacy with Egidio, a friend of the Innominato, Lucia is betrayed into the hands of the latter, and, half dead with terror, is carried off by his ruffians to his castle. During the night, whilst the unfortunate girl devotes herself, amid sobs and tears, to the Holy Virgin in a vow of perpetual virginity, if she will interpose in her behalf, the Innominato, moved by pity, is seized with remorse, and resolves to liberate her. After an interview with the great and good Cardinal Borromeo, who happened to be in the vicinity visiting his diocese, he is confirmed in his resolution. Lucia is accordingly restored to her mother, who, to protect her against any further designs on the part of Don Rodrigo, finds an asylum for her in Milan.

Then follow famine and pestilence. Oppressor and oppressed are alike stricken down,—Don Rodrigo, Renzo, and Lucia. Renzo, recovered, seeks his Lucia in the plague-stricken city. Two-thirds of the inhabitants had already died. Corpses, which had been thrown from the windows, cumbered the deserted streets. "The customary sounds of human occupation had ceased; and this silence of death was interrupted only by the funeral cars, the lamentations of the sick, the shrieks of the frantic, or the vociferations of the *monatti*." As Renzo wanders about amid this scene of desolation and death, he is suspected of being an *untore*,—one who, according to a vulgar superstition, disseminated the plague by means of pestiferous unguents,—and is pursued by a furious mob. "His anger became rage; his agony, despair." Turning, he beheld several cars approaching loaded with corpses. "The bodies were for the most part naked; some were half covered with rags, and heaped one upon another; at each jolt of the wretched vehicles, heads were seen hanging over, the long tresses of women were displayed, arms were loosened and striking against

the wheels, thrilling the soul of the spectator with indescribable horror."

To escape death, Renzo leaps upon a car loaded with the dead, where the plague, keeping the mob at bay, takes him under its powerful protection. The danger past, he sets out for the lazaretto, with its sixteen thousand plague-stricken patients. In this "immense receptacle of woe," a sinister silence prevailed, only broken by the sobs, groans, and prayers of the sick and dying. Here, after wandering about among the various scenes of horror, he encounters *padre* Christopher, who, though struck with the plague, ceases not, as he administers to their wants, to cheer and comfort those about him with the divine consolations of religion. Near by, stretched upon a pallet of straw, is Don Rodrigo, already delirious in the agonies of death. Entering the female ward, Renzo, after a long and fruitless search, examining face after face, in file after file, hears a dear familiar voice. It is that of Lucia. After so long and painful a separation the lovers meet. But there's the fatal vow. The good friar, however, absolves Lucia from her solemn promise, and, with this last obstacle to their union removed, the happy lovers return to their native Lecco, where Don Abondio, with the fear of Don Rodrigo no longer before his eyes, unites them in holy wedlock.

Regarding the principal characters, it may be said that the hero and heroine fail to interest us, as do several of the others. Renzo, for the most part, is a lukewarm lover, whose want of passion appears to be fully reciprocated by Lucia. For thus representing his lovers, Manzoni has been severely criticised, and various motives have been assigned therefor. But it appears unnecessary to look far for the true reason. Manzoni, in this instance, as is his custom, is faithful to the truth. In a state of society where, among high and low, interest, and not love, is usually the basis of the marriage contract, Renzo and Lucia betray more feeling than the average *promessi sposi*. It is as if the proper province of passion

were outside the pale of matrimony, and wedded love were regarded as illegitimate; for the reason, it may be, that love and marriage, being so near akin, fall within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity, and their union is therefore unlawful.

One of the most stately figures in the tableaux of the "Promessi Sposi" is the Innominato. He is sketched with a few masterly strokes of the pencil, assuming almost heroic proportions. Whether he smiles or frowns, he inspires awe even among his braves and assassins, and, though steeped in blood and impiety, he excites our reverence, if not our admiration. Don Rodrigo is a contemptible villain in comparison, whose villainy is gratuitous, and who loves crime for its own sake. In the absence of passion, and from sheer caprice, he not only meditates the most deliberate outrage, but follows it up with the most persistent cruelty.

*Padre Christopher* is a grand, almost antique, figure. From his first appearance in Lecco, as the friend and adviser of Lucia, till we find him plague-stricken in the lazaretto, at Milan, administering consolation to the sick and dying, he is our favorite as well as the author's. With his dignified form, his lofty courage, his self-abnegation, and sublime faith, he is in sharp contrast with the garrulous, cowardly, obsequious parish priest of Lecco, who "is of the earth, earthy." Don Abondio is the Jack Falstaff of curates. Brave when there is no danger, an arrant coward when the danger is present, and a blustering braggart when the danger is past, he takes good care of his precious epidermis, and evidently regards moral heroism and self-sacrifice as among the vanities. A severe censor withal, "provided he could censure without danger," he even rails at his more worthy colleagues because, "at their own risk, they take the part of the weak against the strong." Though we are unable to suppress a preference for a curate more worthy of his sacred profession, Don Abondio is the character, per-

haps, which of all others, reflects the most credit upon the author as an artist, and at the same time is most relished by the average reader, whom he excites to perpetual laughter.

One of the most prominent characteristics of Manzoni, as an author, is his high-toned morality. He was a devout worshiper of the truth, and all his works were written in the service of religion and the moral advancement of humanity. In his writings, as in his life, he had in an eminent degree the grandeur of goodness; and were we to indicate among the characters whom he has introduced in his pages the one upon whom the author has most clearly impressed his image, it would be the good cardinal, or he of the silver beard and saintly aspect,—*padre Christopher*.

As a poet, the style of Manzoni is pure, simple, and concise. Far from the happy facility of some of his contemporaries, he elaborated with difficulty that upon which he had meditated profoundly. Subordinating art to truth, and style to conception, he does not go abroad in search of the beautiful; but, summoning every assertion to the bar of his judgment, draws his ornaments directly from the subject itself. A realist rather than an idealist, he was a thinker as well as an artist, a reasoner as well as a poet. "The style of Manzoni's tragedies," says a modern critic, "is a happy invention of that favored genius. Neither the harmony nor the brevity nor the clearness, nor the elegance of expression, nor the naturalness of his manner, are so exclusively his gifts that he attains to the perfection of any one of them at the expense of the others; but all, instead, harmonize and conspire together, blending insensibly, as it were, into a complex whole, to which, moreover, a characteristic expression imparts I know not what of that indefinable charm which constitutes the originality of genius."

But the poetry of Manzoni has been eclipsed in the popular estimation by the superior brilliancy of his prose. Perhaps it is not too much to say that there is



scarcely a man or woman in Italy whose most beautiful and cherished memories are not in some way, either directly or remotely, associated with the "Promessi Sposi." In his long and eventful career, embracing so many and so various changes, in which he saw the rise and fall of both Napoleons, and witnessed ten successive revolutions, he has played

a most important part in the moral regeneration of his country, whilst he has followed the flag of Italian unity and independence from the disastrous field of Novara on through the glories of Magenta and Solferino, till he saw it at length floating proudly from the summit of the capitol at Rome.

O. M. SPENCER.

### IN SEASON.

"THESE dresses and flannels of Daisy's are quite outgrown," said Mrs. Tracy to her daughter. "You may as well put them all together and give them to Jane Barclay's child. It looked very cold and blue, with its thin Summer dresses on, the last time I saw it. These clothes will be a real blessing to it; and I know it will please Jane." And Mrs. Tracy's heart grew quite warm with the benevolent thought.

"How delighted they will all be!" said Stella, sharing in her mother's feelings. "I mean to attend to it right away."

"You may as well look over the bureau drawers and take out all the old stockings you can find. She can make use of them. I remember she was very glad of a pair I once gave her."

Both mother and daughter felt quite happy over the project of bringing comfort to a poor woman and her child; and they really intended to set about the work very soon; but some dresses for Winter were under way, and the seamstress was quite exacting, and always in want of something "right away." These fashionable dressmakers are very autocratic. So it happened that neither Stella nor her mother had much spare time for a week or two.

Meanwhile the snow fell, and the winds searched through the chinks of Jane's poor dwelling. Her little one shivered and a heavy cold oppressed her breath-

ing, giving the poor widow many an anxious thought. She searched the roadsides for sticks and bits of wood to help keep up her poor fire; but it was very scanty at the best. At length the disease became so severe a doctor was called. His first and chief prescription was warm flannels from head to foot. "She can not live through such a Winter as this with only this cotton gown;" and he took up the sleeve of the little blue slip between his thumb and fingers.

"He might almost as well prescribe a piece of the moon for you," said the poor woman, bitterly, after he had left.

She wrapped her darling in her only shawl, and hugged her close to her breast as she rocked to and fro in the old rocking-chair. That evening the parcel came which had been so long delayed, and which would have saved so much of suffering and sorrow. The woman was greatly pleased and very grateful, and Stella went home well satisfied with herself and her mission of mercy. But the Lord would have been far better pleased if it had been done a month before. Charity is thrice blessed when it comes in season. If the Lord puts it in your heart and in your power to do a kind act, do it at once. Delays are dangerous, both for yourself and for those you would help. Be careful about making promises of help which you are slow to perform. A gift long looked for

seems dearly bought in the end. I knew a woman who was always raising the expectations of the poor in this way, only to bring them disappointment and much dissatisfaction at last. Doing well is better than merely saying well, any day.

Let your gifts be well considered, and your good resolutions carried promptly into execution. "Put yourself in his place," and remember the golden rule. "He gives twice who gives quickly."

J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

## SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

I HAD come back, after an absence of nearly twenty-five years, to spend a short time amidst the old places made sacred to memory by childhood and youth. How familiar, and yet how changed in its familiarity, was every thing!—every thing but the living who remained; and they were few, for death had been there as every-where. I asked for this one and that one, as the thought of boyish friends came trooping back upon me, and the answer, "Dead," came so frequently that I felt as if a pestilence must have been there.

"What of Payson?" said I.

"O, he's all right," was the cheerful answer of the old friend with whom I was conversing.

"How all right?" I inquired.

My friend pointed to an elegant house standing in the midst of ornamental grounds, that were adorned with fountains and statuary.

"He lives there," said he.

I remembered him as a young man of small means, but industrious and saving. We had been tolerably intimate, and I had liked him for his amiability, intelligence, and cheerful temper.

"Then he has become a rich man?"

"Yes, he is our wealthiest townsman; one of the most successful men in this part of the country."

"Did he build that house?"

"Yes, and its style shows how well his taste is cultivated. We feel, naturally, proud of Mr. Payson."

"Then he is liberal as a citizen, using

his wealth in enterprises that are for the common good?"

"O, as to that, he is like other men."

"How like other men?"

"Thinks more of himself than he does of other people."

"And what of Melleville?" I asked.

"Henry Melleville?"

"Yes."

There was a change in my companion's countenance and manner that did not foreshadow a good report. He shook his head as he replied:

"Poor Melleville stands about where you left him; never has succeeded well in any thing."

"I am grieved to hear you say that. Of all my young friends I valued him most."

"It is too true; and I am sorry for it. That is his house." And he pointed to a plain white cottage, standing not far from the splendid residence of Mr. Payson, which made it look poor and almost mean in contrast.

"Strange diversity of fortune!" I said, speaking partly to myself. "Taking the two men as I now recall them, Melleville most deserved success."

"He was an excellent young man," was replied to this; "but lacked force of character, I suppose, or some other element of success. What, I do n't really know, for I have not been very intimate with him for some years. He is peculiar in some things, and do n't have a great many warm friends."

"Not so many as Mr. Payson, I presume."

"O no! Of course not."

I was surprised at this intelligence. Of the two men, I carried in my mind by far the pleasantest recollections of Melleville, and was prepared to hear of his success in life, beyond that of almost every one else I had left in my native place.

"What of Henry Melleville?" I asked of another.

"O, he's a stick in the mud," was answered coarsely, and with an indifferent toss of the head.

"I am sorry that my old friend Henry Melleville has done so poorly," said I, speaking of him in a third direction. "What is the cause of it?"

"The causes of success or failure in life are deeply hidden," was the answer I received. "Some men profess to be gifted with a clear sight in these matters; but I own to being in the dark. There is n't an honester or more industrious man in the world than Melleville, and yet he does n't get along. Five or six years ago he seemed to be doing very well, better than usual, when his shop was burned down, and he lost not only valuable tools, but a considerable amount of stock, finished and unfinished."

"Had he no insurance?"

"Yes, but it was only partial; just enough to set him going again. Ten years ago he had a mill, and was doing, he told me, very well, when a Spring freshet carried away the dam and water-wheel. He had only rented the mill, and as the owner was in pecuniary difficulty, and involved at the same time in a lawsuit about this very property, no repairs were attempted, and he was forced to abandon a business that looked very promising. And so it has been with him all along. There ever comes some pull-back just as he gets fairly on the road to success."

"How does he bear his misfortunes?" I inquired.

"I never heard him complain."

"It has been different with Mr. Payson."

"O, dear, yes; his whole life has

been marked with success. Whatever he touches turns to gold."

The testimony in regard to the two men agreed on the whole. One had succeeded in life, the other had not. I felt interest enough in both of them to get a nearer point of view, and so, in virtue of old acquaintanceship, called to see them. My first visit was to Mr. Payson. Was it because, like the rest of the world, I was more strongly attracted by the successful man? Have it so, if you will: human nature is weak.

"Will you send up your name?" said the servant, who showed me into a rather stylishly furnished office, where it was plain, from the display of books and papers, that Mr. Payson met his visitors who came on business.

I gave my name, and then waited for nearly five minutes before the gentleman appeared. I saw, the instant my eyes rested on his face, that he was in some unpleasant doubt as to the purpose of my visit.

"Mr. Payson," said I, warmly, as I rose and extended my hand.

He pronounced my name, but in a tone guiltless of pleasure or cordiality. The earnest pressure of my hand received no appreciative return. His fingers lay in mine like the senseless fingers of a sleeper. I was chilled by his manner, and felt inclined to retire without another word; but, having approached him, I was not willing to recede without reading him with some care.

"It is twenty-five years since we met," said I, after resuming the seat from which I had risen. "Time works great changes in all of us."

"So long as that?" he responded, without interest.

"Yes, it is twenty-five years since I went from home out into the world, an ardent, hopeful young man."

"And how has the world used you?"

He did not look at me direct, but with his face slightly turned, as if there were a selfish suspicion in his mind touching the object of my visit.

"I have no complaint to make against the world," said I.

"You are a *rara avis*, then," he replied, with the ghost of a smile; "the first man I have met in a decade who did n't rail at the world for treating him badly."

"Has it treated you badly?" I could not help smiling back into his face as I asked this question.

"Yes—or at least the people in it. The world is well enough, I suppose; but the people! O, dear! Every other man you meet has some design on you."

"Your experience has been more unfavorable than mine," said I.

"Then you are fortunate,—that is all I have to say."

I had been reading the face of this friend of my younger days attentively from the moment he came in. He looked older by forty years, instead of by twenty-five; but time had not improved his face, as it does some faces. Every feature remained. I would have known him among a thousand; but every feature was changed in its stronger or feebler development. All that expressed kindness, humanity, and good-will had nearly died out, while hard selfishness looked at you from every lineament.

"You have been fortunate," I remarked, "as to this world's goods. Your garner is filled with the land's fatness."

The reference did not seem wholly agreeable.

"When I went from this neighborhood, you were a poor young man. I return, and find that you have heaped up wealth in rich abundance. Only the few are successful in your degree."

"Money is n't happiness," he replied, his hard, heavy forehead contracting.

"No, but it may be made the minister of happiness," I said, in return.

"Yes, I know; that's the common talk of the day," he answered, in a kind of growl. "I find it the minister of evil."

"You surprise me. Rich men are not wont to speak after this fashion."

"Then they don't speak from their hearts, as I do."

"You have health and a beautiful home. These are elements of happiness."

He shut his lips tightly, and shook his head.

"I have no sound health. Do n't know what it is to have a pleasant bodily sensation. And as for the beautiful home to which you refer"—He checked himself, and became silent, while a painful expression settled on his face.

"You have children?"

He lifted his eyes to mine with a questioning look, as if he thought me probing him.

"Yes," he simply answered.

"Pretty well grown by this time?"

"Some of them." He paused, and then added, "And quite past me. Children, sir!" His manner grew suddenly excited, but he checked himself, with a slight air of confusion; then went on. "Children, sir!" Stopped once more, as if in shame.

"Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them," said I, cheerfully.

Payson merely shrugged his shoulders, and looked stolid and unhappy. I referred, in order to change the subject, to a topic of public interest. But his answers showed that he had no intelligent appreciation of a matter in which every man of thought felt a common interest.

When I left him, after half an hour's interview, it was with the impression that, except the money, he was the most unsuccessful man it had been my fortune to meet. In nothing besides money-getting had he succeeded. When I last saw him, he was a cheerful, bright, hopeful, good-tempered young man. Now, he was morose, gloomy, and dull of intellect, except in a single direction,—a great money fungus, without any of the elements of a noble and true life.

Upon inquiry, I learned that while his children were young, he was so absorbed in business speculations, that he had no time or inclination to cultivate their morals or to win their love. In matters of no real moment as to the welfare of these children, he would interfere with

his wife's management of them in an arbitrary and tyrannical way; thus closing their minds against him, and destroying his influence over them for good.

Badly managed, repressed unwisely in some directions and unwisely indulged in others, they were growing up selfish, ill-tempered, proud, and exacting; cursing with discord his home instead of blessing it with love. And he, as far as I could learn, giving way to a morose temper, made their lives as uncomfortable as they made his. It was mutual antagonism, and under circumstances that precluded a separation. And here was my successful man!

"My dear old friend!" exclaimed Henry Melleville, grasping my hand as he opened the door of his modest little home, and stood looking me in the face, his own fine countenance all aglow with pleasure. "This is a surprise! Come in! Come in!" And he drew me along the passage into a small parlor, the meagre furniture of which told the story of his limited means.

"When did you arrive? Where did you come from? Why, it's over—let me see—over twenty years since you were here, or at least since I have seen you here."

"Over twenty-five!" said I.

"So long! Is it possible? Well, how are you, and where are you? Tell me all about yourself."

All about myself! And the interest was sincere and cordial. "I must hear about you first," I answered, smiling back into his smiling face. "How is it with you!"

"O, as well as I deserve, and something better," he replied, cheerfully. No shadows came over his face.

"You have not succeeded in getting rich, I see."

"Not rich in this world's goods; but true success in life is not always to be measured by gold. We start, in early manhood, with happiness as the end in view, and in most cases wealth is considered the chief means of securing that end. I own to having fallen into the

error myself. But my successes have not been in that direction. Riches would have done me more harm than good, and so in mercy they have not been given. I struggled hard for them; I called them, for a time, the greatest good, or the chief means toward attaining the greatest good. I was unhappy when disaster and disappointment came."

"But a manly philosophy sustained you," said I.

"It were better called religion," he answered, his voice falling into a lower key. "I tried philosophy, but it would n't do; and so, in my weakness and pain, I went up higher, to the Strong for strength."

His face lighted up beautifully.

"And found him a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," I remarked.

"Yes, in truth. I am poor; but 'his are the cattle upon a thousand hills.'"

"You have children?" I said.

"Yes, and good children, thank God! Loving children!"

His eyes glistened as he spoke.

And this was the man who had not succeeded; this was the man of whom some spoke with pity, some with indifference, and some even with contempt, as of no account. But Payson was "all right!" I referred to Payson.

"Poor man!" was the reply. "I never look at him without a feeling of pity."

"He has succeeded largely."

"There is a difference of opinion about that," said Melleville; "some think he has failed miserably."

"He is rich."

"In money, and in nothing else; and of all riches that comes with fewest blessings. If not accompanied by riches of the mind and heart, gold always curses its possessor. So I read in the book of human life. It has cursed Payson. I would not exchange places with him, taking his consciousness and state of mind, for the wealth of a thousand worlds. No, no, no!"

He spoke with earnestness.

"I have seen him," said I.

"Well, how did he impress you?"



"As to all that is worth living for, I should say with you, that his life has been a miserable failure."

"And so are the lives of thousands," he answered, "whom the world points out as its most successful men. Get close to them; see them in their true individuality; in their homes, if you can approach so near, and you will see poor wrecks of manhood, bloated selfishness,

tormenting itself with ill-nature, or mad with pain from some eating cancer of the soul, that goes on, day and night, with its work of ruin."

I saw these two men frequently during the few days that I wandered in the old familiar places, and when I went away, it was with no nicely balanced question in my thoughts as to which was the truly successful man.

### A VILLAGE OF NORTHERN NEW YORK, 1814.

ALL travelers who pass through Lake Champlain from Whitehall northward, or coming in from Canadian settlements, are attracted by the small but pretty town of Plattsburg, lying on the western shore. Beautiful is it indeed for situation, like Zion of old, at once a rejoicing and pride to its citizens. Modern science, in its various forms of steam and electricity, have been wonderful awakeners from idle lethargy here, as in other ancient towns. But when our child eyes first rested upon it, and our tiny voice called it "home," the village reposed in a calm, lazy sleep; so quiet, indeed, that one could fancy the sound of fife and beat of drum on such primitive ears might have been startling as on those of a Casper Hauser.

The natural scenery through nearly the whole length of Lake Champlain is much of it picturesque and beautiful. Small towns lie nestled in full view among its high hills, intersected continually by little foaming streams or laughing rivulets. The lake, with its background of Green Mountains, that loom up in the distance with coquettish change,—now smiling in tender Spring costume, as the early morning rain quivers among the tree-tops, and anon showing only grim, weird faces, as even-tide lengthens out its shadows,—is every-where visible, while the quiet country roads go winding, through alternate

thickets of evergreens and farms of high cultivation, for many miles around.

The river Saranac,—the bloody Saranac is its common vernacular,—issuing from the shadowy Adirondacks, nearly a hundred miles above, comes foaming through the deep gorges of the Au Sable, until, reaching a more civilized region, it ripples in tortuous fashion over the pebbly bed through the suburbs, and then severs the old town of Plattsburg quite in twain. Passing under the old and lower bridge, it makes a curve on one side, round a low, grassy shore, and, running swiftly under the shelter of a high, bold promontory, called "The Point," on the other, soon widens, and loses itself in the broad open lake.

Nothing in nature can be more lovely than the pretty headland of Cumberland, as it stretches itself lovingly into the bay. On its undulating coast still lie dismantled old country-seats, whose original owners have long since slept their last sleep, but which still retain the familiar names as of old,—*"Macdonough Farm," "Woolsey Place,"* and *"Platt Manor."* The turf is green and fresh as soft, rich moss about them, and the smooth lawns that lead gently to the lake shore, despite man's neglect, enjoy a peculiarly tender care from nature itself, for the grass is soft and trim as on the estate of some English noble. There is always

the same somber silence, too, broken only by the plash of restless waters over the graveled beach, or darting rudely among the shallow caves. Even to this day no active vitality has ever disturbed the subdued quietude, the sad loneliness, of these once patrician homes on Lake Champlain.

Calm and restful as the whole scene within and around the ancient village seemed in my young years, the locality had known all the sights and sounds of civil war: cannon had roared with fatal reverberations among its hills; the white sails that glistened on its peaceful waters had been discolored and bespattered by the life-blood of many a noble heart. There had been the bitter tears and fears of parting friends, followed by the sharp, keen agony of newly made widows and orphan children. The village cemetery had in its very center a consecrated green-sward, whose memorial stones answered only to the dead soldier's roll-call. Here lay many a brave hero over whose young head the birds sang, from year to year, their most cheerful reveilles, or beat an evening tattoo on the grand old pine-trees. Here, too, the village children used to meet on their weekly holiday, and whisper to each other the wild legends of the supernatural with all the mysterious circumstances that so delighted, yet awe-struck us in hearing our guardians relate, as preceding and accompanying the stormy war era. These spiritual manifestations, as they would be called in our day of the present, were intensified to actualities in our young hearts by a constant familiarity with homes riddled by bullets, and huge cannon-balls resting innocently within cavities not originally intended for their reception.

Before touching upon the scenes of a battle-field, the incidents of which I must gather from a gentle widow, who sits daily by the ingle-side near me, and whose varied life already comprises its fourscore years and five; from a relative, Judge Palmer, who, in pamphlet form, has given an exhaustive and graphic detail of the more than double centennial

of Lake Champlain; and from a few other channels, I must crave pardon of the reader if I dwell for a moment within the domain "where I was born." The house is historic, yet, like nearly all the ancient landmarks of our nation, has become simply a memory.

Devised and built in a time of peace, not far from the year 1800, it was, when demolished in 1860, to give place to the present imposing post-office block, in a state of complete preservation; not a warp in its stanch old frame, every board as good as new,—except where it had been pierced by bullets and balls fired from the American works during the siege,—and fastened together with wrought nails, as saith the ancient chronicle of the town.

As I have before said, the river Saranac severs Plattsburg quite in two; on the western side lay the route by which the land forces of the English must needs enter the village from Canada. This portion had been hurriedly evacuated by the citizens, who, with the general army, were marshaled on the lake shore, after transporting women and children across to the Vermont side. Thus it became a necessity with the British commander, the bridges that spanned the stream having been all destroyed by our people, that he should occupy the western bank of the river.

It was, therefore, in my father's home-  
stead, as being considered at the time a residence of more architectural pretension and commodious size than any other in the village, that General Provost; his assistant, General Rottenburg; and the staff officers, selected it as their headquarters. Within gunshot of the opposite shore of the river, the building presented a fair target for our sharp-shooters. The Baronet kept his bivouac, it is said, in the cellar basement, which, being of solid mason-work, might thus prove a wall of defense from all danger. Unfortunately, a ball struck the house as a young ensign, made valiant by hunger, passing through the parlor, had just entered a closet refectory, and was quietly

helping himself to a lunch in the pantry, when the fearful demon of war came booming through, and killed him instantly. It may seem a mere tradition, and yet it is passing true, that, on the spot where the soldier fell, the blood-stain from the fatal wound could never be quite effaced.

Not a vestige remains of the dwelling-house, once so comely in its whole design, and around which clustered so many histories, public and personal. Yet it is pleasant for the few scattered members of the former household to recall the wide, long, hospitable hall, without any vestibule entrance, flanked by two great reception-rooms; the arched ceilings, much above the ordinary height of that primitive day, and delicately frescoed; the low basement kitchen, where the British chief, no doubt, used to roast his mutton on a mammoth scale; the great cellar, under immense beams of wood, where, before the war, the emancipated slave servants of the family, as I have heard, used to enact high life below stairs.

Not alone has Yankee vandalism laid violent and destructive hands upon the venerable mansion itself, but its relentless plow and its harrow, its pitiless stone and daubing mortar, have torn away every sign of the once extensive lawn, shaded by lines of graceful elms; the pretty terraced garden; the narrow strip of meadow-land, lying at the garden's foot, through which trickled as bright and clear a rivulet as ever found its way to lake or ocean. Over our home, as over many another manor-house, darkened by time, has this age of progressive utility marched rough-shod, leaving only to the interested survivors a respectable memory.

The midsummer of 1814 had come, and rested over the lake country in all its sultriness. It became evident that the plan of the British campaign on the northern frontier of New York was completed. The State was to be invaded, and the possession of Lake Champlain secured. General Izard, Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the North,

received information that the enemy was in motion below, and the British flotilla slowly moving up the Richelieu River with a small squadron. No doubt could be harbored that a speedy invasion of New York was in contemplation; and yet, with full information on the subject, the United States Government was guilty of a blunder, by which so many battles in all ages have been lost. The Secretary of War ordered Izard to march the greater part of his army westward, to co-operate with the Army of Niagara. The order astonished the army and the people. The disappointed Izard could scarcely restrain his indignation, and his reply to the Government is almost sublime in its protest:

"I will make the movement you direct, if possible; but I shall do it with the apprehension of risking the force under my command, and with the certainty that every thing in this vicinity, but the lately erected works at Plattsburg and Cumberland Head, will, in less than three weeks after my departure, fall into the hands of the enemy."

The protest was unavailing, and, like a true soldier, he obeyed orders. Four thousand men were set in motion by the way of Lake George, Schenectady and the Mohawk Valley, ending their weary march at Sackett's Harbor the middle of September.

General Alexander Macomb now assumed the chief command, having as his compeers Generals Wool and Forsyth, and the militia Major-General Movers. Forsyth was killed by a vagrant shot, before hostilities commenced. Macomb now directed all his energies to the completion of three redoubts,—Fort Moreau, the principal one, commanded by Colonel Melancthon Smith; Fort Brown, by Colonel Storrs, and Fort Scott, by Colonel Vinson.

The initial skirmish of the battle took place near the stone church of a small settlement, about five miles from Plattsburg, called Beekmantown, by which road the British were coming in from Canada. The enemy, in full force, were

met by General Wool's little band; and the militia, alarmed by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, fled toward Plattsburg. Wool fell back a few miles, until joined by Captain Leonard, with two pieces of artillery. As the British came on, Leonard opened fire. Three times did the battery line pour its deadly missiles through their lines, yet it did not check the enemy's onward march. The bugles sounded a charge; the men threw away their knapsacks, and rushed forward on the double-quick. Leonard was compelled to fly, but Wool and Movers's militia made a safe retreat across the Saranac. After crossing the town bridge, and before the British advance reached the village, its planks were torn up and formed into a breastwork, near an old stone mill, which is still standing. Thus, when the British reached Plattsburg, they found themselves checked at the outset by the demolition of all the bridges. They attempted to ford the Saranac; but Provost, finding it too difficult a task, ordered his army to encamp on an elevated ridge, about half a mile back of the river. Notwithstanding the overwhelming force of which he was the leader, the events of the 6th of September convinced the Baronet that the task before him was not a light one. He had lost in killed and wounded, since day-break, over two hundred men, while the loss of Americans was only forty-five.

Both parties—American and British—now prepared for a struggle of supremacy on Lake Champlain. The morning of the 11th September dawned bright and calm over the peaceful waters. It has been always noticed that great, decisive battles have been fought in the midst of imposing scenery, and the one now to be won verified the truth.

At an early hour, the British land and naval forces were in motion for a combined attack on the American. Provost had arranged the plan with Commodore Downie. It was agreed that, when the British squadron should be seen approaching Cumberland Head, the advance army, under Major-General Rot-

tenburg should press forward, force the fords of the Saranac, climb the steep banks, and, with ladders, escalate the American works on the peninsula, while the several batteries around Plattsburg village should open a brisk fire. Between seven and eight o'clock, the English squadron was seen advancing, and, at eight, rounded Cumberland Head. It consisted of the flag-ship *Confiance*, Commodore Downie; the brig *Linnet*, the sloops *Chubb* and *Finch*,—formerly the *Eagle* and *Growler*, captured from the Americans the year before. Retiring to his cabin, it is said the pious Macdonough conversed with singular simplicity, and with the dignity of a Christian gentleman, on whose shoulders rested the weightiest responsibility that bore on any man in that period of our history. "The conflict to occur in a few hours was to decide the most important issues of the war. With the destruction of the American squadron on Lake Champlain the British army was sure to make its way unobstructed to Albany, possibly to New York, and probably dictate the terms of an ignominious peace. That army, composed of fourteen thousand picked soldiers, fresh from victories in Spain and at Waterloo, commanded by a picked officer, the Governor-general of Canada, was on the march, supporting and being supported by the naval force on the lake." Macdonough was then thirty-one years of age, but seemed much younger, it is said,—of a light, agile frame, easy and graceful in manner, with an expressive countenance, remarkably placid. In the navy from boyhood, he was already a hero, having participated in those daring, reckless deeds on the coast of Tripoli, which gave such renown to the American navy. Before engaging in mortal combat on that Sabbath morning, Macdonough, true to his Christian character, made his appeal, surrounded by his officers and crew, for divine aid, reading the prayer in the English service, "To be said before a fight at sea."

As the enemy came round the point, Macdonough's squadron still lay at rest in

Plattsburg Bay,—two galleys at anchor; the brig *Eagle*, the *Saratoga*, Macdonough's flag-ship, schooner *Ticonderoga*, and the *Preble*.

The American line of battle had been formed with great skill by the young commander, and extended completely across to the entrance from Plattsburg, to the long peninsula I have before mentioned as "Cumberland Head." The enemy coming round this point, and being continually baffled by shifting winds, the flag-ship *Confiance* had to be anchored not two cables' lengths from its antagonist, the *Saratoga*. The battle soon became general, steady, and active between the larger vessels. The *Confiance* made no reply to the *Saratoga*'s first twenty-four-pounder, until she had secured a desirable position, when she suddenly became a sheet of flame. "Her entire larboard broadside guns, consisting of sixteen twenty-four-pounders, double-shotted, leveled point-blank range, coolly sighted, and favored by still water, were discharged at one time into the *Saratoga*. 'The effect,' says Abbott, 'was terrible. She shivered from round-top to keel as with an ague; and forty of her people—almost one-fifth of her complement—were disabled. But the stunning blow was felt only for a moment. Almost immediately Macdonough renewed the conflict, and the fire of the *Saratoga* was steady and gallantly conducted.' Her first officer, Lieutenant Gamble, was killed; and, fifteen minutes afterward, Commodore Downie was slain."

The two flag-ships were soon disabled, and now came the time for Macdonough to exhibit his splendid seamanship. With the aid of Bown, his skillful sailing-master, he wound the ship, by means of a stream-anchor and hawser, so that he brought the guns of his larboard quarter to bear on the *Confiance*, which had so vainly tried to imitate the movement. Under the direction of Lieutenant La Vallette, these poured such a destructive fire on the British flag-ship, that she soon surrendered. The smaller ships, seeing the colors of the larger vessels go down,

VOL. XXXVI.—10

then dropped their ensigns. At a little past noon, not one of the sixteen national flags, which so proudly floated over British decks in the morning, might be seen.

For two hours and twenty minutes this severe naval battle raged, while the thunders of cannon, the hiss of rockets, the scream of bombs, and the rattle of musketry were heard on the shore. "It was a sublime sight," writes one, "and was beheld by hundreds of spectators on the headlands of Vermont, who greeted the victory with shouts of joy." It was a battle distinguished by a vigor and destructiveness not excelled by any during the war, indeed seldom equaled anywhere or at any time. The victory of the Americans was complete and substantial; and from the *Saratoga*, half an hour after the *Linnet* struck, and the galleys fled, Macdonough sent the following modest dispatch ashore in a gig, to be forwarded to the Secretary of the Navy: "Sir: The Almighty has been pleased to grant us a signal victory on Lake Champlain, in the capture of one frigate, one brig, and two sloops of war, of the enemy."

A venerable friend of the writer, still living in Champlain, says: "I was the first citizen that boarded the vessel after the action, being rowed to the *Saratoga* by two Indians. I met Commodore Macdonough pacing the deck. He had been wounded, and his head was bound with a white handkerchief. As I grasped his hand and congratulated him upon the victory, he calmly replied, 'The result is to be ascribed to an Almighty power.' I went also on board the *Confiance*, and saw Captain Downie after he was killed, a fine-looking, robust Englishman. He lay in his berth with his breast bared, but no wound visible, only a broad black streak across his breast, where a cannon-ball must have passed so near."

Sir George Provost wisely saw that, as he said, "the farther prosecution of the service was become impracticable. He had experienced the great mortification to hear the shout of victory from the American works when the fleet surren-



dered on the lake." He had assumed the position of co-operator with the fleet, rather than the principal, leaving Downie the brunt of the service, but ready to receive and wear the garlands of honor which might be won. Seeing the British flag humbled, he resolved to fall back toward the Canada border, and halt until he should learn what use the Yankees were to make of their success. It was a wise decision; for the Baronet was really in peril. The fire of the British batteries was kept up until sunset of the first day, and when night fell, on the third day after the battle, the frightened Provost sent all his artillery and baggage for which he could find transportation Canada-ward, and at two o'clock on the morning of the 13th of September the whole army fled, with a precipitancy that indicated a panic. Before the 20th, every vestige of the British army had left the soil of the United States forever.

Provost had lost, in killed, wounded, and missing; two thousand; while that of the American forces on land had been less than one hundred and fifty. With this repulse of the British ended the most important military operations on the northern frontier of New York.

In the lovely cemetery on the outskirts of the town, as I have before written, are the graves of the slain, that of Commodore Downie occupying the center. It is a plain, square brick tomb, overlaid by a slab of pure Carrara marble, on which is engraved the following epitaph:

Sacred  
to the memory of  
GEORGE DOWNIE, ESQ.,  
A Post Captain in the Royal British  
Navy, who gloriously fell, on  
board His B. M. ship, the  
Confiance, while lead-  
ing the yessels under his command  
to the attack of the American  
Flotilla, at anchor in Cum-  
berland Bay, off  
Plattsburg,  
on the 11th of September, 1814.

To mark the spot where the remains of a gallant officer  
and sincere friend were honorably interred,  
this stone has been erected by his  
affectionate sister-in-law,  
Mary Downie.

In double ranks, surrounding the four sides of this more pretentious sarcophagus, lie the fourteen officers, friend and foe, representatives of an exclusive monarchy and free republic. Every grave is marked by a white stone, bearing simply the name, the rank, and the vessel on which death came to each of them. Two pine-trees, wide-spreading, dark, solemn, noble specimens of their species, which were at once the delight and sadness of my childhood, stood at each extremity of Downie's grave, stretching out a guardian branch over all the heroes there bivouacked in a strange land.

In one of the apartments of the old historic mansion,—the homestead so rudely usurped by Baronet Provost; the house scarred by the fiery missiles of war without, and weird in its grim associations with violent death within,—a few years after the close of these stormy events, the writer of this sketch first opened her eyes to the sunshine of the world. Two years subsequent to her birth, the master of the household, the polished gentleman and humble Christian, laid down his "arms at rest," and entered, we trust, into a more perfect peace.

With the exception of Major-General Movers, the coadjutor of Generals Maccomb and Wool, the burial of Colonel Smith was the last one celebrated with full honors of war that ever occurred in the small village. The ceremonies were solemnized in the twilight of a lovely August evening; and the pageant, always enacted over breaking hearts, can yet be told in brief and with seeming ease,—a fine battalion of soldiers, in somber parade, before the mansion of deceased; a coffined body brought out; a presenting of arms; a mute uncovering of heads; a slow, moaning dirge; the colors of Fort Moreau, which Colonel Smith gallantly defended in 1814, hoisted at half-mast; with one incident more impressive, apart from bewildering grief, than all the rest,—a claim of right, urged by the veterans of the 29th regiment, now merged in the 6th United States, to pay the last

honors to their beloved commander, when it was found necessary to draw off a detachment from their labors on the new road, then being constructed by the army; the three volleys fired over the lonely

grave; and, as a sequel to all this pomp and circumstance of war, a group of frightened orphan children scattered broadcast over a wide, wide world.

E. S. MARTIN.

### I DREAM OF THEE.

I DREAM of thee when gentle Spring  
Bounds o'er the frozen lea,  
Her robe of loveliness to fling  
O'er every leafless tree;  
When, from her light foot's magic tread,  
Fair flow'rets spring to birth;  
And brooklets, 'neath her smiles gush forth,  
To glad the green young earth.

I dream of thee in Summer time,  
When, from the orchard trees,  
The rose-hued apple blossoms whirl  
On every perfumed breeze;  
When woodlands ring with melody,  
And sunshine floods the dells,  
And every poet heart is stirred  
By nature's myriad spells.

I dream of thee in Autumn days,  
When fields of waving grain  
Impart their glowing, golden tinge,  
To upland and to plain;  
When, wearying of the soft green robes  
They wore in earlier days,  
The forest trees in gorgeous hues  
Of gold and crimson blaze.

I dream of thee when woodlands bleak  
Are wrapped in Winter's snow;  
When o'er the hills, with wail and shriek,  
The angry tempests blow.  
When earth looks desolate and lone,  
And sullen moans the sea,  
And lowering storm-clouds veil the skies,  
Beloved, I dream of thee.

In Spring, because thy gentle smile,  
Like Spring, has magic power,  
To scatter o'er my frozen path  
Full many a precious flower.  
In Summer time, because thy voice  
O'er ears and heart has flung  
A stream of melody more sweet  
Than forest birds e'er sung.

In Autumn, for my garnered joys  
Are clustered all around thee;  
In thee, the ripening hopes of years,  
Their glad fruition see;  
And in thy radiant presence, life,  
So colorless of old,  
Puts on bright hues, and gorgeous tints,  
Of crimson and of gold.

I dream of thee in Winter time,  
Because full well I know,  
Bereft of thee, my lonely heart  
Were colder than the snow;  
The loneliest moon, by tempest swept,  
Were not so desolate;  
The blackness of the midnight sky  
Were sunshine to my fate.

But wherefore will ill-omened fears  
My trusting heart perplex?  
Thou art my star, and while thou art,  
No doubt my soul shall vex;  
But gladly, in thy gentle ray,  
The swift-winged seasons flee,  
One round of melody and mirth,  
And rose-hued dreams of thee.

REBECCA SCOTT.

## GRANDMOTHER'S HEROINE—A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND.

WE were reading, this morning, as we sat by a western window looking on the prairies near the geographical center of the United States, about the murderous raids of the Indians south of our home. For nearly two hundred miles they depopulated the country, stealing horses and cattle because they were too lazy to raise them; burning houses, destroying corn-fields, and brutally torturing and murdering the inhabitants who were unable to fly from their reach. A wagon train that passed here a few weeks' ago, was attacked, and twelve of the seventeen men murdered,—one of them burned alive at a wagon wheel.

After living two hundred and fifty years among an enlightened people, they exhibit the same crafty, cruel traits that were shown in the early days of Virginia and Massachusetts.

The household story of that fatal sail up the James River, and only Captain Smith, of all the happy crew, left to tell the fate of his companions; the noble defense of Captain Underhill in the colony of the New Netherlands; and the brave acts of the Puritans, are all familiar. But it is not of those deeds by the brave and strong that we wish to speak, but to tell the history of one whose part in the Iliad of life, like that of so many of her sex, was simply quiet endurance, and great faith in God.

We used to sit at our grandmother's knee and listen to the oft-repeated tale, sometimes given in devout tones, as she spoke of the firm trust of her heroine, in Him who said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" or in trembling tones, as she spoke of her sorrows,—the destruction of her native town, the murder of its inhabitants, and the captivity of her ancestors.

Oftentimes, after listening to the story, did it seem as though, through some transmigration of soul, we had been in company with the sufferer during that

awful Winter of 1675, and come to life again in our own happy time.

Years ago, one pleasant afternoon, when we were going to the brick school-house where we taught the large boys mathematics and Latin, and the urchins that America was discovered by Columbus, as we looked at the ground over which we were passing, the thought came, "Did grandma's heroine ever walk just here?"

That afternoon, when the perfume of flowers floated in at the open windows, and the reading-class drawled out,

"I venerate the Pilgrim's cause,  
Yet for the red man dare to plead,"

we longed to close the desk and the school-room, and rest tired mind and weary body by plunging into a sea of quiet, away from any sound save the hum of insects and the songs of birds.

Toward the foot of the class a child read,

"By foes alone his death-song must be sung,"

and the blood of the martyrs in our veins gave a sudden bound, and, with a nod, the school was dismissed; and we started for the hill where Mary Rowlandson spent the first night after her capture by the Indians.

It was a glorious day in early Autumn, and the sun, with its spears of silver, tipped with diamonds, was near the purple gates that stood ajar in the distant west; but as it moved silently down toward the gateway, it sent its last rays of light, hither and thither, through the trees on the hill-tops, giving, to whatever it touched, a beauty not its own. We urged our way on, hoping to enter the palace of glory before the vision faded; to behold, in the fairy light, the spot upon which, for two centuries, bright-haired Aurora, when she put aside her veil in the morning, looked with saddened eyes; from which, Hesperus, when she led forth the stars at night, turned her

face away; and the beautiful clouds, when rocking the cradle of the clouldlets, told the sad history and dissolved in tears; and from the tablets of stone all had unitedly tried to efface the sad story, but in vain; for memories of the blood-stained spot are to-day as plainly before us as they were to our grandmother when she heard them from her grandmother's lips, ages ago.

Our gentle pony turned his head from the sighing pines, that constantly chant the requiems for those who sleep beneath, and we, too, turned our eyes from this quiet resting-place, and looked over a closely trimmed hedge, across a broad lawn, and beyond an elegant mansion, to the brow of a hill, where, for two hundred years, our ancestors have slept in graves to which they went in early manhood, sent by the hand of the red man, whose cause we have no wish to plead.

We rode down a narrow lane, where, on each side, Summer had cast aside her garments, and, with a crown of ripened grain, held a festival with the fiery tri-torna, while the modest phacelia covered her blue eyes, and shook her head disapprovingly to the brook, which stepped daintily and murmuringly over the pebbles beneath her feet. The ash-trees and the sumach had clung blushing to their garments, and the dogwood had turned blue with indignation, because he must cast his aside against his will; but all were too near the royal oak to dare more than express their feelings in significant nods, as the wind moved their branches.

The ivy covered the bare limbs of an old elm with a winding-sheet more beautiful than any ever made for those who sleep in "the tomb of all the Capulets."

We crossed the field to gain the summit of the hill, the goal of the afternoon's ambition, and the air is filled with fragrance as we crush the sweet-brier, whose falling leaves strew the ground. At last we reach the stone, rough and jagged, and, holding the bridle of the pony, we sit down upon the only pillow which the captive had the first night of her sad

journey, one hundred and ninety years ago. With what a sad heart she lifted her eyes from her dying child to the everlasting hills! The smoke from her burning home hid from her sight the silver thread of the river in the valley below. The bleak winds of Winter blew across her face, instead of this soft, mild air that creeps lazily over the hill-top. Instead of the gorgeous coloring that makes the distant hills a pillar of fire in the glowing sunset, she saw the bare arms of the dark forest, lifted toward heaven in an imploring attitude, claiming protection from the icy blast. Alas that she could not, with telescopic vision, have seen what she was purchasing at the sacrifice of life and love.

The hill-side church, far away, we can see; the "many mansions," prepared by the kind heart of the old Bay State, which nestle in the valley, sheltering the homeless and the wanderer, whom kind hearts and hands are endeavoring to turn from the snares and the evil ways of which God's grace has kept so many of us ignorant.

Where Mrs. Rowlandson saw a few smoldering log huts, we see broad streets, overarched with majestic elms; and, as far as the eye can reach, are elegant dwellings, many of them built by the descendants of the colony to which she belonged, and are the homes of an exceptive, refined, and intelligent people.

The sounds which she heard were the savage yells of delight by her captors, and the blows of the hatchet; we listen to the measured thwack of the harvester, as he sharpens the scythe used in cutting the aftermath, and the tones of the town clock, as it tolls the knell of departing day; to the song of the robin, the sharp whir of the locust, and the gentle stir of the forest leaves, as they move with faintest motion in the wing-weary wind.

Who could have foretold, during the reign of King Henry VIII, when the Reformation first began to spread in England, that it would become the means of sending civilization to this continent? Who thought that God could hear the songs of

praise above the martyr's cry, when Bloody Mary sat on the throne?

We know that he heard the far-off strains; the notes of thanksgiving of the millions from our own land to-day then reached his bowed-down ear, and he thus turned again the captivity of Zion; and we say, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

The song began when King James said to our fathers: "Go to America, where you can worship God with none to molest;" but when the sickness and the famine came to Plymouth Colony, they heard none of the strains of this far-away song. We look back, and place the notes here and there, and find that the music was divine.

The colony spread into Connecticut, in 1636, and to many other places. In 1645, the Sachem of the Nashawas, who lived at Waushacum, informed Mr. Thomas King, of Watertown, of a tract of land well accommodated for a plantation, and desired the English to come and settle near him.

Mr. King, Mr. Thomas Wylder, Mr. John Prescott, and others procured a deed of the land from the tribe, and divers persons came and settled there. In 1654, Rev. Mr. Rowlandson came among them as the minister for the town of Lancaster. For twenty years the town greatly prospered; the Indians were kind to the people, bringing them corn and wild meat, and receiving from the people kindness in return.

In June, 1675, began King Philip's War, and in August six persons in this town were killed. The Winter following, King Philip, with fifteen hundred savages, marched on Lancaster, which contained only fifty families, assaulted it in five different places, burning most of the unfortified houses, and killing several persons. Rev. Mr. Rowlandson was in Boston to solicit the Governor for better protection of the town. His house was a garrison, and he thought his own family in a place of safety. The morning of the attack, it contained forty-two men, women, and children. But we will let

Mrs. Rowlandson, in her own words, tell the remainder of the story:

"Our house stood upon the edge of a hill, behind which some of the Indians went, others into the barn, and some behind trees, or any thing that would shelter them; and from all these places they shot against the house, so that the bullets seemed to fly like hail. Quickly they wounded one man among us, then another, and then a third. About two hours were they about the house before they prevailed to fire it, which they at last did by loading a cart with flax and hemp, and pushed it flaming against the house on a side which could not be reached by the guns of the inmates. It was the dolefullest day mine eyes ever saw. Several houses were burning, and the smoke ascending to heaven. Two of the garrison were out, and one was knocked on the head; the other fell down and begged for mercy, but they would not hearken to him, but killed him, stripped him naked, and cut him open. From a house near by, were five persons taken; the babe taken from its mother's arms, and its brains dashed out against a tree. Some in our own house were fighting for their lives, others wallowing in their blood, the house on fire over our heads, and the bloody heathen ready to kill us if we stepped out. But we must go, the fire is increasing. No sooner were we out than my brother-in-law fell dead, having been wounded in the throat. My sister's boy had his leg broken by a bullet, which, the Indians perceiving, knocked him on the head; my eldest sister was struck with a bullet and fell dead; a bullet went through my side, and one through the side and hand of my child in my arms. I saw twelve killed before mine eyes, and they were all stripped naked by a company of fiends who delighted in this work of cruelty.

"Now we must go with these barbarous creatures, with our hearts and our bodies wounded and bleeding sore. Their weapons daunted our spirits so that we quietly did as they bid. About a mile they went, upon a hill within sight of the



town, where they intended to lodge for the night. O, the yelling, the dancing, of those black creatures in the night, around their camp-fire, made the place a lively resemblance of hell! A neighbor who was taken captive, they found would be unable to endure the journey, and they struck her on the head, stripped her, and threw her into the fire. With these sights before me, I leaned against a friendly stone and drew beneath the shadow of the rock; and God came to me in a wonderful manner, upholding and sustaining me, as he always does those who trust in him. My children were gone, my husband gone, my relations and friends gone, our house, our home,—all gone. Nothing left except my life, and I knew not but the next moment they would take that. There remained nothing to me but my poor wounded babe, in such a pitiful condition, bespeaking compassion, and I had no suitable thing with which to revive it. Little does any one think of the savageness and fiendish cruelty of this barbarous enemy. Those seven that were killed last Fall, in a horrible manner, were all killed by Captain Moseby's praying Indians from Marlborough.

"But after a night of murder and cruelty, such as I can not now repeat, the morning dawns, and I must turn my back upon the town and travel with them into the wilderness, I know not whither. My tongue can not describe the sorrows of my heart, and the bitterness of spirit with which I climbed the hills in the early morning. One of the Indians carried my babe upon a horse, but she moaned so that I took her in my arms; but before noon my strength failed, and I fell with her to the ground. Then they set me upon a horse, but, as we were going down a steep hill, we fell over the horse's head, whereupon the inhuman creatures gave a laugh of derision. All day we journeyed, while the snow fell thick and fast, but they did not halt till late at night, when I sat in the snow by a little fire, with my sick child in my lap, begging for water. My own wound had grown stiff, so that I could hardly sit down or

rise, yet all that night I held my child, expecting that every hour would be her last, and no one near to comfort or help me. But the Lord upheld me with his gracious Spirit. The morning came, and they prepared to go on their way. One of the Indians got on a horse, and they set me up behind him, with my child in my arms. A very wearisome and sad day I had; what with my own wound, and my child being so exceedingly sick, and in a lamentable condition with her wound, it may easily be judged what a feeble state we were in, as nothing had passed our mouths, except only a little cold water, from Wednesday until Saturday night.

"On the Sabbath, I remembered how careless I had been of God's holy time, how often I had lost or misspent the day, and how wickedly I had walked in God's sight. These thoughts came so closely upon my spirit that it seemed righteous in God to cut off the thread of my life, and cast me out of his presence forever. But the Lord was gracious, and showed mercy; and while he wounded with one hand, he healed with the other. This day there came to me one Robert Pepper, who had been a captive among the Indians for a considerable time. He told me that he was wounded when he was taken, and that he took oak leaves and laid on his wound, and, by the blessing of God, it healed. Then I took oak leaves and laid on my side, and, by the blessing of God, they cured me also.

"I sat much alone, with my wounded child in my lap, which moaned night and day; and one Indian would come and look at us, and, instead of giving us any thing to revive the body or cheer the spirit, would say, 'Your master will soon knock your child on the head;' and then a second, and then a third, would say, 'Your master will quickly knock your child on the head.' For nine days I held my child in my arms, with a very heavy heart, and the flesh raw on my body; but at last my sweet babe, like a lamb, departed this life, about six years and five months old. I kept her in my

arms all night, and in the morning, when they sent for me to my master's wigwam, they bade me leave the child, and when I came back they had buried her on the hill; and there I left my child in the wilderness, committing her and myself also, in my lonely condition, to Him who is above all.

"My master was Quanopin, who was a Sagamore, who married King Philip's wife's sister; not that he took me, but I was sold to him by a Narragansett Indian, who took me when I first came out of our house. My daughter Mary was in the same Indian town where I now was, and I went to see her. She was about ten years old, and taken from our home at first by a praying Indian, but afterward sold for a gun. When I came in sight, she would fall a-weeping, at which they would be provoked, and bid me begone. One child was dead, another in the wilderness, I knew not where, and the third they would not let me comfort. I am bereaved of my children; 'Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin also.' I could not keep still, but walked from one place to another, with my heart overwhelmed with the thoughts of my condition; whereupon I earnestly entreated the Lord that he would consider my low estate, and show me a token for good, and, if it was his blessed will, some sign and hope of some relief. And quickly, indeed, the Lord answered, in some measure, my poor prayer; for, as I was going up and down, mourning and lamenting my condition, my son stood before me. I had not seen him since the destruction of the town; and I knew not where he was until I saw him before me. He was among a smaller parcel of Indians, whose place was now six miles off. His master had gone with a company to burn the town of Medfield, and his dame brought him to see me. He asked me, with tears, if his sister Sarah was dead. He had seen his sister Mary, and he begged me not to be troubled about himself.

"The next day the Indians returned from Medfield, and, before they reached

us, we heard the din and noise of their roaring and whooping. They had killed twenty-three, and, every time they went over that number to those who gathered about them, they gave a shout that made the very earth ring. O, the hideous, insulting triumphing there was over the scalps that they brought with them!

"I can not but take notice of the wonderful mercy of God to me, in these afflictions, in sending me a Bible. One of the Indians that came from Medfield fight, and had brought some plunder, came and asked if I would have a Bible, as he had one. I was glad of it, and I read until I found great comfort.

"There were nine English captives in this place, and, as the Indians talked of removing, some one way and some another, I got an opportunity to go and take my leave of them; Goodwife Joslin told me that she should never see me again, as she could find it in her heart to run away. I desired her not to do this, as we were thirty miles from any English town, and she had a child two years old in her arms, and we were very feeble and poor, with getting nothing that we were able to eat. I learned afterward that this poor woman came to a sad end. She having much grief upon her about her miserable condition (which was indeed most trying and wretched, and would have been uncomfortable even in her own home, surrounded only by her own kin), she often asked the Indians to let her go home; they at last became vexed with her importunity, gathered a great company about her, stripped her naked, set her in the midst of them, and, when they had sung and danced about her in their hellish manner as long as they pleased, they dashed out the brains of the child in her arms, then cut her open, and cast them into a big fire. They told the other captives, who had to stand and look on, that they would be served in this manner if they attempted to go home, or said a word about their homes. The captives said that she did not shed a tear, but prayed all the while.

"It was not long before my head grew

light and dizzy, my knees feeble, and my body raw, by sitting double night and day, so that I can not express the affliction that was on my spirit; but the Lord helped me at that time to express it to himself, and he comforted me from the Bible, which was a sweet cordial to me when I was ready to faint. It was very hard for me at first to eat their filthy trash, but, in about a month, things that once my stomach would turn against were almost savory to my taste. I at one time begged some horse-liver, and was given a small piece; I was so hungry that I could almost have eaten it raw, but I thought I would roast it on some coals, but, before I could get it half ready, they got it away from me, and I was forced to take the rest and eat it as it was, with the blood about my mouth.

"We crossed the Connecticut River in canoes, and I could but be amazed at the numerous pagans that were on the banks on the other side. When I came ashore, they gathered about me, I sitting alone in the midst. I observed that they asked one another questions, and laughed and rejoiced over their gains and victories. Then my heart began to fail, and I fell a-weeping, which was the first time that I wept before them; although I had met with so much affliction that my heart was many times ready to break, yet could I not shed one tear in their sight. One asked why I wept, and I could hardly tell what to say, but at last answered, 'They would kill me.' 'No,' he said, 'none will hurt you;' and he gave me two spoonfuls of meal and half a pint of peas, which did me great good. Then I went to see King Philip, and he bid me sit down.

"I was afterward treated better by the Indians than I had been. My master had three squaws, living sometimes with one, and sometimes with another. One, the old squaw, I lived with and served all the while. A severe and proud dame she was; bestowing every day, in dressing herself, nearly as much time as any of the gentry of the land,—powdering her hair, painting her face, going with her

necklaces, her jewels in her ears and nose, her bracelets and rings. When she had dressed herself, her work was to make wampum and beads! A fine way to spend time! Yet not very unlike what many more civilized dames have done for weeks, months, and years. By the time I had refreshed the old squaw, the third squaw, Wettimore, would send for me to tend her two papooses, and I was kept very busy by them many days at a time.

"There were many thoughts of my husband coming to redeem me; and when we traveled through the mud up to our knees, through the brush, the snow, or rain; or, when I was ready to sink down from weariness or hunger, these thoughts came to cheer me.

"It was their manner to remove when they had done any mischief, lest they should be found out. In the Spring they fell upon Sudbury, and killed over one hundred men; we then removed to a distant place, and they spent a long time in feasting and dancing. My heart was now so heavy that it was ready to break. One day I saw Goodwife Kettle, and she cheered me, saying that she hoped we would soon have good news, that we were to be ransomed. I greatly desired to see my daughter, whom I had not seen for nine weeks, but they were so hard-hearted that they would not suffer me to go, although she was but a mile off.

"On a Sabbath-day, an Englishman came with two Indians, with a letter from the Governor and Council; and they called me in, and bid me sit down and not stir. Then they caught up their guns, and ran, as though an enemy was behind, and I heard the guns go off rapidly. I manifested great trouble, and they asked me what was the matter. I was afraid they had killed the white man. But they laughed and said that they shot over his horse, and under, and before him, and pushed him this way and that, showing him what they could do. Then they let him come into the wigwam. I begged of them to let me see him, but they would not until they had talked a

long time with him. At last I had leave to ask after my 'husband and all my friends. I asked if I could go home with the white man, and they said no, one and another of them, so I spent the night with that answer. In the morning the Englishman—whose name was Mr. More—invited the Indians to dinner; but when we went to get it ready, we found that they had stolen the greatest part of the provisions which he had brought with him. But it was only God's goodness that prevented them from knocking us on the head and taking all we had, not only my ransom money, but trading-cloth and tobacco. But, instead of doing us any mischief, they seemed to be ashamed of the theft, and said it was another tribe that stole the provisions. They had a dance that night, while I was kept in suspense about my freedom. My master was dressed, for the merry-making, in a Holland shirt, with great laces sewed to the tail of it; silver buttons, white stockings, his garters hung round with shillings, and had girdles of wampum upon his head and shoulders. My mistress had a kersey coat, covered with girdles of wampum. Her arms, from her elbows to her hands, were covered with bracelets; there were handfuls of necklaces about her neck, and several sorts of jewels in her ears; she had fine red stockings, and white shoes, her hair powdered, and her face painted red. They kept up the dance—they called it a dance, but it was only a hopping up and down, one after another—for many hours, after which I asked them if I could go home. They all as one said, 'No, unless your husband comes for you.'

"When I was laid down, I heard my master tell Mr. More that he would let me go home on the morrow, if he would give him one pint of liquors. Then Mr. More called his own Indians, to see if my master would promise it before them all; if he should he should have it; and after a little I smelled the liquor. Then an Indian came and asked me what I would give him if he would tell me some good news. I asked him what he would have,

and he said, 'two coats, twenty shillings in money, half a bushel of corn, and some tobacco.' I thanked him, but told the crafty fox that I had learned the good news. Presently my master came noisily into the wigwam, and called the Englishman, drinking to him, and said that he was a good man; and, after drinking again, said he was a rogue, and he would hang him in the morning. Then he called for me, and I was greatly frightened, but he offered me no incivility. At last his squaw ran out and he after her, and we were troubled with him no more that night. Yet I had not a comfortable night's rest. The night before the letter came from the Council, I was so full of fears and troubles that I could not sleep; the next night I was so overjoyed that Mr. More had come; and now I was swallowed up with the thoughts of going home and leaving my children in the wilderness, so that sleep departed from mine eyes.

"On Tuesday morning they called their general court, as they styled it, to determine whether I should go home or not, and all consented. So I took my leave of them, and, in coming along, my heart melted into tears more than all the while I was with them, and I was almost swallowed up with the thought that ever I should go home again. About the sun's going down, Mr. More, myself, and the two Indians came to Lancaster, and a solemn sight it was to me. There had I lived many comfortable years, among my relations and neighbors; and now not one Christian to be seen, and not one house left uninjured, and only one or two left standing. We slept all night in part of a farm-house, and a sweet rest it was, although there was nothing but straw to lie on. The Lord preserved us in safety, and carried us along the next day, so that before noon we reached Concord. Now was I full of joy, yet not without sorrow,—joy to see such a lovely sight, so many Christians together, and some of them my neighbors. There I met with my brother, and my brother-in-law, who asked me if I knew where his wife

was. Poor heart! he had helped to bury her, and knew it not. She was shot down in the house and partly burned, so that they did not know her. Yet I was not without sorrow to find so many looking for news of their dear ones, and my own children among the rest, with the hope that they would soon enjoy that deliverance which I now received.

"Being recruited with food and raiment, we went to Boston that day, where I met my dear husband. In that poor and beggarly condition, I was kindly entertained at several houses. So much love I received from several that I am not able to declare it. But the Lord knows them all by name, and may he reward them seven-fold! The twenty pounds, the price of my redemption, was raised by some Boston gentlewomen, and Mr. Usher, whose bounty and charity I would not forget to make mention of. The week following my arrival, the Council sent again to the Indians and brought my sister and Goodwife Kettle. Their not knowing where our children were was a sore trial to us, also that which were dead, because she suffered so with her wounds, and was buried by the heathen.

"Being thus unsettled in our minds, we thought that we would ride eastward to see if we could hear any thing concerning our children. As we were between Ipswich and Rowley, we met a man who told us that my sister's son and our son Joseph had come to Major Walden's. I asked him how he knew it, and he said that the Major told him so. So along we went until we came to Newbury, and, their minister being absent, they desired my husband to preach the Thanksgiving sermon, as a day of Thanksgiving had been appointed by the

Council. He was not willing to stay there over night, but went to Salisbury to hear further, and came back in the morning and preached there that day. At night one came and told us that our daughter was at Providence.

"Thus hath the Lord brought me and mine out of that horrible pit, and hath set us in the midst of tender-hearted and compassionate Christians. 'T is the desire of my soul that we may walk worthy of the mercies received, and which we are now receiving.

"Our family being gathered together, the Fourth Church in Boston hired an house for us. The Lord has been exceeding good to us in our low estate, in that we had neither house nor home, but he moved the hearts of cordial friends, and we want neither food nor raiment. I can remember the time when I used to sleep quietly, with no working in my thoughts, but now it is otherwise with me. When all are fast asleep, no eye open but His who never slumbereth nor sleepeth, my thoughts are upon the past, upon the awful dispensation of the Lord toward us, upon his wonderful power and might in carrying of us through so many difficulties, and in returning us in safety. I remember when I was an hungered, and thought I never should be satisfied with wholesome bread again, but now are we fed with the finest wheat, and honey out of the rock. Instead of husks, we have the fatted calf. The thought of these things makes me exclaim, 'O the wonderful power of God that mine eyes have seen!' No more will small troubles annoy me. I have learned to look beyond them, and to be quieted under them. As David says, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.'"

C. F. WILDER.



## HYMNODY.

## RELATION OF HYMNS TO MUSIC.

MUSIC and poetry are related to each other as magnetism is related to electricity. Set the magnetic currents in motion, and you generate the electrical, send the lightning through the coils around the iron bar, and you induce the magnetic, flow. Poetry begets music; and music, poetry. Yet highest poetry is not expressed or expressible in language; loftiest music is not amenable to scientific rules, mathematical divisions, bars, staves, and measures. Music and poetry meet and mingle upon a comparatively low plane of either art. Great poets seldom condescend to religious lyrics; great musical composers rarely write what are called "tunes," for Church use. If they attempt it, they fail. Handel could write, for oratorios, strains that rivaled those of heaven, but when he tried to melodize Wesley's

"O love divine, how sweet thou art!"

he failed to touch the chord of human sympathy, and, in spite of this mightiest master of the lyre, these beautiful words are to this day tuneless.

But, while few are called to *write* poetry, and fewer still to compose music, many there are who read verse respectably, and more, perhaps, who fancy themselves able to sing it skillfully. Men are not apt to distrust or underrate their own powers, and many a conceited individual (ignorance is often the parent of conceit) would rather hear his own voice than listen to the finest singer that ever tuned a vocal organ. With words and music both made to hand, and familiarized by use, persons possessing tolerable voice, and ordinary musical knowledge, can sing, at least in the mass with others.

And here occurs the long and hotly debated question whether church-singing shall be done by the many, or whether it shall be the perquisite and monopoly

of the gifted few. By David's foresight and appointment, the song-service of the Temple was committed to the musical, conducted by set choirs, aided and supported by accompaniments on all the instruments known to his day,—wind, stringed, and pulsatile, harp, psaltery, flute, dulcimer, horn, trumpet, organ, sistrum, tabret, and cymbal. The United Presbyterian still maintains the old Puritan and Scotch abhorrence for instrumental music, and yet the last hymn in his hymn-book is a standing protest to the bigotry of his objection.

"Praise him with trumpet's sound;  
His praise with psaltery advance;  
With timbrels, harps, string'd instruments,  
And organs in the dance,  
Praise him on cymbals loud; him praise  
On cymbals sounding high."

The inspired Psalms not only show the existence of choirs and instruments, but they also introduce us to double choirs and antiphonal singing.

## FIRST CHOIR.

"O, give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good,

SECOND CHOIR (OR WHOLE BODY OF WORSHIPERS).

For his mercy endureth forever.

## SOLO.

Who is this King of glory?

## SEMI-CHORUS.

The Lord strong and mighty,—  
The Lord mighty in battle.

## FULL CHORUS.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates,  
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;  
And the King of glory shall come in."

Synagogue worship was simpler than that of the Temple, and from it was modeled that of the Christian Church. The New Testament is silent on the subject of choirs and instruments, and its silence, in this case, as in dozens of others, is taken for approval or disapproval, according to the wishes or prejudices of its readers and interpreters. John, in the book of Revelation, gives us glimpses of heaven, and shows us that the denizens

of that realm have no special prejudice against stringed instruments, since angels are harpists, and one popular style of instrument in use seemed, from its name, to be of divine invention. In Revelation xv, 2, we read of the "HARPS OF GOD."

The human voice is only an instrument, behind which stands the performer; and man is only a single pipe in nature's great organ, from which peals, in eternal anthem, every sound which pulsates the air, from the drone of the insect to the roar of waters, the howl of the tempest, and the roll of the thunder.

The Jewish and modern Romish idea seems to be, that music partakes of the nature of a sacrifice, an offering to God, and, as such, should be the choicest and most costly that it is in the power of man to bring; that, while humble offerings are accepted from the humble, the rich should bring of their ability; and, instead of tamely resigning the best instruments and the best musical ability to the devil, every instrument and every voice should be rescued from their vicious associations, consecrated to God, and reverently laid upon the altar in devout, generous, voluntary, constant, and holy worship.

Some singularly pernicious notions pervade American society, which betray, not only want of culture, but also a lack of common sense. Europeans go to church soberly and plainly dressed, and reserve dress displays for balls, assemblies, theaters, and public places. Prohibited public display of this kind, Americans turn their churches into bazaars for showing "dry goods," laces, feathers, finery, and Parisian fashions. So also, Europeans are educated to the notion that masses, chants, and psalmody are for the glory of God and the spiritual profit of the worshipers. Shut away from the opera and theater, Americans turn the church into a concert-room, and the idea obtains extensively, that the music of the sanctuary is for the entertainment of church-goers. Instead of calming the feelings with a few solemn chords while late comers are hurrying to their places, and the minister is hunting

his lessons and hymns, and preparing for the services of the day, the organist displays himself, and half the stops of his instrument, in some elaborate fugue; and then the choir or quartet "perform" an anthem or set piece which must contain a solo to show off the splendid voice of thousand-dollar Miss Stiggins, and another to exhibit the magnificent contralto of five-hundred-dollar Mrs. Higgins, and still another to show the warbling sweetness of the tenor, Mr. Liggins, and, finally, a fourth to entrance listeners with the deep, rolling bass of Mr. Wiggins, who offsets the delicious soaring of the soprano by ending on a prodigiously low key!

It is doubtful whether, for any thing other than human display, sense-gratification, the effort to attract a crowd in order to pay a church debt, or godless rivalry with other denominations, we want what is popularly called "music," in houses set apart for Christian worship. Certainly they should not be turned into concert-rooms, irrespective of all moral and religious proprieties, by maintaining, at fabulous expense, godless singers, drunken organists, or dissipated, beer-guzzling German professionals, who have recently received such salutary rebukes from Theodore Thomas and Van Bülow, the great pianist that has just set foot on our shores.

When some American asked, in a German city, in what church he would hear the best music, the reply was,

"O, we don't have music in our churches."

"What! don't you sing in your churches?"

"O, yes, we all sing, but we don't call that "music;" if you want music, the genuine article, you must go to the public gardens, the concert-rooms, the great festivals, the theaters."

The same Protestantism that restored the Bible and hymns to the common people, restored also vocal song. Luther wrote tunes as well as hymns: and his arrangement of an air, said to have been originally a French dance, "Old Hun-

## HYMNODY.

## RELATION OF HYMNS TO MUSIC.

MUSIC and poetry are related to each other as magnetism is related to electricity. Set the magnetic currents in motion, and you generate the electrical, send the lightning through the coils around the iron bar, and you induce the magnetic, flow. Poetry begets music; and music, poetry. Yet highest poetry is not expressed or expressible in language; loftiest music is not amenable to scientific rules, mathematical divisions, bars, staves, and measures. Music and poetry meet and mingle upon a comparatively low plane of either art. Great poets seldom condescend to religious lyrics; great musical composers rarely write what are called "tunes," for Church use. If they attempt it, they fail. Handel could write, for oratorios, strains that rivaled those of heaven, but when he tried to melodize Wesley's

"O love divine, how sweet thou art!"

he failed to touch the chord of human sympathy, and, in spite of this mightiest master of the lyre, these beautiful words are to this day tuneless.

But, while few are called to *write* poetry, and fewer still to compose music, many there are who read verse respectably, and more, perhaps, who fancy themselves able to sing it skillfully. Men are not apt to distrust or underrate their own powers, and many a conceited individual (ignorance is often the parent of conceit) would rather hear his own voice than listen to the finest singer that ever tuned a vocal organ. With words and music both made to hand, and familiarized by use, persons possessing tolerable voice, and ordinary musical knowledge, can sing, at least in the mass with others.

And here occurs the long and hotly debated question whether church-singing shall be done by the many, or whether it shall be the perquisite and monopoly

of the gifted few. By David's foresight and appointment, the song-service of the Temple was committed to the musical, conducted by set choirs, aided and supported by accompaniments on all the instruments known to his day,—wind, stringed, and pulsatile, harp, psaltery, flute, dulcimer, horn, trumpet, organ, sistrum, tabret, and cymbal. The United Presbyterian still maintains the old Puritan and Scotch abhorrence for instrumental music, and yet the last hymn in his hymn-book is a standing protest to the bigotry of his objection.

"Praise him with trumpet's sound;  
His praise with psalterly advance;  
With timbrels, harps, string'd instruments,  
And organs in the dance,  
Praise him on cymbals loud; him praise  
On cymbals sounding high."

The inspired Psalms not only show the existence of choirs and instruments, but they also introduce us to double choirs and antiphonal singing.

## FIRST CHOIR.

"O, give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good,

SECOND CHOIR (OR WHOLE BODY OF WORSHIPERS).

For his mercy endureth forever.

## SOLO.

Who is this King of glory?

## SEMI-CHORUS.

The Lord strong and mighty,—  
The Lord mighty in battle.

## FULL CHORUS.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates,  
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors;  
And the King of glory shall come in."

Synagogue worship was simpler than that of the Temple, and from it was modeled that of the Christian Church. The New Testament is silent on the subject of choirs and instruments, and its silence, in this case, as in dozens of others, is taken for approval or disapproval, according to the wishes or prejudices of its readers and interpreters. John, in the book of Revelation, gives us glimpses of heaven, and shows us that the denizens

of that realm have no special prejudice against stringed instruments, since angels are harpists, and one popular style of instrument in use seemed, from its name, to be of divine invention. In Revelation xv, 2, we read of the "HARPS OF GOD."

The human voice is only an instrument, behind which stands the performer; and man is only a single pipe in nature's great organ, from which peals, in eternal anthem, every sound which pulsates the air, from the drone of the insect to the roar of waters, the howl of the tempest, and the roll of the thunder.

The Jewish and modern Romish idea seems to be, that music partakes of the nature of a sacrifice, an offering to God, and, as such, should be the choicest and most costly that it is in the power of man to bring; that, while humble offerings are accepted from the humble, the rich should bring of their ability; and, instead of tamely resigning the best instruments and the best musical ability to the devil, every instrument and every voice should be rescued from their vicious associations, consecrated to God, and reverently laid upon the altar in devout, generous, voluntary, constant, and holy worship.

Some singularly pernicious notions pervade American society, which betray, not only want of culture, but also a lack of common sense. Europeans go to church soberly and plainly dressed, and reserve dress displays for balls, assemblies, theaters, and public places. Prohibited public display of this kind, Americans turn their churches into bazaars for showing "dry goods," laces, feathers, finery, and Parisian fashions. So also, Europeans are educated to the notion that masses, chants, and psalmody are for the glory of God and the spiritual profit of the worshipers. Shut away from the opera and theater, Americans turn the church into a concert-room, and the idea obtains extensively, that the music of the sanctuary is for the entertainment of church-goers. Instead of calming the feelings with a few solemn chords while late comers are hurrying to their places, and the minister is hunting

his lessons and hymns, and preparing for the services of the day, the organist displays himself, and half the stops of his instrument, in some elaborate fugue; and then the choir or quartet "perform" an anthem or set piece which must contain a solo to show off the splendid voice of thousand-dollar Miss Stiggins, and another to exhibit the magnificent contralto of five-hundred-dollar Mrs. Higgins, and still another to show the warbling sweetness of the tenor, Mr. Liggins, and, finally, a fourth to entrance listeners with the deep, rolling bass of Mr. Wiggins, who offsets the delicious soaring of the soprano by ending on a prodigiously low key!

It is doubtful whether, for any thing other than human display, sense-gratification, the effort to attract a crowd in order to pay a church debt, or godless rivalry with other denominations, we want what is popularly called "music," in houses set apart for Christian worship. Certainly they should not be turned into concert-rooms, irrespective of all moral and religious proprieties, by maintaining, at fabulous expense, godless singers, drunken organists, or dissipated, beer-guzzling German professionals, who have recently received such salutary rebukes from Theodore Thomas and Van Bülow, the great pianist that has just set foot on our shores.

When some American asked, in a German city, in what church he would hear the best music, the reply was,

"O, we don't have music in our churches."

"What! don't you sing in your churches?"

"O, yes, we all sing, but we don't call that "music;" if you want music, the genuine article, you must go to the public gardens, the concert-rooms, the great festivals, the theaters."

The same Protestantism that restored the Bible and hymns to the common people, restored also vocal song. Luther wrote tunes as well as hymns: and his arrangement of an air, said to have been originally a French dance, "Old Hun-

dred," is sung throughout Christendom, the most universally popular church air ever written! German chorals demand the voices of the whole congregation.

The songs of the sanctuary are not to be vocalized by a few for the rest to listen to; they are to be sung by the entire multitude:

"Let the *people* praise thee, O God;  
Let *ALL* the people praise thee."

This idea is obtaining credence and currency throughout the land. Leaders are a necessity, and Churches that are able may pay four leaders to lead the four parts, but not to show, in the church of God, their amateur qualities or professional skill. An organ is useful to fill up the interstices, sustain the harmonies, smooth off asperities, and drown discords, but need not be used to exhibit its own compass and capacities, or the skill of the hired performer. All such unmeaning display, or display for the sake of sensuous gratification, is sheer profanation. "Let *all* sing," said John Wesley, "not one in ten only." "I have no objection to organs," said the same authority, "provided they are neither seen nor heard." This is usually interpreted to mean the exclusion and banishment of this noble and purely churchly instrument from the house of God. We think Wesley's words will bear another interpretation. He was too good a musician to ostracize the organ altogether.

Let the organ be modestly subordinated, not paraded to view, especially (as we often see nowadays), a forest and colonnade of gilded pipes back of a pulpit, covering a whole broadside of a house, and sometimes concealing an empty space as vast and void as the cave of Æolus. Let it not be obtrusively heard in preludes and interludes as useless as senseless. Let it be buried in the mass of human voice, as the Handel and Haydn Society are wont to bury the big Boston organ, when every stop is bellowing at full power; for instance, in the rain chorus of the oratorio of "Elijah." If conveniently situated, you can see the organist playing, hands and feet, with all

his might, and you can feel the throbbing reverberations of the boxed-up thunder, but you can not hear a note separate from the mighty swell of massive harmonies.

The first requisite for congregational singing is a congregation. The absence of this important element has had much to do with creating choirs and separate singing. It is impossible to sing discordantly in a mass of a thousand voices, but forty indifferent singers, scattered in forty pews, will be likely to be singing, every one in his own peculiar pitch, if not his own particular tune. In grand masses, the husky, the nasal, the sharp, the flat, the piping, the shrieking, the monopolizing voices disappear. In a small company, they become painfully apparent; and tortured humanity is not long in reaching the conclusion that it is better to have four singers who understand their art, harmonizing agreeably on one air, than forty or fifty discordantly modulating, each after his own fancy, staves and bars on his own hook.

Musical education is another element needful to congregational singing. This is being supplied by common-schools and high-schools, poorly seconded by the Sunday-school, which still persists in assuming childish incapacity in its attendants, and treats them to child-poetry and child-music, senseless jargon and flip-pant melodies that even the emancipated Southern negroes are rapidly outgrowing. Children ten years of age can sing readily and intelligently the hymns of the hymn-book, and airs suitable for worship in the great congregation.

Music and poetry please in two entirely different ways; first, by gratifying our love of novelty, the desire for that which is new, novel, surprising. Every new musical or poetical genius brings to light new effects, new revelations, and mankind enjoys the new exhibitions, new creations, new combinations. Singers like to break new ground, to learn new tunes, to exercise their skill on new measures, to listen to new strains. Novelty controls fashion; and music is laid



aside and passes into disuse and forgetfulness, not because it is not good, but because it has outlived popular desire, has been outstripped by something fresher, and has become useless because unfashionable. Troops of "old folks" may dress up in costumes of fifty years ago, and revive melodies popular in the last generation; but these melodies, though pleasing, have served their time, outlived their popularity, and are no longer available.

The other mode in which poetry and music please is by association. It is a principle inherent in human constitutions to love the familiar. The novel may excite surprise, but the familiar stirs the heart and enlists the sympathies. King James loved his old shoes; Walter Scott loved old ballads; all men love

"Old songs, the music of the heart."

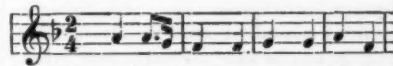
We do not comprehend the secret of popularity. The novel may surprise and please for a while, but, if it have not in it the elements of permanent life, it will die. It is with tunes as with hymns; certain melodies please independent of any words. There are "songs without words," airs to which words would be an impertinence or a profanation. Music is an inspiration by itself, poetry an inspiration by itself; neither is necessary to the other. Yet where there is a felt adaptation of one to the other, the effect is mutually heightened. Poetry is more poetic, and music sweeter, when poetry and music are genially united.

If a lyric pleases, we naturally long to match it, nay, marry it, to a pleasing melody. If we hear a taking air, we desire to associate it with words that fit its expression. Every favorite hymn is more or less intimately associated with a favorite tune, and some tunes and hymns are wedded inseparably. Men are rarely poets and musicians in the same breath. Heaven is not so lavish of these costly gifts as to impart to any individual more than his due share. Hence the sign, "words and music" by the same author, is a certification, in nine cases in ten,

that neither words nor music are good for any thing. Puritan Milton played the organ skilfully, but he did not attempt the daring feat, undertaken so jauntily by many a Sunday-school poetaster, to set his sublime Christmas hymn to music. The great oratorio-writers took, as the theme and inspiration of their sublime musical strains, the words of Holy Writ.

Lyric-writers have been immortalized by a single production. So writers of music are immortalized by single musical strains. Some of the best lyrics in existence can not be traced with certainty to any author. Some of the best airs we know are of uncertain parentage. It can not be said with certainty that Luther wrote "Old Hundred," or "Luther's Hymn." It can not be affirmed with certainty that the air of "God Save the King" (made to do patriotic duty on this side the Atlantic as "America") emanated from the pen of Queen Elizabeth's music-master, Dr. John Bull.

Rousseau wrote an opera for the Parisian stage, the whole of which is at this day forgotten, except the single charming air titled, "Rousseau's Dream," "Days of Absence," or "Greenville," sung all over Christendom to the words,



Come thou fount of every blessing.

It is a blessed union where words and music meet that seem perfectly fitted for each other. Lowell Mason was not a remarkable composer, but he made happy hits when he fitted the words,

"Nearer, my God, to thee,"

to "Bethany," a tune made up of Scotch airs, and adapted Heber's missionary hymn,

"From Greenland's icy mountains,"

to the pleasing air to which those inspiring words are every-where popularly sung.

The stirring words,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,"

are happily wedded to an equally stirring air in "Coronation."

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow,"

fitted very naturally Edson's now old-fashioned noisy fugue, "Lenox."

Noble wrote a very appropriate air for

"Come, ye disconsolate."

Our wealth of hymnody is greater than we can by any possibility use. There are only a hundred and fifty of the Psalms, and only twenty-four hundred verses. Our standard collection numbers over eleven hundred hymns and forty-five hundred verses. Ritualistic worshippers restrict their services to a narrow round. We enjoy the privilege of almost unlimited selection, and yet there are limits. There are limits to subjects. Not all the topics that demand discussion will run in poetical grooves. Some very important Scriptural doctrines have no direct expression in lyric verse. Passion for variety in selection is destructive of the ends of Christian worship. If the preacher can find one hymn that will illustrate or enforce his subject he is lucky. Many preachers, and perhaps they are the most sensible, give no hint of the topic they intend to discuss in their hymnal selections. Many speakers are heedless or purposely eccentric in the hymns they choose. As a rule, these selections should be such as are familiar, such as can be sung as Methodists love to sing, by memory, without books. Nothing is more distressing than for a preacher before a strange congregation, or a bookless audience, or by the dim, evening light, to announce some strange hymn, that not one in ten can sing beyond the first verse or first line. Equally tormenting is it for a leader to start some tune which nobody knows, where every body is expected to sing. Choirs may now and then introduce new melodies, with the design of teaching the congregation to sing them, but to introduce such for the sake of showing off is in bad taste, if, indeed, it be not decidedly profane.

A considerable number of the hymns in our hymn-book are in unsingable meters. There is, in the first place, as great a wealth of melody as of words in

the ordinary meters,—long, common, and short. In the Tune Hymn-book, prepared ten years ago by Philip Phillips, and printed by Carlton & Porter in 1866, the three hundred and thirty-eight common-meter hymns of the Methodist Hymn-book are furnished with one hundred and sixty-eight tunes; two hundred and fifty-eight long-meter hymns, with one hundred and seventeen tunes; one hundred and seventy-seven short-meter hymns, with seventy-eight short-meter tunes. The remaining three hundred and seventy-eight hymns and doxologies are distributed to tunes according to their meters; and the wealth of metres, by the way, is beyond all conceivable use, in a manual intended for popular devotion.

One-half of the hymns and one-fourth of the tunes are familiar. Many of the tunes, perhaps the most of them, are known to choirs who have used the volume; but the number absorbed into the sympathies and memories of the people is limited indeed. Our hymn-books contain seventy-five hymns in the first particular meter, six lines eights, most of which are indifferently known, because of necessity yoked to tunes which, with few exceptions, are an annoyance to choirs and a nuisance to the people. For these seventy-five hymns there are twenty-seven tunes, more than half of which are altered from long meters by the repetition of a couple of strains. In this manner six lines eights can always be sung to long-meter tunes. "Pales-trina," "Eaton," "Newcourt," "Plymouth Dock," and a few others, are six lines eights. Nearly or quite all the others are manufactured out of long meters. There are several favorites in the third particular meter.

"Arise, my soul, arise,"

a pathetic, well-known lyric, is generally sung to "Camarthen," a tolerable melody of the ditty order, which ordinary singers invariably manage to sing wrong, by misplacing the notes of the third bar from the end. Mason wrote or arranged a flippant tune, called "Lischer," to the

same meter, which is about equally unfit for the conference-room or the sanctuary. There are lovely hymns in the fourth particular meter, which are for the most part harnessed to ditty melodies, utterly unworthy of the words.

"O glorious hope of perfect love,"  
 "Come on, my partners in distress,"  
 "Lo, on a narrow neck of land,"

and some thirty others, have no tunes worthy of the words.

The fifth particular meter contains about fifty hymns, and is perfectly manageable, and has some solid, well-known, and universally popular tunes, such as "Wilnot," "Pleyel's Hymn," and others.

The sixth particular meter contains some gems:

"Jesus, lover of my soul."  
 "Hark! the song of jubilee."  
 "Sinners, turn, why will ye die."

These have enlisted some solid, well-known airs, — instance "Nuremberg," "Toplady," "Martyr," etc.

"How tedious and tasteless the hours,"

is worthily companied with a dancing French melody, "De Fleury." Neither words nor tune are fit to sing in the great congregation.

"Vain delusive world, adieu,"

is lost to the Church for want of a melody.

"My faith looks up to thee,"

is well expressed in the British national air known in our tune-books as "America."

"Wrestling Jacob," which Dr. Watts said was worth all the poetry he ever

wrote, has never found an air worthy of it. The same is true of John Wesley's grand lyric,

"Lo! God is here, let us adore;"

of Addison's sweet pastoral,

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare;"

and of Watts's stirring interpretation of the 146th Psalm,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath."

The hymn-book is the Church's ritual. It should be so used to benefit in the sound way the greatest number. Many preachers shorten up their hymns in favor of the sermon. Where it is desirable to get as speedily through with a dragging sing by a feeble congregation, or a showy and obtrusive sing by a conceited choir, shortening the hymn may be in order. But where the hymn is sure to be well sung, and profitably interpreted, by either the congregation or the choir, it is here our individual practice seldom, if ever, to abbreviate the singing. It is one of the most profitable portions of divine worship, when properly performed, one in which the people can all take part, and in which they are always interested. One man in the pulpit end, and another in the gallery end, of the church, should be slow to gratify their own tastes at the sacrifice of the religious profit of the one hundred or one thousand devout worshipers betwixt the pulpit and gallery. We would like to add a few thoughts on the use and abuse of Spiritual Songs, but have not room in this paper. EDITOR.

## THE SABBATH.

WHAT matters it if other days are dark,  
 With tempest raging from a cloudysky,  
 Though evening comes without one twinkling spark,  
 And morning shed no splendor from on high,  
 The ill, the grief, the gloom, is all undone,  
 If but the Sabbath brings us back the sun.

VOL. XXXVI.—11

What though the week has seen us bowed  
 with toil,  
 And care has snatched the healthful  
 thought away,  
 Tho' disappointments all our hopes despoil,  
 Peace dawns and lingers with the holy day;  
 Savior! while storms of mind and body roll,  
 Grant us perpetual Sabbath in the soul.

## JEZEBEL; OR, WOMAN'S INFLUENCE PERVERTED.

FROM their origin as a nation until the death of Solomon, the Israelites were one people. They were not unfrequently reduced to great extremities by the fierce aggressions and merciless oppressions of neighboring nations; and there were sometimes dissensions and feuds among themselves,—bloody strifes that threatened the extermination of some of the tribes; yet they ever felt themselves bound together by ties of interest, hope, and brotherhood, which no family quarrels could sever, and were always ready, on any great emergency, with united voice and effort, to assert their common nationality. As soon, however, as Solomon passed away, the kingdom was rent in twain,—not partially and temporarily, but completely and permanently, divided into two separate and rival States. Ten of the tribes, occupying by far the greater portion of the territory, and embracing a large majority of the population, under the leadership of Jeroboam, threw off the yoke of Rehoboam, Solomon's son and successor, and established a new kingdom. The city of Shechem was their first capital. The seat of government was afterward removed to Tirzah, and finally to Samaria. A royal palace was also built in Jezreel, at which place some of the sovereigns resided and held their court.

This new political enterprise underwent varying fortunes. Its history is an almost continuous record of idolatry, internal commotions, and bloodshed. So unsettled and turbulent was the public mind, that, from the organization of the government to the accession of Ahab to the throne,—a period of less than sixty years,—Israel had had six different kings; nearly all of whom perished by the hand of violence.

Omri, the father of Ahab, in order to strengthen himself on the throne, and especially to be able to defend himself against the Syrians, who were threaten-

ing him on the north and east, entered into an alliance with the Sidonians, a powerful mercantile community adjoining his dominions on the north-west. This alliance was one of the fruitful sources of the calamities that so soon afterward befell Israel. It led to that familiarity of intercourse and friendship between the two countries that culminated in the marriage of Ahab and Jezebel, the daughter of the King of Sidon.

Of the early history of this woman, thus introduced into the court of Israel, we have no record. Her father, from his name, *Ethbaal*, which signifies *dedication to Baal*, is supposed to have been a priest of that divinity, as well as king. It is certain that she was reared under the influences of a system of religion of great attractiveness, of great power over the imagination and sentiments, and of the grossest corruption. Her highly susceptible nature was deeply impressed by these influences. Her mind, heart, and life were cast in their mold. She was little else than what they made her. She was evidently not a hypocrite, but believed heartily what she professed, and exemplified consistently what she believed. She seems to have been thoroughly imbued with the spirit of her religion,—to have been, in fact, an uncompromising bigot, a fierce fanatic, and an unscrupulous propagandist. At a later day she would have been a suitable companion and ally of Mohammed, in his so-called religious wars; or of Peter, the Hermit, in his Crusades.

What could have influenced an Israelite to seek the hand of this pagan woman? It was contrary to all the traditions of his people, and to express Divine precepts, for him to enter into any such matrimonial alliance. But perhaps the young man loved her, and perhaps she returned his devotion with all the warmth and ardor of her soul. It may have been an affair of the heart; and his counselors

may have feared that he would go crazy or commit suicide, if thwarted in his aspirations and hopes, and that it was, therefore, best to throw no obstacle in his way. But most probably it was a purely mercenary step, as a measure of public policy, in order to strengthen the bonds of friendship between himself and the Sidonian king, he sought thus to unite the two royal families. Whatever may have been his controlling motives, this marriage is recorded as his greatest crime. The sacred historian says: "And it came to pass, as if it had been a light thing for him to walk in the sins of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, that he took to wife Jezebel, the daughter of Ethbaal, and went and served Baal, and worshiped him."

Ahab was both weak and wicked. Jezebel was self-willed and iron-nerved. She soon became the master of her husband, shaping and controlling his legislation and conduct, and at the same time stirring up his unholy passions, and directing them to the most iniquitous and disastrous results.

The first effect of her influence was the establishment of her religion in Israel. She did not engage to leave her Church and join his. She renounced none of her principles, and none of her zeal for Baal and Astarte, but came as an avowed pagan to the throne of Israel, with no respect for the religion of her husband's people, and with no other purpose than that of their seduction to the impure worship of the gods of her own country.

From the organization of the new government, idolatry, in a modified form, had not only been tolerated, but instituted and patronized by royal authority. Jeroboam had invented a political religion, and ordained feasts and services of his own, in order the more completely to draw away the thoughts and affections of the people from Jerusalem. In imitation of the Egyptian idolatry, he made two golden calves, and set up one in Bethel and the other in Dan. He also "made a house of high places, and made priests of the lowest of the people, which

were not of the tribe of Levi." In this worship, however, they did not professedly renounce Jehovah. On the contrary, they still clung to the doctrine of monotheism; and their intention in this scheme seems to have been the worship of one God of their fathers, as embodied and represented to the mind by these golden symbols. But, whatever their motive, it was both wicked and idolatrous,—wicked, because it was an infraction of a positive precept of the Mosaic law; and idolatrous, because to these images were really ascribed divine honors. It likewise secretly and insensibly prepared them for open apostasy and the practice of fouler abominations.

An occasion for such apostasy was afforded very soon after the marriage of Ahab. It was not long before, in weak subserviency to the will of his wife, he not only tolerated the Sidonian idolatry, but established it as the religion of his court. There are always many mean spirits, who are ready to adopt whatever principles and practices may chance to be fashionable and popular,—sycophants who cringe at the feet of power, wealth, and position, and embrace any opinions, and play any part, that these may suggest. So it was in Israel. As soon as the worship of Baal became the court religion, throughout the kingdom there were multitudes who at once went down into the deepest, darkest abyss of idolatrous infamy. Jezebel, in her zeal, maintained at her own table four hundred priests of Astarte, while Ahab kept four hundred and fifty priests of Baal. Temples were erected, groves were consecrated; and the rites of these deities, with all their depraving accompaniments, were celebrated with royal display and magnificence.

This introduction of the religion of Jezebel, with the tumultuous fanaticism and impurities of her priests, sent a thrill of holy horror through the souls of all true Israelites. The prophets of Jehovah every-where arose in opposition, and raised their voices in denunciation of the enormity. Jezebel at once became their



inveterate and deadly enemy. With all the energy of her domineering character, and all the fire of her fanaticism, she resolved on their extermination, and the extension of the spiritual dominion of her gods over the whole nation. Being a person of stronger will and more violent passions than her husband, she easily worked him into sympathy with her views, and co-operation with her in her wicked schemes. He yields the power of the sword, and all the enginery of government, into her hands, and permits her to chase down and put to death all who dare oppose her plans.

Now began the martyr age of the prophets of Israel,—an age of sufferings no less terrible, but of endurance no less patient, and of faith no less victorious, than have been witnessed in later periods of the history of God's people. How many were put to death, we are not informed. That the prophets had greatly multiplied is evident from the fact that one hundred of them were hidden and secretly maintained by Obadiah, the ruler of her own house. From this fact we naturally infer that the number of those who fell victims to her madness and resentment must have been very great.

This terrible crisis called forth in succession two of Israel's grandest prophets, Elijah and Elisha. Their history has come down to us in what the skeptic would call the halo of romance, or as the creation of some splendid poetic genius, but in what Christian faith recognizes and subscribes to as a veritable record of God's interposition in the affairs of his people. Elijah's first appearance on the stage is abrupt and unexpected. He presents himself suddenly to Ahab as a prophet of judgment. God has not been an indifferent spectator of the apostasy of the people and the abominations of the land; but, while he has been provoked to jealousy thereby, he has been long-suffering and compassionate; but now his patience is exhausted, and he rises up in his majesty, to vindicate his honor, and assert his supremacy over the gods of Jezebel. Without premonition,

his servant Elijah appeared to Ahab and said: "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word;" and as suddenly he disappeared, and was hidden in the forests beyond Jorcan.

The prophecy was no sooner uttered than its fulfillment began. The windows were at once closed; the skies were swept of clouds; the burning heat of the sun soon drank up the moisture of the atmosphere and the earth; the tender grass began to twist and wither and perish; the flowers folded their beauty and fragrance to their hearts, and drooped their heads and died; the trees of the field no longer clapped their hands, or lifted up their voice in joyous welcome to the refreshing shower; the brooks ceased their singing and disappeared; the birds hastened away from the smitten and blighted land; the lowing herds and bleating flocks pant and pine and perish. Day after day, and month after month, speed by. Morning comes, but not a drop of dew sparkles on the grass; and evening comes, but not a cloud cheers the languishing fields and forest with the promise of rain. The song of the husbandman, as he turns the sod and scatters the seed, and the shout of harvest home, no longer gladden the ear. Famine now comes, with her gaunt horrors; and presently pestilence, with her loathsome train, follows in her steps. So terrible and so protracted is the infliction that the distinctions of social life are, for the time, destroyed; the dignity and prerogative of royalty are forgotten. The king himself assumes the position, and does the work, of a menial. While he sends the godly Obadiah in one direction, he takes another in search of water, in the hope that they might be able to save his horses and mules alive.

As suddenly as on his first appearance, Elijah meets Obadiah while he is on this search for water. He directs him to go to Ahab and inform him of his coming. As soon as the king received the intelligence, he went to meet him, and addressed

him with the stern inquiry, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" The prophet, with equal spirit, boldly responded, "I have not troubled Israel; but thou and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim!" Jezebel, then, not the power behind the throne simply, but openly and avowedly the advocate and propagandist of the abominations of Sidon, and the ruling spirit of the kingdom, is chiefly responsible for the calamities that now overwhelm the land.

Elijah, through the king, calls the people together at Mt. Carmel, and challenges the priests of Jezebel to a trial of the power of their gods. To determine whether the Lord Jehovah or Baal be God, he proposes that two sacrifices be prepared,—one by them and one by him,—and placed on the altar; but instead of applying fire to the wood, and thus consuming the offering, they must call upon Baal, and he must call upon his God; and the god who answered, by sending fire from heaven to consume the sacrifice, must be considered as the Lord Almighty.

The challenge is accepted, and apparently with confidence. Jezebel's four hundred priests built their altar and prepared their sacrifice; "and from morning even until noon they cried, saying, O Baal, hear us. But there was no voice, nor any that answered. And they leaped upon the altar that was made. And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked. And they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them. And they prophesied until the time of the evening sacrifice, but there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded."

The moment for Elijah to take up his part in the magnificent drama has arrived. The scene is one of impressive grandeur. Here towers Mt. Carmel, its

brow bathed in the golden sheen of the setting sun, and its somber shadow stealing silently and gloomily over the arid plains below. There is haughty Ahab with his courtiers. There are the priests of Baal, dejected, despondent, bloody. There, on the slope below, is the assembled multitude, weary with waiting and watching; some indifferent to the issue, many deeply angered at the defeat of their priests, and scowling bitterly upon them; and perhaps, here and there, one with hands uplifted in prayer to the God of their fathers. Here is the old prophet. His mantle is gathered and confined about his waist with a leathern girdle. His flowing beard, silvered with age, rests on his bosom. His eyes are deeply set, his brows are arched and shagged, his nostrils are thin and distended; every feature and every movement betoken strength and conscious power. He said to the people, calmly and confidently, "Come near to me." Every loungee is at once on his feet, and in eager expectation they press toward him. There is an old altar of God close at hand. This he reverently repairs, replacing the twelve stones in their places, in token of the religious unity of the twelve tribes of Israel. The wood and the sacrifice are placed on the altar. To guard against all suspicion of fraud, he digs a trench around the altar, and commands that twelve barrels of water be brought and poured on to the burnt sacrifice and on the altar. The whole—sacrifice, wood, altar—is completely saturated, and the water fills the trench around. He now comes near, and pours out his soul in a brief but earnest prayer: "Lord God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again." The petition is immediately answered. Look! There is a tongue of fire darting from the brazen heavens down to the altar! The sacrifice, the wood, the stones, the dust, the

water in the trench,—all are consumed. The people, gaping with astonishment, and blanched with dismay at this sublime exhibition, shrink back, and fall on their faces; and, with emotions of awe and terror that almost choked their utterance, they say, "The Lord, he is the God: the Lord, he is the God."

Elijah's triumph is complete; the confusion of Jezebel's priests is utter. At the command of the prophet they are immediately arrested and slain. He then announced to Ahab the approach of rain, and, while the king refreshed himself, repaired to the summit of Carmel to engage in prayer. In a little while the heavens were black with clouds, and abundant showers refreshed the parched land.

While these events confounded the supporters of idolatry, and produced a temporary impression on the people at large, they neither made them sensible of their wickedness, nor restored them to the love of the truth. Least of all did they produce any salutary effect on Jezebel. Her heart was fully set in her to do evil. When Ahab reported to her what had taken place, she was enraged, and despatched a messenger to Elijah with this fierce threat: "So let the gods do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by tomorrow about this time." Jezebel terrified by the judgments of God and the marvels of Carmel, or subdued by the tokens of his returning favor? She is only incensed to madness, and puts forth tenfold energy in support of her foul idolatry.

Elijah, disappointed and dispirited, again disappears, and, in the solitudes of Horeb, begs God to take away his life. Confronting single-handed, and triumphing over, the hosts of Baal at Carmel, he now flies, and hides himself from the wrath of a woman. Perhaps some of us pity his weakness and cowardice; but who of us would not sooner face the shotted cannon or bristling bayonets, or encounter any danger, endure any hardship, rather than contend with an in-

furiated woman? The wrath of man is often fearful, but from a woman possessed of the devil, "good Lord, deliver us!" We would have done just as Elijah did.

Not long after these events, Ahab wished to purchase a vineyard adjoining his palace-grounds at Jezreel. Naboth, the owner of the vineyard, declined to sell it, for the reason that it was not lawful for him to alienate the inheritance of his fathers. The proud monarch took this as an affront to his royalty, and was so affected by it that "he laid him down upon his bed, and turned away his face, and would eat no bread." He exhibited all the weakness and pettishness of a sick child. And Jezebel, loving wife, said to him, "Why is thy spirit so sad, that thou eatest no bread?" As soon as he related the cause of his disquietude she said, "Dost thou not govern the kingdom of Israel? Arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry; I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth." She who despised alike the judgments and mercies of God could have no regard for the rights of man. She, accordingly, suborned witnesses, who charged Naboth with treason and blasphemy, for which he was immediately put to death. Whereupon Ahab at once took possession of the coveted spot. But while he is inspecting and exulting in his acquisition, Elijah meets him! There is something startling in this sudden coming of the prophet. "Wild from the solitudes of Horeb, with the fury of God glaring in his eye," he abruptly confronts the king; and salutes him with the stern and terrible words, "Hast thou killed, and also taken possession? In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine." To complete the denunciation, he adds, "The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel."

Well may Ahab be troubled and humbled by this alarming message. But Jezebel is unmoved. She who in her fanaticism could mock at the splendid demonstration of God's sovereignty on Mount Carmel, she who could so coolly shed innocent blood, and then add rapine

to murder, is not to be disturbed now by the words of the old man whom she had driven into the wilderness by the terror of her name, and the worship of whose God she had well-nigh extirpated. Enthroned amid the luxuries of her regal palace, her hardened soul relents neither at the recollection of past crimes, nor the threat of coming woe. She is literally joined to idols, is given over "to work all uncleanness with greediness." There is no evidence that she ever received another warning, but was permitted to add crime to crime, until the cup of her iniquity was full. Bold in her wickedness from the beginning, she is dauntless to the end of her career.

But the time of her overthrow has come; the day of doom has dawned. Jehu, who became commander-in-chief of the forces of Israel after the wounding of Jehoram, who had succeeded Ahab, is the chosen instrument of vengeance. While he was encamped at Ramoth-gilead, a young prophet, by the direction of Elisha, anoints him king. Thereupon he is at once proclaimed king by the army. Well knowing that safety and success depended on the promptitude and energy of his conduct, he immediately proceeded, with a select body of troops, by forced marches, to Jezreel. The kings of Israel and Judah, who had confederated against the Syrians, and were then together in Jezreel, hearing of the rapid approach of armed men, with Jehu at their head, went forth to meet them, and learn the cause of the strange movement. They were not long in doubt. The furious aspirant to the throne, reproaching him with the wickedness of his mother, Jezebel, pierced him through the heart with an arrow, and cast his body to the dogs, "in the portion of the field of Naboth." The king of Judah was also smitten, but escaped to Megiddo, where he soon after died of his wounds. He then hastened into the city. As he enters the gates, Jezebel, her violent spirit still undaunted, having tired her head, and painted her face, and adorned her person with her regal robes,

looked out from the window, and shrieked, "Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?"—words implying that the same fate that had overtaken Zimri was in waiting for him. Jehu "lifted up his face to the window, and said, Who is on my side? who?" Two or three of her household servants "looked out to him." "And he said, Throw her down." In a moment more she was lying under the feet of his horses and the wheels of his chariot, a mangled corpse. He then rushes forward and takes possession of the city. This done, he sent his servants back to bury her body; "for," said he, "she is the daughter of a king." When they came to the spot, they found that the curse of God had already been accomplished: they could find "no more of her than the skull, and the feet, and the palms of the hands." The dogs had devoured her flesh, and licked her blood, "by the wall of Jezreel!"

If there be any palliation whatever for the crimes of Jezebel, it is to be found in the strength of the religious sentiment in woman. She imbibed certain religious principles in her early life. Those principles were incorporated in all her habits of thought and feeling and conduct. They were corrupt, debasing, ruinous, it is true; but they were not the less potential with her on that account. Indeed, it is a characteristic of all corrupt systems of religion that they have a hold but little, if any, less strong on their votaries than that of the true faith on its professors. And the more corrupt the system, the firmer its grasp on the soul, and the greater the difficulty of breaking its power. And for this reason: While such a system gratifies the religious propensity of the mind, it at the same time ministers to the lower and sensuous elements of humanity. Educated from infancy in the religion of Baal, deeply in love with it, blinded and infatuated by it, no change of time or place, no revelation of mercy or judgment, could induce Jezebel to renounce it, or even for a moment brook opposition in it.

Woman in every age is the same in

this regard. Deepest of all her sentiments, most powerful of all her convictions, are those of her faith and worship. How important, then, that she should be indoctrinated in the truth in early life!—the truth, not simply as taught in our creeds and confessions, but the truth as taught also by the Holy Ghost to the soul, and made the power of God unto its salvation. Error, once embraced, is with difficulty detected and eradicated. Therefore, at the outset, let our faith be pure and simple, if we would steer clear of the results and rewards of a life like hers.

Jezebel is a striking illustration of the power of a woman of cultivated intellect and strong will for evil. She encountered but little difficulty in introducing her idolatry into the house and court of Ahab, and, by the force of her character and the persistency of her efforts, well-nigh succeeded in establishing it as the religion of the entire land. Such a woman, if she has but an ordinary share of the graces belonging to her sex, is far more to be dreaded than a corrupt and wicked man. There is no depth of wickedness and refinement of cruelty of which he is capable, in which she can not equal him; while in all those soft and attractive qualities that so often ensnare and destroy the unwary, she is incomparably his superior.

Political aspirants of every age have recognized this power, and have endeavored to turn it to their advantage. In desperate enterprises, demanding desperate measures, how often do we find the power and arts of woman invoked! A celebrated French orator, when seeking to arouse the conspirators in Paris to revolution, said, "If the women do not mix in it, nothing will be done!" The women did mix in it, were at the head of the mob, and the first to penetrate the royal palace. The overthrow of the throne, and the Reign of Terror was the result. Woman cultivated in mind and strong in purpose, but without moral principle, who can estimate her power for evil? In the family circle she is a

curse; in social life she is a curse; in public life she is a curse,—always, everywhere, a curse. Her children are like her. Jezebel was the mother of Ahaziah and Joram, who were as blood-thirsty, as cruel, and as unscrupulous, as she. Athaliah, her daughter, married the king of Judah, and, after the death of her son Ahaziah, who had succeeded his father, murdered her own grandchildren, in order to secure the kingdom to herself. The Bible, in one short sentence, has given to the world an imperishable monument of the infamy of such a mother: "His mother was his counselor to do wickedly!" Alas, how many public crimes and calamities, how many private woes, in every age, are to be explained by that short sentence!

Jezebel has had her successors and imitators. Others, undeterred by her fate, and reckless of their character and obligations, have attempted to play, on a larger or smaller scale, similar desperate games of folly and ambition. The result has ever been disastrous to themselves, and to all who have come within the circle of their influence.

But, O, if her life be under the dominion of virtuous principle, if her heart be cast in the crucible of the Gospel, and remolded after the image of her Maker; if the "Man of Sorrows" be the object of her love, and his honor the aim and end of her aspirations and efforts, no angelic mind can compute her power for good. In her home she is the light and joy of her husband, soothing his cares and strewing his pathway with flowers, while her motherly hand and heart are molding her children for "glory, honor, and immortality." In social life she is the generous and sympathizing friend, and safe counselor. Among the suffering and distressed, she is the angel of mercy and comfort. In the Church she is a tower of strength; every-where a blessing; every-where the representative and advocate of virtue, goodness, and truth, and God's most potent agent in carrying forward the grand enterprises of his grace.

R. N. SLEDD.



# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.



## OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

A GREAT deal of interest is now being manifested in London, in an institution recently founded, bearing the name of "New Hospital for Women." It has been established not only for the laudable purpose of assuring medical assistance and careful nursing to suffering women, but it is also mainly under the direction of women, the principal physicians being women. And it is also hoped that it will prove a place where women, devoting themselves to the study of medicine, will be able to bring to a practical test the information which they have gained in the lecture-room, and thus learn to be effective at the sick-bed. This New Hospital for Women was founded about three years ago, through the efforts of a committee consisting of ladies and gentlemen, among whom we notice the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lady Stanley, Baroness Rothschild, and Professor Fawcett, proving that some of the best known people of England are among the patrons of the enterprise. But even this influence was not enough to insure to the undertaking a brilliant commencement; for it was not found practicable in the beginning to raise funds sufficient to purchase suitable property. Rooms were therefore rented, and furnished with all that was thought necessary for the comfort and good nursing of the sick, and were provided with ten beds. The applications for admission were soon so numerous that it was found necessary to add as far as possible to the number of beds. And with increasing applications, the question naturally arose whether to buy or hire larger quarters, when the latter course was finally adopted. The institution has now about thirty beds, at a cost of some four thousand dollars for perfecting the arrangements. The practicing physicians in the hospital are Mrs. An-

derson-Garrett and Mrs. Hoggan; and among the consulting physicians and surgeons are some of the principal male celebrities in the healing art in London. And there are patients now coming from all parts of the realm, seeking council and assistance in diseases of women from their own sex, for which many of them declare themselves truly grateful. Not a few cases have occurred of applications for entrance while ignorant of the fact that the attending physicians are women. Some of these could not conceal their distrust on this discovery; but without an exception they have left the hospital fully satisfied, and cured of their sufferings and their prejudices. Last year the number of patients treated was about one hundred and fifty, of these but three cases were fatal, and two of these under operations. In addition to this, the institution has been visited by a large number for simple consultation at fixed hours. For such service a mere nominal fee of a few pence is demanded, and aid was last year thus afforded to over two thousand. The enterprise is now so rapidly commending itself to the good opinions of the intelligent and benevolent, that means are beginning to come in more freely; so that the managers will soon be able to afford entirely gratuitous aid to all that need it, while those who are able pay a moderate sum for very comfortable accommodations. The Hospital is now in close working connection with "Medical-school women," which has done a great deal toward advancing the cause of sound medical knowledge among women. It has now a full teaching corps, and about twenty students in the first year's course, although it has not yet received the legal recognition by the body of State examiners. But it is thought that this must come, as the

practicability of training women for this work is now clearly demonstrated, and the prejudice against their assuming it is dying away. Both these institutions are very significant proofs of a great change in opinion in the more intelligent public in regard to this matter; and when the thick ice of prejudice is once broken, there can hardly be any more doubt regarding the position that will be taken in this field of scientific effort for the alleviation of ills of the sex, and the English public seem now fully awake to this important matter.

IN these days of pilgrimage to the shrines of ancient saints and the canonization of new ones, some very strange proceedings come to light in regard to the way in which these things are managed in strictly Catholic lands. A rare story is just now going the rounds in regard to St. John of Nepomuck, the patron saint of the famous old city of Prague, in Bohemia. It seems that, in times gone by, he was thrown into the stream that flows through the city, by order of the ruling sovereign, for a pretended crime toward the family of the monarch, of which he was in reality not guilty. When his innocence came to light, it was thought that injustice done to him and the Church—for he was a pious and devoted priest—deserved open reparation; and it was resolved to obtain his bones and place them in a silver coffin, to be inclosed in a stone sarcophagus, on the very spot on the bridge whence he was cast into the stream. But the remains had been so long neglected that it was not easy to find them; and when at last found among a mass of others, they were discovered to be minus several of the principal bones. To replace these by others, that would exactly fit, was the task for some skillful anatomist, and such a one was found in the person of a young physician of aspiring ambition with little means, who desired to improve the condition of his purse and his standing with the honorable clergy, who exerted a large influence as overseers of the ancient university of the town. Indeed, at that time, to gain a position in the institution as one of its faculty, it was necessary to take an oath of belief in the immaculate conception of the Virgin. The work was well done, and the restored skeleton delivered to

the bishop in charge, who then ordered a magnificent celebration in honor of the saint, and went to great expense to place these sacred remains in security on the old bridge, where the tourist will still find them safe and sound. They are, and long have been, considered the guardian spirit of the town, and the state and ceremony attending the annual pilgrimages to the shrine of St. John of Nepomuck are scarcely surpassed anywhere. Not long ago, however, the excellent saint was obliged to make an unexpected and precipitate journey for fear of the Protestant Prussians. When the victorious army of King William so suddenly overran Austria in 1866, it was thought wise to transfer the sacred bones to a place of greater security and secrecy; and they were accordingly conveyed into the interior by order of the archbishop; and when the danger was past, they made a most pompous entry into the city, with waving banners and rolling drums, as if they had saved the city from humility. It seems strange that in this year of grace such follies can flourish.

OUR readers are aware that the so-called Russo-Greek faith is the universal belief throughout Russia, and that in some respects it is a sort of medium between the Protestant and the Catholic Church. For that reason a great effort is now being made by discontented Catholics to make a union of the Protestant, Russo-Greek, and schismatic Catholic Churches. We have not the least faith in the success of this movement, and are sorry to see some of the best of the Old Catholics, like the renowned Dr. Döllinger, losing their valuable time in trying to accomplish this result. And one very great reason for our want of faith in the matter is the fact, not generally known, that the Greek Church of Russia is distracted by internal dissensions, in the existence of very numerous sects, whose presence can not be ignored. The great Russian nation extends from the German frontier to distant Kamtchatka, and wherever it has borne the cross, thither it has also taken various sects, whose tenets are so different at times from the mother Church as to be quite antagonistic to it. This state of things has of late caused the government a great deal of trouble, from the fact that the head of the State is also

nominal head of the Church, and therefore, those that rebel against the mother Church are thereby in a state of semi-rebellion against the civil power. And a sad feature of the case is the fact that this divergence of the sects from the mother Church is always toward a sort of coarse barbarism, which seems sometimes almost to approach fetichism. It is not so much a difference of religious speculation as it is a blind belief in some mere formula or ceremony, and in excessive fast and feast days. In this way it is estimated that at least one-third of the nation is in a state of quasi-rebellion against the Church. The Russians were the last of the Western nations to accept Christianity, and this came to them from Greece rather than from Rome. The Patriarch of Constantinople was the head of the Greek Church when it extended its influence over Russia, and this Greek influence lasted for a long time, taking with it over all Russia many of the Greek heresies, which it has been impossible to root out. Another great cause of these diverging sects has been the Mongolian invasions from the the East. Asiatic hordes, at times, overran the land, and possessed it for a generation before they could be driven off. And when their expulsion was effected, the Christian Church had sunken so low that many of the priests could neither read nor write. The schools were suppressed, the temples closed, and even the art of printing was known only in name. During this period, the foundation of the most absurd heresies was laid by the faulty copies of the ignorant transcribers. Those errors were in many cases afterward corrected, but a great portion of the ignorant and bigoted masses still clung to them, and rejected all efforts at reform. Even the serfdom of Russia contributed to these false beliefs; for the poor and oppressed serfs could find but little consolation in a Christian religion whose teachers exhorted them to bear their cruel chains in patience, because they were born for nothing better. And thus they stood in continual opposition to the hierarchy, which seemed to be in league with government oppression. The present authorities in Russia, in both Church and State, have now to contend with the results of all these sins and mistakes of the past; and thus it will be a very long while indeed before they will be able to bring the Church

into their own fold, much less to lead it into a union of all the anti-Catholic Churches.

WE are sometimes almost led to a shaken faith in the old proverb, that there is nothing new under the sun, on listening to the thousand and one strange customs that grow up with a false or ceremonial religion. We have all heard, for instance, of a great variety of solemn masses, held under nearly all circumstances of life, and bearing all sorts of names. But who ever expected to hear of so strange a custom as a "sneezing mass?" And yet, in Catholic Poland, there is an annual mass held on the morning of Easter Sunday known as the sneezing mass. And it comes about in this strange way: At this period of the year, very zealous Christians feel it a duty to abstain for a while from all their usual indulgences and enjoyments. The week preceding Easter is therefore one of great austerity, in which but little is eaten, and, in many instances, even the pipe and the snuff-box are discarded; and this, to the average Pole, is the greatest of privations. All these, therefore, await with impatience the end of the "Gloria in Excelsis," in the cathedral on Easter morning. Then they are released from their vow; and, in impatience, scores of snuff-boxes appear, and the anxiously awaited powder is conveyed to the nose. The period of abstinence was so long that the effect of the snuff is much greater than usual; and added to this, it is always etiquette to hand the box to one's neighbor. The natural result is, that at the end of the Gloria mass men, women, and children break out into an irrepressible sneeze, which has come to be understood as a part of the glad performance on Easter Sunday to celebrate a risen Lord. These outbursts, sometimes in a thundering solo, and then in grand chorus, are greeted as a perfectly proper thing, and every body expects a concert of sneezes as a part of the ceremony; and therefore the name, "sneezing mass."

THE King of Siam has become an author, and has commanded the publication of a small encyclopædia which treats wholly of Siam, its history, geography, literature, and political constitution. The preface is by the King himself, and an appendix contains a list of words spoken on the Eastern shore.

## WOMEN'S RECORD AT HOME.

THE second annual Convention of the Women's National Christian Temperance Union met in Cincinnati, on the 17th of November. Delegates from eighteen States were reported as present at the first session. Mrs. Leavitt, of Cincinnati, delivered the address of welcome; to which a response was made by Mrs. Willing, editor of the *Women's Temperance Union*, the organ of the association. Mrs. Wittenmeyer, President of the Union, then formally opened the business of the Convention. She gave a summary of the year's work accomplished by the Union, by which it appears that twenty-two auxiliary societies had been formed, forty-five State, and many District, Conventions held, and the gospel of temperance promulgated before thousands at numerous camp-meetings. From the office of the President forty-five thousand temperance tracts had been distributed, and forty thousand copies of the organ of the Union. The Treasurer's Report showed a balance in the treasury of \$214.63,—a gratifying exhibit, considering that women in general get no credit for being good financiers.

During the session, letters were read from Mrs. Griffith, of Yokohama, Japan, telling of a temperance association formed in that city since the American Crusade; from Mrs. Perker, President of the Women's Temperance Union of Dundee, Scotland; and from Dr. J. G. Holland, editor of *Scribner's Monthly*. The latter speaks directly to the point when he says: "The only way to get rid of drunkards is to stop raising them." Here is where woman's true field of labor lies in relation to this great work; for the hope of the country is in its children, and the children are in the hands of women. A Mrs. Youmans, of Canada, presented an interesting account of the work in that province. On the third and last day of the convention, a report from the Young Ladies' League was read by Miss Duty, of Cleveland, one point of which reflects so much credit upon the young ladies that we reproduce it in our pages, exhorting the framers of such a good resolution to be firm in adhering to it. It reads thus: "That members of the

League be firm in their allegiance to temperance principles, and refuse to invite to their homes, or to receive attention from, young men of known intemperate habits; so that the latter may be made most unmistakably to understand that they are not eligible to good society, or to the friendship of pure women, while they use intoxicating liquors." The Committee on Resolutions submitted a report recommending a continuation of prayerful, individual effort among inebriates; the proper training of children; the recognition of existing temperance organizations as fellow-workers; the banishment of wine from the Lord's table; the exclusion of liquors from the social circles and *cuisine*; the circulation of temperance literature; the appointment of a committee of inquiry by Congress to report the effects of the liquor traffic; and the providing of Washingtonian homes, free reading-rooms, and cheap lunch and lodging houses. The report also called for prohibitory legislation, and for the co-operation of ministers and Churches; gratefully recognized the good works of Secretary Bristow and of Postmaster-General Jewell in the line of reform; and last, but not least, "resolved that, whereas women are the greatest sufferers from the liquor-traffic, and realizing that it is to be ultimately suppressed by means of the ballot, we, the Christian women of the land, in convention assembled, do pray Almighty God and all good and true men that the question of the prohibition of the liquor-traffic should be submitted to all the adult citizens of this country, irrespective of sex; not as a means of enlarging our rights, nor antagonizing the sexes, but as a means of protecting ourselves, our children, and homes from the ravages of the rum-power." During Friday's session, greetings were received by telegraph from the American Woman's Suffrage Association, sitting in Steinway Hall, New York, to which an appropriate response was made. The members of the convention received merited praise from newspaper correspondents for subdued taste in dress, an absence of strong-mindedness, the use of elegant and appropriate language, unanim-

ity in thought and action, evident earnestness of purpose, and for the quiet dignity and commendable grace with which they transacted the business of a deliberative convention.

—We learn with pleasure that Dr. Julia Lore's first report of her medical work has been published in circular form.

—Mother Stewart, famous in the Temperance Crusade in Ohio, has received an invitation to begin a similar movement in England.

—The Fayette District of the Upper Iowa Conference recently licensed Miss A. Mills, Preceptress of the Upper Iowa University, to preach.

—The election of women as superintendents of schools in several counties of Iowa, recently, raised the legal question of eligibility, and the matter will probably be tested in the courts.

—Mrs. Lucy H. Parker, of the Ohio Wesleyan Female College, at Delaware, Ohio, delivered an interesting address before the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, of that place, at a late meeting.

—A great amount of nonsense about ministers' wives was summarily disposed of by the late Dr. Bethune, who, when the qualifications of his own wife for official duty were inquired into, asked the brethren whether they intended to pay her a salary.

—The Presbyterian Woman's Foreign Missionary Society are about to begin a children's periodical, to be called *Children's Work for Children*. At the last semi-annual meeting of the Society, twenty-nine new auxiliaries and fifteen boards were reported, and eleven new missionaries had been sent out.

—On November 5th, four ladies sailed in the steamer *City of Berlin*, on their way to South Africa, to engage in teaching. There is a school for young ladies at Wilington, about forty miles from Capetown, after the model of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, of which a Miss Ferguson, from this country, is already Principal.

—At the Local Preacher's Association, recently held in Dayton, a resolution recognizing the woman's temperance work, encouraging them in it, and urging co-opera-

tion with them, was passed. During the progress of this Association, a Sunday-school Jubilee was held, at which two of the speakers were Mrs. Walker, of Pittsburg, and Mrs. Dr. Pearne, who is said to have interested the audience greatly.

—Madame Hensel, a Jewish lady of high musical reputation, and author of the "Life of Gottschalk," has joined the Methodist Church, at Binghamton, New York, intending, it is said, to become an evangelist.

—At the recent meeting of the Northeastern Ohio Teachers' Association, Superintendent I. M. Clemens, of Wooster, said that it was a fact, that in the schools of that town the boys do not read as well as the girls, and the same was true of many other schools. The girls read ten times as much out of school as the boys, and, as that reading was better than was afforded by the best text-books, they naturally excelled the boys.

—A young Bulgarian orphan girl, who is a teacher in one of the native schools in Constantinople, has been very desirous of coming to America to be educated. The young ladies of Wellesley College, learning of her ability and good character, have adopted her as the daughter of the College, and have sent for her to be brought here to be educated in the College, at their charge and under their care.

—Miss Lucille H. Green, M. D., is under appointment to India, and will probably sail early in January. She is the daughter of a Methodist minister, and a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia. She goes out under the auspices of the New England Branch. She will probably relieve Miss Swain, M. D., who must leave India soon for a respite.

—The people of Boston are opening the way to female representation in public life, by the election of ladies of culture and ability to membership in the committee which has the management of the schools. The innovation was not effected without a struggle; and a legal decision was necessary before the ladies held undisputed possession of their seats. But now that the change is inaugurated and the novelty worn off, it becomes apparent that the committee has gained strength and efficiency.



## ART NOTES.

## ARCHITECTURAL SYMBOLISM.

THE symbolic character of the architecture of the Middle Ages is shown from the frequent allusions made to this subject by the mediæval writers. From the eighth to the fourteenth century there is repeated reference to this. This symbolism extends even to the minutest portions of the church building, and the painstaking comparisons sought out by these devout men prove the deep interest which they felt in the temple of God. It is interesting to note these opinions, and they show the far deeper significance attached to these buildings by the pious worshiper then than in our own more practical age. As a foundation are laid a stone marked with a cross, and twelve other stones, in order to show that the Church is built upon Christ and the apostles. The walls represent the people. These are four, because these people have been gathered from the four quarters of heaven. These are joined together in the corner-stone in front, as the Jewish and Gentile people are united in faith in one Gospel, but they incline to a curve toward the rear to show the essential unity of the Church. The stones are four-square, to represent the fourfold division of the virtues,—wisdom, firmness, temperance, and justice. Their polishing represents the purification and perfection of the saints through the suffering of afflictions. Their position is various; some to support, others to be supported. These are the common lay membership. Others rest immediately upon the foundations; and others resemble the prelates, who are the support and defense of the Church. The cement which binds the stones together is love; and when these are once bound together, the sound of the ax and the hammer will be heard no longer, because in the future persecution shall find no place. The columns represent the apostles and Church fathers who excel in faith and good works; the door, when one, is the Lord Jesus according to his own parable ("I am the door"); when more than one, they are the ecclesiastical princes, through whom entrance to the holy of holies is secured to the people. The windows, which

guard against rain and wind, yet permit the instreaming of the sunlight, represent the sacred writers; and they are broader on the interior, because the inner mystic sense of the Word is more full and comprehensive than the letter. There are four corners below, because the teachers of the faithful need to be endowed with fourfold virtue; they are round above to teach the perfection of God's service. They are not all equal, but some greater, some smaller, because the gifts of Christians are various; they are supporters of the fragile glass in order to remind us that we bear our treasure in earthen vessels. The rafters are also the prelates, who nourish and sustain the watchfulness of the members by the labor of preaching. The church itself is divided into two parts, the choir and the nave; the latter of which must be lower and include the laity, since they were yet exposed upon the boisterous ocean of this world's trials and temptations. The choir is shut up within narrower limits, in order to teach humility and self-abasement to the clergy; the altar represents Christ and the saints, who live in him and he in them. The *length* of the church is the long-suffering which patiently bears the buffetings of life until we are brought to the heavenly inheritance; the *breadth* is the love which expands the soul until it can embrace both friends and foes; and the *height* is the hope of a future glorification. Thus did these devout men delight to associate the portions of God's house with some pious office, and suggest to them the Christian duties and graces.

—Music with them (the German people) is a thing rather to be criticised than enjoyed; indeed the enjoyment of it consists in criticism as much as in feeling it. I am reminded, when I hear them speak about it, of Sterne's observations, beginning with, "And how did Garrick speak the soliloquy to-night?" the answer to which question is, "O, three minutes by the stop-watch," and so on. Of course they must feel and love music, or they would not follow after it as they do; but feeling seems at last subordinated to judgment; they will not allow

themselves to be affected until they are satisfied that the composition to which they listen will bear picking to pieces. Not very long since, I conversed with a German of high musical reputation,—a man fully entitled to speak with authority on the subject, m<sup>r</sup>. knowledge of it being that of the average Englishman. He spoke so disingenuously of certain operas which I had been accustomed to admire as masterpieces, that I at length asked him what he thought of Italian music generally?

"O, it is nothing."

"You don't see any thing to admire in Bellini?"

"No, nothing; he is so feeble."

"Verdi? Donizetti?"

"There are some pretty things,—but O, it is poor!"

"Well, what do you say to Rossini?"

"Some merit in 'Il Barbiere,'—the rest nothing."

"Surely, 'Semiramide' is fine?"

"O, for a fair; but as music—no."

"Pray, name some composers whom you think admirable."

"Bach, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Glück, Mendelssohn."

"What," said I, "is the meaning of the depreciation with which Paganini is now so often mentioned? Every body was enough astonished by him while he lived."

"O, he was a wonderful player, but in a peculiar line."

"Peculiar, certainly. But what do men mean by contrasting his performances by what they are pleased to call legitimate playing? What is legitimate, and what is illegitimate, in playing the violin? If a man succeeds in producing the sweetest tones, and executing the most difficult passages, thereby giving a high degree of pleasure to his hearers, is his fame to be taken from him by the application of a meaningless adjective?"

"His fame is n't taken from him," was the answer. "What real fame he got, he keeps. But he played too much for the multitude; he was too fond of stage tricks. That performance on one string was simply to make people stare; music gained nothing by it. Then his harmonics, once thought so wonderful, were, to some extent, the result of material arrangement. To extract them, he used strings so fine that an ordi-

nary violinist would reject such as containing no tone. From the novelty of his style, he took greatly for a time, but no one ever thought worth while to follow in his footsteps. He founded no school."

Hereupon I shut up, rather mortified at having to surrender my belief in Paganini, but only too well convinced that he is not so much misused as I had fancied.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

—Adelina Patti is announced to sing at Covent Garden, London, and will probably remain in England for some months.

—Christine Nilsson will remain in Europe during the present season. It is to be regretted that she has of late waned in popularity with American audiences. Her speculative concert has awakened disgust in many of her patrons who were formerly loud in her praise.

—Minnie Hauck is discussing the propriety of accepting an engagement in the French *opéra comique* at Brussels. Her recent visit to Berlin was wonderfully successful, and she took this most cultured musical audience of the Prussian capital by storm. It is very gratifying to our American pride that this musical daughter of ours has achieved the most pronounced success, in the highest range of the art, in the two best musical capitals of the world, Vienna and Berlin.

—The two grand musical attractions of New York are Wachtel and Bülow; the first perhaps the best living tenor, the latter the best living pianist of his school. There is something wonderful in the way that Americans patronize first-class artists. These two stars have had overflowing houses from the time they set foot upon our shores. Indeed, the concert halls have hardly been ample enough to accommodate the crowds who have sought to hear Bülow. The reputation that Bülow was the only worthy interpreter of Liszt's music gave to his advent an exceptional interest. It is the general verdict that this reputation is not fictitious. Indeed, his reception has been, as just intimated, truly enthusiastic, and he has not disappointed his patrons. But the influence of his father-in-law is plainly seen in the prevailing *brilliance* of the selections in his programmes. While he has at times demonstrated ability

to interpret the tender, the subjective, and the mystical, it is plain that this is not the mode or fashion of his thinking. In this world he serves as a slave to please his superiors, or his clamorous auditors; and yet soon bursts away into the wild, weird *mêlée* of harmony that is so consonant with his tastes. In dashing, daring brilliancy of execution, Bülow is said to have few, if any, equals; and since this is a style that is more acceptable to the average American audience, we predict for him a most successful season.

—The achievements of native American musicians in the chief European centers have clearly demonstrated our ability to lead in high art. We have frequently remarked the juster average appreciation of works of art by American tourists. It is true of works that appeal to the eye, as well as of those which appeal to the ear. Between the average American and Englishman or Frenchman, there is a clear and decisive difference in favor of the former. When such is the fact, even in the absence of the educating and stimulating influence of great galleries and public monuments, we must hope much for results when these means of stimulus shall abound in our midst. Hitherto our artists have been compelled to go abroad, not only for the purpose of studying great works, but even for bare technical instruction. These advantages have been beyond the reach of the great mass of our countrymen and countrywomen who would desire to devote themselves to architecture, sculpture, painting, music, or even the higher branches of industrial art. We are happy to note, from time to time, indications that these great lacks are to be supplied. The latest promise is for musical instruction. For some months rumors have been afloat that New York was to have a grand College of Music; but recently the name of Mr. Samuel Wood, an old and highly respected citizen of New York, is mentioned in connection with this project. The story goes thus: There were four brothers in business together, all unmarried, between whom was made a fraternal covenant that the surviving brother or brothers should inherit the entire property of any deceased brother, until the

last surviving brother should receive the entire, and thus the estate be kept intact, and finally devised, after properly providing for the most distant relatives, to some public charity or use, as they expressed it, that should benefit their country. This covenant has been carried out, except in a single instance, four years ago, when it is claimed that the estate of Abram Wood, amounting to nearly a million dollars, was fraudulently diverted. This amount is now in litigation. The man who conceived the idea of a college of music was Dr. William Elmer. He is an enthusiast in music, and his scheme is to establish a college, which, in all departments of musical science, in its absolute advantages, its scope, and purpose, should be unsurpassed, and perhaps without a rival in the world. In carrying out this magnificent project, in which Mr. Samuel Wood, as the last survivor of the brothers, became interested, a special act of the Legislature was secured last April, authorizing the incorporation of the American College of Music, with power to take conveyances, accept donations, etc.; and also an act authorizing the Park Commissioners to convey to this College a portion of the grounds in Central Park set apart for art purposes. The organization was perfected by the choice of twelve trustees, who are ready to go forward with Mr. Wood's plans, and realize his idea at an early date. The general scope of this plan is, first, to erect a building, on the grounds secured at Central Park, that shall be an honor and an ornament to the city of New York; second, to endow the institution so munificently that the directors may be enabled to call to its service the ablest masters and composers of the world, and that there shall be a place on this continent where the children of poor parents who have talent, and the aptitude for musical instruction, shall not be debarred, on account of their poverty, from the best instruction and highest musical development which can anywhere be found. These are the main details of the magnificent enterprise which has so long been whispered about, and to which the eyes of the musical fraternity of America have been expectantly turned with mingled curiosity and hope. Surely, this is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

## SCIENTIFIC.

**A SUGGESTIVE FULGURITE.**—When the members of the American Society of Civil Engineers were at the Stevens Institute in Hoboken, a short time ago, a remarkable natural curiosity was exhibited to them. It was a "fulgurite" from North Carolina. A lightning-flash having struck and penetrated a bed of fine white sand, the surface of the hole made was fused, and a hollow cylinder of pure quartz, four feet long and two or three inches in diameter, was the result. The peculiarity of the specimen under consideration was, that analysis showed the presence of metallic iron. As the substance does not exist, so far as known, under the ordinary conditions of the earth's surface, some explanation for its occurrence in the fulgurite had to be devised. Professor Leeds accounted for it on the supposition that the temperature produced by the lightning, which had been sufficient for the fusion of pure quartz, was also sufficient for the dissociation of ferric oxide, the oxygen being driven off and the metal left. As there is no iron in the bed of sand, an hypothesis had to be constructed to meet this difficulty; and the Professor thought that the iron was probably extracted by the lightning from some subterranean deposit, and conveyed to the bed of sand. The occurrence is a striking one, and deserves a more complete publication of the analyses. It was improved to point out that man may, at some future time, have it in his power to produce the metal, by subjecting their oxides to so intense a heat that the oxygen shall go off up the chimney and leave the metal behind. At present this can not be done, and the oxygen is removed by heating the ore with some substance, like the carbon of fuels, that combines with oxygen. The temperature required for the former method is, for iron, probably about twice as great as the highest which can now be produced; and this is an indication of the difficulties that must be encountered before any thing can be accomplished in this direction.—*Galaxy*.

**DIAMOND-CUTTING.**—In a late number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, Dr. A. C. Ham-  
Vol. XXXVI.—12

lin describes in a very interesting manner the process of diamond-cutting. To those acquainted with the nature of the gem, this is a very simple matter. "To cut the facets, two stones are cemented on two sticks, and rubbed against each other until a facet is cut; then the position of one of the stones is changed, and another flat surface is cut. After the facets are cut, and a definite form given to the stone, the diamond is placed in the hands of the polisher, who fastens it in solder, and then holds it against a small steel disk, revolving horizontally with a speed of fifteen hundred to three thousand times a minute. This disk is moistened with oil mixed with diamond-powder, and one facet is polished at a time." The two principal forms adopted by lapidaries for these gems are known as the brilliant and the rose. "For the perfection of the rainbow play of hues, it is essential that the facets of the superior and inferior parts of the stone should correspond in exact proportions, and stand at fixed distances, so as to multiply the reflections and refractions, and produce the colors of the prismatic spectrum." In reducing a diamond from the rough to a regular form, its size is greatly reduced; the amount of loss, however, depending upon the natural form of the crystal. "The process of cutting diamonds of large size is always attended with risk, and is necessarily a costly operation. The Regent cost for cutting \$25,000, and occupied two years." The famous Koh-i-noor cost \$40,000, and only occupied thirty-eight working days. It was cut by one of the ablest of the Dutch lapidaries, with the aid of steam power. Within a few years two *ateliers* have been established in the United States,—one in Boston, by Mr. Henry D. Morse; and the other in New York, under the direction of Mr. J. Hermann. This latter establishment already boasts of having cut a fine crystal from South Africa, weighing eighty carats. "The form which appears to exhibit the splendors of the gem to the greatest advantage is that known as the brilliant. It was discovered in the latter part of the seventeenth century, by Pruzzi." The largest pure

diamond in the world is the Great Mogul, which, in the rough, weighed seven hundred and eighty and one-half carats, reduced by cutting to two hundred and seventy-nine and nine-sixteenths carats.

IS CONSUMPTION CONTAGIOUS?—It has been found that when an animal with tuberculated lungs is made the yoke-fellow of a perfectly healthy animal, and the two are housed and fed together, so as to inhale one another's breath, the one which at first was sound before long exhibits the symptoms of tuberculosis. Again, tuberculosis has been produced by giving animals milk from those that are diseased. Krebs has induced the disease, not only in rabbits and Guinea-pigs, which animals are very susceptible to the artificial production of the malady, but also in a dog, by feeding it with the milk of a cow in the last stages of phthisis. As a result of his observations, he states that tubercle virus is present in the milk of phthisical cows, whether they are slightly or gravely affected. On vigorous subjects, such milk may produce no injurious effects, but the case is likely to be different with children and those of enfeebled constitution. Similar effects may be produced from eating the flesh of animals affected with tubercle, and by inoculation with the virus. Thorough cooking of milk and flesh meat neutralizes their injurious action.

DEEP-SEA SOUNDINGS.—Not so many years ago, it was considered a feat in deep-sea soundings to reach a mile or a mile and a half; and even then, after allowance had been made for the action of currents against the line, the actual depth attained was a good deal matter of calculation or guess. Breakages were also constantly occurring in the hauling up, from the necessary slenderness of the cord in comparison with the weight of the lead. The modern method, by which the lead detaches itself at the bottom, meets that as well as several other difficulties nearly as important, and the wonder is that it was not thought of sooner. Now, remarks *Iron*, there is scarcely any limit to the depth of soundings, except the depth of the sea, which the recent explorations of the *Challenger* go far to show to be in accordance with the theory that its greatest depth is equivalent to the height of the

highest elevations above its level. The deepest sea soundings yet effected were obtained by the *Challenger* in the abysses off New Guinea, depths which have occasioned a sharp line of demarcation between the fauna of Asia and Australasia. The "lead" weighed four hundred weight, and struck bottom at the tremendous depth of 4,450 fathoms, or about 26,700 feet. The hollow rod, by which specimens of the bottom are brought up, was full of mud; and both of the thermometers that had been sent down were smashed to atoms by the enormous pressure of the superincumbent water. A previous unsuccessful attempt to reach the bottom, but in which 4,545 fathoms were sounded, showed the temperature at that depth to be thirty-five and one-half degrees Fahrenheit, uncorrected.

RELIGION OF THE CANARIANS.—A paper upon this subject was read by Senor Chil y Narango, at the late meeting of the French Association for the Advancement of Science, at Nantes. On *Graf Canaria*, he says, the natives believed in an infinite being, *Alcorac*, or *Alchoran*. Him they worshiped on the summits of mountains, also in little temples, called *almogaren*. Their priests were women, and were bound by a vow of chastity. The sacred places were also asylums for criminals. The Canarians believed in the existence of an evil spirit, *Gabio*. On *Teneriffe* the *Guanchos* worshiped *Achaman*, and used to assemble in consecrated places for common prayer. On *Palma*, the name given to the Supreme Being was *Abara*. In all the islands, homage was rendered to the emblems of fecundity and to the four elements. Their sacrifices were such as would be esteemed most precious by a pastoral people. They attributed will to the sea. It was the sea that gave them rain. In time of drought they scourged the sea, and implored the aid of heaven with great ceremony.

FOOD FOR HENS.—Corn-fed hens do not lay in Winter, because there is no albumen material in the corn. When wheat is given to them, there is fat enough in it to supply all that is needed for the yolk, and albumen enough to make the white, and lime enough to furnish the shell. Otherwise chopped meats may be fed to them.



## NOTE, QUERY, ANECDOTE, AND INCIDENT.

**WIVES AT AUCTION.**—The history of Virginia commences with an auction sale,—not, however, in a store, but beneath the green trees of Jamestown, where, probably, the most anxious and interested crowd of auction *habitués* ever known in the history of the world were gathered. In a letter, still to be seen, dated London, August 21, 1621, and directed to a wealthy colonist of that settlement, the writer begins by saying: "We send a shipment, one widow and eleven maids, for wives of the people of Virginia. There hath been special care in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon good commendations. In case they can not be presently married, we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives, until they can be provided with husbands." But the writer of this epistle had little reason to fear that any of the "maidens fair" would be left over. The archives contain evidence to prove that these first cargoes of young ladies were put up at auction, and sold for one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco each; and it was ordered that this debt should have precedence of all others. The solitary "one widow" went along with the others, for they could not be particular in those days. The good minister of the colony no doubt had a busy time that day.

**EXTRAVAGANCE IN OLDEN TIMES.**—Who among our extravagant young ladies in these boastful times ever gave her lover, as Cleopatra did, a pearl, dissolved in vinegar (or undissolved), worth \$400,000? Then there was a Paulina, one of the *ton* in Rome, who used to wear jewels, when she returned her visits, worth \$300,000. Cicero, who was comparatively a poor man in those times, gave \$1,500,000 for his establishment on the Palatine; while Messala gave \$2,000,000 for the house of Antony. Seneca, who was just a plain philosopher, was worth \$120,000,000. Tiberius left a property of nearly \$120,000,000. Cæsar and Marc Antony both owned wonderful fortunes. Why, they talk about a man's failing in New York for \$1,000,000, as if it were a big thing. Cæsar, before he

entered any office, when he was a young gentleman in private life, owed \$1,000,000, and he purchased the friendship of Crassus for \$2,500,000. Marc Antony owed \$1,500,000 on the Ides of March, and paid before the Kalends of March. This was nothing; he squandered \$720,000,000 of public money. And these fellows lived well. Aesop, who was a play-actor, paid \$400,000 for a single dish. Caligula spent \$400,000 on a supper. Their wines were often kept for two ages, and some of them were sold for twenty dollars an ounce. Dishes were made of gold and silver, set with precious stones. The brds of Heliogabalus were of solid silver; his tables and plates were of pure gold; and his mattresses, covered with cloth of gold, were stuffed with down from under the wing of a partridge. It took \$30,000 a year to keep up the dignity of a Roman senator, and some of them spent \$5,000,000 a year. And yet they talk of the extravagance of modern times.

**VALUE OF GOLD.**—A cubic inch of gold is worth one hundred and forty-six dollars; a cubic foot, two hundred and fifty-two thousand two hundred and eighty-eight dollars; a cubic yard, six million eight hundred and eleven thousand seven hundred and seventy-six dollars. The quantity of gold now in existence is estimated to be about three thousand millions of dollars, which, welded into one mass, could be contained in a cube of twenty-three feet.

The relative value of gold to silver, in the days of the patriarch Abraham, was one to eight; at the period B. C. 1000, it was one to twelve; B. C. 500, it was one to thirteen; at the commencement of the Christian era, it was one to nine; A. D. 500, it was one to eighteen; A. D. 1100, it was one to eight; A. D. 1400, it was one to eleven; A. D. 1613, it was one to thirteen; A. D. 1700, it was one to fifteen and a half; which latter ratio, with but slight variation, it has maintained to the present day. Various speculations have recently been made respecting the effect of the large relative increase in the production of gold over silver, and the

subject is one of great interest and importance. The theories of the writers who have expressed opinions on the subject are widely different, so far as the effects of the increase upon the precious metals are concerned. All agree, however, upon the widespread benefits that have resulted from the large increase of the production of gold during the past ten years. The war in Europe, and the crops in America, last year, will both affect business relations so as to exert considerable influence upon commercial values directly, and indirectly upon the relative estimate of the precious metals.

THE CHIN.—Fortune-tellers are generally skillful physiognomists, and all the features of the human face do their share in enlightening the understanding of the seers. The chin, at the present day, is rather difficult to read, on account of the increasing custom of wearing a beard. A good chin should neither project nor retreat much. A very retreating chin denotes weakness; and a very projecting one, harsh strength, united with firmness amounting to obstinacy. A pointed chin generally denotes acuteness. A soft, fair, double chin generally denotes a love of good living; and an angular chin, judgment and firmness. Flatness of chin implies coldness; a round, dimpled chin, goodness; a small chin, fear; sharp indentings in the middle of the chin point to a cool understanding. The color and texture of the skin, and of the hair and beard, have also direct harmony with the features. These should be studied more than they have been. A facility in drawing faces is of great use to the student of physiognomy, as it enables him to note peculiarities of feature which no written description would be capable of preserving.

ONE SOURCE OF "ROMEO AND JULIET."—Mr. F. W. Cozens, an Englishman, has recently been studying the sources of "Romeo and Juliet." Some time ago he translated a Spanish play of Lope de Vega, "*Castelvines y Mouteses*," which he published with useful explanations. He has now treated in a similar manner "*Los Bandos de Verona*," by Francisco de Rojas. This play (described as a *tragi-comedy*) has not been translated into English before, and De Rojas is rarely heard of. But Le Sage and Corneille made

use of his works, and one of his plays still holds its position on the Spanish stage. The plot of the piece in question appears to us to be very absurd, judging from the *Athenæum's* synopsis.

Allejandro Romeo sees Julia Capelete in the house of her father, which he has entered, not with a festive purpose, as in Shakespeare, but with most sanguinary intent. He has slain a servant, and he is following in pursuit of the master, when he encounters Julia, against whom he immediately directs his sword. Love, prompt and passionate in those southern climes, seizes both while the sword is lifted, and the heat of the former quarrel is surpassed by that of the all-absorbing affection on the moment begotten. The Tybalt in this play is Andres Capelete, and El Conde Paris is one of the characters. Paris is married to Romeo's sister, and he wishes to divorce her and marry Julia. What follows belongs characteristically to the Spanish drama of intrigue. Julia, having taken the poison, is buried in the family vault. Romeo, who had previously made an appointment with her, hears the news of her death, and, in his despair, visits her in the vault. This is conveniently left open, as a Spanish public would doubtless object to see, on the stage, the violation of a sepulcher. The audience, meanwhile, made aware that what was supposed to be poison, is, in fact, a sleeping-draught, is not surprised to see the heroine awake, and receive her lover with rapture. Romeo quits the tomb, groping his way in the darkness, while Julia holds to the skirt of his cloak. For a moment she quits her hold, then, by mistake, seizes upon the cloak of Andres, who has also come to the vault. As Elena, Romeo's sister, who has entered upon the scene, takes unconsciously the place of Julia, Romeo goes forward, suspecting nothing, to the coach he has provided. Julia escapes into the woods, and is seen by her father, who takes her for a ghost, and expresses his penitence for his former action. His compunctional visitings are not strong enough to prevent him from attempting again her life, when he finds she is still in the flesh, and still recalcitrant. A good deal of playing at hide and seek follows, the *gracioso*, who is the servant of Romeo, acting the part of chorus, and sup-

plying the audience with a knowledge of what is supposed to take place behind their backs. In the end, Julia is confined in the fortress of the Capelete, which is duly besieged by Romeo. When further resistance is shown to be unavailing, Capelete surrenders, and consents to the match, while Paris agrees to take back the half-divorced Elena.

FOREIGN IGNORANCE OF AMERICA.—We have already published some illustrations of the ignorance of foreigners concerning our country, but we seldom find that they are willing to confess it. Lord Roseberg, however, in a recent speech in London, said that "he could walk up to a map in the dark, and put his finger on the site of Cicero's villa; but if any one asked him where San Francisco was, he should have to think twice." This remark recalls to the Table-talk editor of the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, a similar remark of Mr. Cobden. "These men," said Cobden, speaking of English ambassadors, and of the necessity of turning them into commercial travelers, "these men know where the Ilissus is; but they know nothing of the Mississippi. [This was twenty years ago.] Yet the Mississippi could float all the navies of Europe upon its bosom; and it took me half a day to find the Ilissus when I was at Athens, and then I only found the bed of the river. Half a dozen washer-women had dammed up the Ilissus to wash their clothes."

ROMAN KITCHEN UTENSILS.—The Museum at Geneva, Switzerland, has recently obtained, for its cabinets, a set of Roman kitchen utensils, found in a field near Martigny, which were probably buried by their owners on account of some sudden alarm. These consist of thirty articles, mostly in bronze, and some of them elaborately worked, reminding one of the beautiful shape and ornamentation of Pompeian vessels. The shovel and pot-hanger do not differ much from modern utensils of the same sort, and there is an earthen mold shaped like a shell, several plates in various sizes, a saucepan with the bottom worn away, a large boiler, a funnel, two ladles, a stewpan, and vases or ewers with two handles, one of which bears a representation of two gladiators, and was apparently awarded as a prize. There are also two silver ornaments, evi-

dently of later date, and believed by Dr. Gosse, the curator, to have been used in Christian worship. He attributes the articles to the third century.

SIT AND SET, LAY AND LIE.—The two words "sit" and "set" are too often mistaken for each other. When a grammar class is asked, for the first time, if it is right to say "hens set," the "court sets," one-half of them, perhaps, will vote one way, and the other half the other. The court means the judge or judges; the judge sits, the court sits, the jury sits, hens sit, birds sit. "Setting-hen" is wrong; hens are not "setters" or pointers. *Set* requires an objective case; we *set* a chair, but we *sit* in it. There is a similar difficulty in the use of "lie" and "lay." In families whose hens "set," every thing "lays," and all "lay abed." The quoted words are wrong. *Lay* means to place, and requires an objective; as, "the hen *lays* eggs;" "now I *lay* me." We should say the book *lies* on the table; he *lies* abed; every body *lies*, if you please, but nobody *lays*; unless he has something to *lay*.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF LANGUAGE.—The French, it is said, have no word for "home." When Victoria first went to Scotland, and the Highlanders presented her an address in Gaelic, they had no word for "queen," so they called her "king's wife." The Hindoos are said to have no word for "friend." The Italians have no equivalent for "humility." The Russian dictionary gives a word, the definition of which is, "not to have enough buttons on your footman's waistcoat;" a second means to "kill over again;" a third, "to earn by dancing." The Germans call a thimble a "finger-hat," which it certainly is, and a grasshopper a "hay-horse." A glove with them is a "hand-shoe," showing that they wore shoes before gloves. The French, strange to say, have no verb "to stand," nor can a Frenchman speak of "kicking" any one. The nearest approach he, in his politeness, makes to it is, to threaten to "give a blow with his foot,"—the same thing, probably, to the recipient in either case, but it seems to want the directness, the energy, of our "kick." The terms "up-stairs" and "down-stairs" are also unknown in French.

## SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

## IN QUEEN FLORA'S REALM.

"I am a foreigner," spoke, timidly, modest Miss Pansy, without a touch of conceit in her tone. Beneath the generous shade of an oleander she was seated, whose head rose majestically so far above her own in the calm moonlight that she had little hope of being heard. Perhaps at another time it would have proved thus, but now her companion was suffering, and felt the social in her nature taking precedence of the aristocratic barrier which the royal "our family" had not quite succeeded in breaking down; hence closer companionship was not to be entirely ignored.

"Let us, I pray you, have a talk," again spoke the persistent little flower.

"Well, lead off; my bones are aching. Afraid I am going to have another of those dreadful chills that have robbed so many of 'our family' of their beauty, and killed thousands, since we began to emigrate to these chilling latitudes, or there is going to be a snow-storm."

Just then a gentle zephyr flitted by, Miss Pansy gave a comic nod of her head, a merry laugh, and exclaimed:

"How funny you talk! A snow-storm borne along by these warm winds!"

"Yes; it may be I am out of my head, with the freezings I've had, and my words sound queer to you; but I do n't know what to expect of this climate. I have had shake upon shake until I am heart-broken, and long for my native land. Why, do you see, this limb is useless? I am expecting the gardener to amputate it. The way it happened was this: I was left in the care of Pauline, and one cold night last Winter she neglected to move my stand near the fire. And there I sat by that door, with a great crack in it, and shivered all night long, shook my clothes nearly all off of me; and then that limb I told you about was near the door, and toward morning it went to sleep, and I never have succeeded in waking it. O, I tell you, 'our family' are not as tough as pine-knots."

"Where did you live before we met here in this garden?"

"Live! Why we lived where it is one continual Summer, where the skies are forever bright, else I did not see the clouds, and where the birds sing day and night. It is a beautiful county, if it were not for the ravenous alligators that feast upon the natives, and snakes long enough to wrap twice around the coal-house and carry—"

"On your honor, my friend, on your honor," echoed honest Miss Pansy.

"Never did they molest any of 'our family,' *we* were considered to be a superior class, but Dinah is my authority, though they never, none of 'em dared to carry her off bodily, if they did scare the turban off the very top of her head. But I do shiver so; I wish the gardener had been thoughtful enough to put a shawl on me, as he did one other chilly night. Do you know, I feel as if I could wear a blanket day and night? But tell me, where did *you* come from? the meadow over there?"

"No; Germany is my home. Don't you remember I told you I was a foreigner?"

"O, well, I thought perhaps it was only *your* way of saying 'forwarder;'" and with a toss of her head she gave Miss Pansy a keen look, and continued, "Sure enough, you do show the Teutonic proportions."

"Our home was in the pretty garden of a good woman; and when the family of Nipperts began to talk of selling their patch and going across the sea to paradise, I was greatly elated at thought of the change. One morning this dame Nippert came out, as was her custom, to admire us,—for some of my children were truly handsome with their bright yellow hoods, others with dark velvet and orange hoods,—and then to uproot annoying weeds, etc., when I saw her gather her apron to her eyes and murmur, 'There is nothing I regret to leave but you, little dears, and my darling's grave over there.' My heart quite sank within me; for I had not imagined that we were to be left behind,—we upon whom so much care had been bestowed. 'Grecthen,' she called out, when a fair-haired, rosy-cheeked lass came tripping from the cottage up the garden-walk; 'Grecthen, can we leave all these

flowers behind?" "O dear, no, mother; not *all*, it would not be home over there without the Pansy. Karl and I will care for it all the way, if you but give your consent." "Yes, daughter, you may try; I, too, would be lonely without its sunshine."

"Accordingly, I was snugly packed in a box, and we all started on our journey. It was a bounding, rocking, rough ride I had, and I confess to have felt fear creeping over me, and thought perhaps I was rash in undertaking such a trip; but I soon became used to it. Now I am very glad I came, for Gretchen sometimes gets homesick, and longs for our Father-land once more; but when she comes out and talks to me, saying: 'Little darling, what would I do without you to comfort me?' I no more question my wisdom in coming. In the Winter she covers me up warm, and I have a good long sleep. Then I wake up in the Spring, and she grants me the sunniest spot. When the hot days come, and the heat is very oppressive to me, I am taken to a shady nook. I am old, but very happy. My children are springing up around me, and go off to grace other lands, and are as happy in the peasant's cot as in princely halls; no word of complaint have I ever heard from any of them. Our dear great-grandmother, with her black velvet hood tied with an orange-tinted bow, whispered to me, long years ago, 'Contentment is more to be desired than royalty;' adding, 'remember, dear, it is our maxim.'"

The proud Oleander had seemed agitated during this modest recital, and, at its close, shook violently the leafy folds of her dress, replying, half petulantly:

"Well, well, my chill has passed by," inquiring no further into her neighbor's origin.

MARY MORELAND.

#### HIDDEN DEW-DROPS.

CARL'S father gave him a plot of garden-ground. The little boy took care of his plants, and did not forget to water them at sundown. But in the midsummer holidays he went from home for a few days, and neglected to leave directions as to the tending of his flowers. His first act on his return was to pay a visit to his garden. Alas! pretty buds and blossoms were drooping and dying; one little rose alone, in the

midst of the desolation, bloomed fresh and fair on its stem. Surprised and pleased, Carl kneeled down to discover the secret of the rose, and he found a dew-drop had rolled into its very heart, and lay there, a fountain of refreshing, in the sultry day.

The boy grew to manhood, and, as he went up through this weary world of drooping hearts, he oftentimes recalled this memory of his youth-time; for many fainted and failed in the burden and heat of life's day; whilst the steady footsteps and restless eyes and voices of others told of a hidden dew-drop, nay, a fountain, in the heart, to uphold by the way. Pondering what such things meant in this garden of souls, he kneeled, as in the days of his childhood, to discover the secret of the unfading heart; and now, as then, as he kneeled, the mystery was solved; not this time by the mortal eye, but by a still, small voice, that stole into his soul like soft music, laden with a message,—even that the hidden fountain, sent by God to make his people joyful in the house of their pilgrimage, is the blessed resignation that teaches to say, in sunshine and shower, "Father, not my will but thine be done."

#### THE SNOW-STORM.

HARK! hear the wind blow!  
Run in, little one,  
'T is beginning to snow;  
Run, little boy, run.

Come in where the air  
Is mellow and warm;  
Let's draw the blinds close,  
And shut out the storm.

We'll pity the poor,  
The homeless, to-night,  
With no cheerful fire,  
With no pleasant light;

The poor little ones  
Whose parents are dead;  
Who, hungry and cold,  
Are crying for bread.

Just think, Bobby dear,  
Think what *you* would do  
Without your dear home,  
And warm supper too;

If *you* had no mamma  
To put you to bed;  
If you had no clothes,  
And *your* papa was dead.

If I were you, Bob,—  
In your place, I mean,—  
I'd be the best boy  
That ever was seen.

MRS. H. C. GARDNER.



## SIDEBOARD FOR THE YOUNG.

## IN QUEEN FLORA'S REALM.

"I am a foreigner," spoke, timidly, modest Miss Pansy, without a touch of conceit in her tone. Beneath the generous shade of an oleander she was seated, whose head rose majestically so far above her own in the calm moonlight that she had little hope of being heard. Perhaps at another time it would have proved thus, but now her companion was suffering, and felt the social in her nature taking precedence of the aristocratic barrier which the royal "our family" had not quite succeeded in breaking down; hence closer companionship was not to be entirely ignored.

"Let us, I pray you, have a talk," again spoke the persistent little flower.

"Well, lead off; my bones are aching. Afraid I am going to have another of those dreadful chills that have robbed so many of 'our family' of their beauty, and killed thousands, since we began to emigrate to these chilling latitudes, or there is going to be a snow-storm."

Just then a gentle zephyr flitted by, Miss Pansy gave a comic nod of her head, a merry laugh, and exclaimed:

"How funny you talk! A snow-storm borne along by these warm winds!"

"Yes; it may be I am out of my head, with the freezings I've had, and my words sound queer to you; but I do n't know what to expect of this climate. I have had shake upon shake until I am heart-broken, and long for my native land. Why, do you see, this limb is useless? I am expecting the gardener to amputate it. The way it happened was this: I was left in the care of Pauline, and one cold night last Winter she neglected to move my stand near the fire. And there I sat by that door, with a great crack in it, and shivered all night long, shook my clothes nearly all off of me; and then that limb I told you about was near the door, and toward morning it went to sleep, and I never have succeeded in waking it. O, I tell you, 'our family' are not as tough as pine-knots."

"Where did you live before we met here in this garden?"

"Live! Why we lived where it is one continual Summer, where the skies are forever bright, else I did not see the clouds, and where the birds sing day and night. It is a beautiful county, if it were not for the ravenous alligators that feast upon the natives, and snakes long enough to wrap twice around the coal-house and carry—"

"On your honor, my friend, on your honor," echoed honest Miss Pansy.

"Never did they molest any of 'our family,' we were considered to be a superior class, but Dinah is my authority, though they never, none of 'em dared to carry her off bodily, if they did scare the turban off the very top of her head. But I do shiver so; I wish the gardener had been thoughtful enough to put a shawl on me, as he did one other chilly night. Do you know, I feel as if I could wear a blanket day and night? But tell me, where did *you* come from? the meadow over there?"

"No; Germany is my home. Do n't you remember I told you I was a foreigner?"

"O, well, I thought perhaps it was only *your* way of saying 'forwarder;' and with a toss of her head she gave Miss Pansy a keen look, and continued, "Sure enough, you do show the Teutonic proportions."

"Our home was in the pretty garden of a good woman; and when the family of Nipperts began to talk of selling their patch and going across the sea to paradise, I was greatly elated at thought of the change. One morning this dame Nippert came out, as was her custom, to admire us,—for some of my children were truly handsome with their bright yellow hoods, others with dark velvet and orange hoods,—and then to uproot annoying weeds, etc., when I saw her gather her apron to her eyes and murmur, 'There is nothing I regret to leave but you, little dears, and my darling's grave over there.' My heart quite sank within me; for I had not imagined that we were to be left behind,—we upon whom so much care had been bestowed. 'Grecthen,' she called out, when a fair-haired, rosy-cheeked lass came tripping from the cottage up the garden-walk; 'Grecthen, can we leave all these

flowers behind?" "O dear, no, mother; not *all*, it would not be home over there without the Pansy. Karl and I will care for it all the way, if you but give your consent." "Yes, daughter, you may try; I, too, would be lonely without its sunshine."

"Accordingly, I was snugly packed in a box, and we all started on our journey. It was a bounding, rocking, rough ride I had, and I confess to have felt fear creeping over me, and thought perhaps I was rash in undertaking such a trip; but I soon became used to it. Now I am very glad I came, for Gretchen sometimes gets homesick, and longs for our Father-land once more; but when she comes out and talks to me, saying: 'Little darling, what would I do without you to comfort me?' I no more question my wisdom in coming. In the Winter she covers me up warm, and I have a good long sleep. Then I wake up in the Spring, and she grants me the sunniest spot. When the hot days come, and the heat is very oppressive to me, I am taken to a shady nook. I am old, but very happy. My children are springing up around me, and go off to grace other lands, and are as happy in the peasant's cot as in princely halls; no word of complaint have I ever heard from any of them. Our dear great-grandmother, with her black velvet hood tied with an orange-tinted bow, whispered to me, long years ago, 'Contentment is more to be desired than royalty;' adding, 'remember, dear, it is our maxim.'"

The proud Oleander had seemed agitated during this modest recital, and, at its close, shook violently the leafy folds of her dress, replying, half petulantly:

"Well, well, my chill has passed by," inquiring no further into her neighbor's origin.

MARY MORELAND.

#### HIDDEN DEW-DROPS.

CARL's father gave him a plot of garden-ground. The little boy took care of his plants, and did not forget to water them at sundown. But in the midsummer holidays he went from home for a few days, and neglected to leave directions as to the tending of his flowers. His first act on his return was to pay a visit to his garden. Alas! pretty buds and blossoms were drooping and dying; one little rose alone, in the

midst of the desolation, bloomed fresh and fair on its stem. Surprised and pleased, Carl kneeled down to discover the secret of the rose, and he found a dew-drop had rolled into its very heart, and lay there, a fountain of refreshing, in the sultry day.

The boy grew to manhood, and, as he went up through this weary world of drooping hearts, he oftentimes recalled this memory of his youth-time; for many fainted and failed in the burden and heat of life's day; whilst the steady footsteps and restful eyes and voices of others told of a hidden dew-drop, nay, a fountain, in the heart, to uphold by the way. Pondering what such things meant in this garden of souls, he kneeled, as in the days of his childhood, to discover the secret of the unfading heart; and now, as then, as he kneeled, the mystery was solved; not this time by the mortal eye, but by a still, small voice, that stole into his soul like soft music, laden with a message,—even that the hidden fountain, sent by God to make his people joyful in the house of their pilgrimage, is the blessed resignation that teaches to say, in sunshine and shower, "Father, not my will but thine be done."

#### THE SNOW-STORM.

HARK! hear the wind blow!

Run in, little one,

'Tis beginning to snow;

Run, little boy, run.

Come in where the air

Is mellow and warm;

Let's draw the blinds close,

And shut out the storm.

We'll pity the poor,

The homeless, to-night,

With no cheerful fire,

With no pleasant light;

The poor little ones

Whose parents are dead;

Who, hungry and cold,

Are crying for bread.

Just think, Bobby dear,

Think what *you* would do

Without your dear home,

And warm supper too;

If *you* had no mamma

To put you to bed;

If you had no clothes,

And *your* papa was dead.

If I were you, Bob,—

In your place, I mean,—

I'd be the best boy

That ever was seen.

MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

It is a familiar truism that the man who writes one book is morally certain to write another. Rev. Henry J. Van Lennep follows "Travels in Little Known Parts of Asia Minor, 1870," with *Bible Lands*; their modern customs and manners illustrative of Scripture. (Harper & Brothers, 1875.) This is a noble contribution to Biblical literature, a fit companion to Thomson's popular and useful work, "The Land and the Book," issued some sixteen years since. Dr. Thomson's work was the fruit of twenty-five years' residence in Palestine. It is now thirty-five years since Dr. Van Lennep went to Turkey as a missionary of the American Board. Dr. Thomson showed how the localities of the "Holy Land" illustrated and proved the truth of the Holy Book; Dr. Van Lennep shows us how the customs and manners of living Orientals reflect those of their fathers, who occupied the same lands thousands of years ago. Part I of the work is devoted to customs which have their origin in the physical features of Bible lands. This includes physical geography, productions of the soil, fruits, flowers, vegetables, animals, birds, reptiles, insects, especially such as are named or alluded to in the Holy Word. Part II treats of customs which have an historical origin, races of men, oral and written languages, tent-life and home-life, furniture, life in the family, social life, military and religious affairs, commerce and mechanical arts. Few books embody such a mass of information on Oriental matters. The writer has re-enforced his own life-long experience and observation by freely drawing from the recorded experiences of others. He quotes some thirty authors who have written on the same or kindred subjects, names some five hundred topics in his table of contents, and illustrates from five to eight hundred passages of Sacred Writ. Signal profit would doubtless accrue to the student who should read this valuable work, pencil in hand, ready to annotate the margin of his study Bible with the profitable hints with which the book abounds. Dr. Van Lennep seems to favor the idea of development in the modern religious ideas, from

idolatry and heathenism to divine enlightenment. The volume is gotten up in the Harpers' best style, and is profusely illustrated. The author thinks the Arabic language the nearest related to the extinct Hebrew. He gives us some useful lessons in orthography, pronunciation, and the proper use of Oriental terms. He writes Mohammed instead of Mahomet; Bedawy, with its plural Bedawin, instead of Bedouin; mosk instead of mosque,—a decided saving; Islam instead of Mohammedanism, Islamism, or religion of Islamism. Islam is the name of the religion of Mohammed. This, too, is a useful abbreviation. Muslims instead of Mohammedans, usually written Moslems. (Rob't Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

MESSRS NELSON & PHILLIPS are continually adding to their catalogue works of great interest to the general reader. We have before us for notice, from their press, *The Great Men of God*, a great book on great subjects, from the pens of great writers,—Guthrie, Dean Stanley, Bishop Oxenden, and other eminent divines; put together and supplemented by Rev. W. F. Noble, with an introduction worthy of the volume itself by Rev. Bishop Wiley. Forty-six sketches of forty-six of the principal men of the Bible are brought together. Beautifully illustrated, a book for the center-table, library, mind, and heart. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

*Reminiscences of Rev. Henry Boehm*, the patriarch of one hundred years. Written autobiographically, with the editorial aid and supervision of Rev. J. B. Wakeley, ten years since, now revised and brought down to the present time, including the venerable author's Centennial Sermon, and the interesting ceremonies of that occasion. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) The fifth and sixth of the volumes of Church History Stories, by Emma Leslie, are *Leofwine the Saxon*, a story of hopes and struggles, and *Elfreda*, a sequel to *Leofwine*, both with illustrations. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) *Marrion's Mission*, or the influence of Sunday-schools, a story by Emma Leslie. (Hitch-

cock & Walden, Cincinnati.) *Hope Raymond*; or, *What is Truth*, a story by Mrs. E. J. Richmond, with illustrations. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) *Sunshine of Blackpool*, a story by Emma Leslie. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) *The Little Trowel*, a story by Edith Waddy, with illustrations. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) *The Two Paths*, a story by Mrs. E. J. Richmond. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) *Little Foxes*, by the author of "How Marjorie Watched," three illustrations. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) *John Winthrop and the Great Colony*; sketches of the settlement of Boston and Massachusetts Colony, by Dr. C. K. True. Revision of a work published many years ago, revised and appropriately republished this Centennial year. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.) *Gipsy's Adventures*, a story by Josephine Pollard, Three illustrations. (Hitchcock & Walden, Cincinnati.)

The *Shining River*, another two shilling Sunday-school song-book, as cheap in contents as in price. As usual, it sings of the "golden" and "beautiful," "golden Jerusalem," "beautiful vale," "beautiful crown," "beautiful story," "beautiful home," "the shining land," "little Minnie in the river," and other such. It asks Protestant Sunday-schoolers, in one song, if they ever heard of the robin that plucked a thorn out of Christ's forehead as he hung on the cross! Natural history is as silent as the Bible about robins in Palestine. (H. I. & W. O. Perkins. Oliver Ditson, Boston.)

THERE is no better delineator of life in California in its early days than Bret Harte. He is a good writer, tells a story well, is philanthropic, sympathetic, and humorous without degenerating into caricature. His *Tales of the Argonauts* and other sketches (James R. Osgood & Co., Boston) are full of life and fun and spirit. Every page is Bret-Harte-ish, and that is sufficient to secure all a wide perusal. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

THE status of Mrs. Margaret J. Preston among American poets has long since been settled by critics and the American public. Roberts Brothers, Boston, issue a volume of poems from her pen titled, *Cartoons*,—sketches that we suppose will never be any

thing else but cartoons,—a name as complimentary as it is comprehensive, since several of the old masters, notably Raffaele, are better known to the world at large by their cartoons than by their finished pictures. These sketches show a great deal of reading, observation, feeling, judgment, and taste. There are cartoons from the life of the old masters, from the life of the legends, and from the life of to-day, all executed with a bold, free hand. Those who hunger for genuine poetry will find it here, though the author compares herself to the chirping cricket, the spray of fern, the light-breeze, the glow-worm, rather than to Beethoven and Shakespeare. (Robert Clarke & Co.)

*D. S. Moody and his Work*, by Rev. W. H. Daniels, with portraits and illustrations, a subscription book. (Hartford Publishing Company.) One of the best lives of Moody we have seen, with an introduction by Rev. Dr. Fowler, President of the North-western University.

*Eight Cousins*, by that popular writer of youths' stories, Louisa M. Alcott. (Roberts Brothers, Boston; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

FRENCH memoirs have long had the reputation of being most charming reading. A translation of Madame Récamier's *Memoirs* was given to the American public in 1866. The same translator now lays before the public, *Madame Recamier and her Friends*, comprising correspondence, and biographical notes and incidents full of interest. (Roberts Brothers, Boston; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

*The Homilist*, by David Thomas, D. D. (N. Tibbals & Sons, New York), contains Homilies, Homiletic Sketches on the Book of Psalms, Homiletic Glances at Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, The Foreign Pulpit, Gems of Thought, Pith of Renowned Sermons, Biblical Criticisms, etc. A suggestive book.

*Brought Home*, by Hesba Stretton. (Dodd & Mead, New York; George E. Stevens & Co., Cincinnati.)

FICTION.—From Harper & Brothers, New York, we have received *Off the Roll*, by Katharine King; and *Hostages to Fortune*, by Miss M. E. Braddon. Paper covers.

## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY.

**REVIVALS.**—In the Christian Church, as in the Hebrew Commonwealth, there are times when the religious spirit is greatly developed. The divine fervor burns in many hearts. Zion travails; souls are born into God's kingdom, and the graces that were ready to perish again revive. If the Crusades may be called a religious revival, whole nations were stirred into enthusiasm. Even the children shared in the general excitement, and set out on pilgrimage for the Holy Land. In the sixteenth century the same spirit prevailed, but assumed another form, in the Lutheran Reformation. It again showed itself in the time of the Wesleys and Whitefield; and, in our own land, ecclesiastical history records the revivals in the East under the ministry of Jonathan Edwards, Samuel Davies, and others. In the West, nearly every settlement shared in the great awakening and revival about the beginning of the present century. Later, the ten years between 1830 and 1840 are noted for an increase of the revival influences, and the large accessions to all the Churches. In 1857, there was a general revival throughout the country. During the late civil war, God's Spirit was poured out upon many encampments of troops, especially in the Southern armies; and last year, under the labors of the lay evangelists, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, Great Britain was quickened, in all the principal cities, to a higher life. Many souls were converted, the prejudices of the State Church succumbed to their evident piety and usefulness; and many, high in authority, gave them their countenance and support. It was wonderful to read of their progress through the kingdom; how large halls were crowded with anxious listeners; how many, in every place, signified their desire and intention to lead a new life; how they influenced all classes of society alike; how members of the royal family, as well as the street beggars, listened with rapt attention to their Gospel message; and how, withal, their only gain was souls! In this country, these evangelists have been laboring, with varied success, in Brooklyn and Philadelphia. We find, among ministers

and the more thoughtful laymen of all denominations, a prayerful and anxious desire that God would revive his work. For this result many are now hopefully looking. Already reports come to us from widely scattered places of a gracious outpouring of the Spirit. That believers may now be sanctified and sinners converted is not only our prayer, but the prayer of the whole Church: "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years; in the midst of the years, make known!"

**CHURCH EXTENSION.**—The income of the Methodist Episcopal Board of Church Extension, from Conference collections and special contributions and gifts to the Loan Fund, will exceed \$130,000 for the year 1875.

**NEW MISSIONARIES FOR FOREIGN PARTS.**—Rev. J. J. Ransom, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and Miss Jennie Dreese, of Xenia, Ohio, have just been sent out as missionaries,—the former to Brazil, and the latter to Mexico. Miss Dreese has a brother, Rev. Charles W. Dreese, who is now acting as a missionary in that country.

**METHODIST NUMERICAL STATISTICS.**—The latest numerical returns of Methodism show as follows: Episcopal Methodists in the United States, 3,025,427; Non-episcopal, 147,802; Methodists in other countries, 1,015,876. Total lay communicants, 4,189,105. The total number of itinerant preachers is 27,591, and of local preachers 61,474; an increase during the last year of 3,325 itinerant ministers, and a decrease of 1,657 local preachers.

**EDUCATIONAL BENEFACTIONS.**—According to the report of the Commissioner of Education, the benefactions last year for educational purposes amounted to \$6,053,304. Of this sum, the universities and colleges received \$1,845,354; schools of science, \$481,804; schools of theology, \$1,111,629; schools of medicine, \$44,531; institutions for the higher instruction of women, \$241,420; institutions for secondary instruction, \$272,381; libraries, 75,422; institutions for deaf and dumb, \$7,323.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

FEBRUARY, 1776. — Shades of our forefathers, how fared it with you a century ago this Winter month? The first of the snows of a hundred Winters shroud the graves of the patriots of Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill, and Quebec. The country is in mourning for the recent death of Montgomery and his brave fellow-martyrs, and anxious about the fate of Arnold and his surviving associates, braving a Canadian Winter in sight of victorious and exulting foes. The eyes of the Colonies are turned anxiously on Cambridge and Boston, the respective headquarters of the American and British forces; but nothing can be done till Spring. It was all anxiety, sorrow, and suffering in February, '76.

MISSIONARY DECLINE. — The contributions of the General Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church indicate, as the thermometer and barometer indicate changes in temperature and pressure, the financial fluctuations consequent upon the withdrawal of specie and the institution of paper currency; showing rapid inflation during the four years of the rebellion, and then the decline consequent upon "hard times," the cramping necessities of the individual, the corporation, or the nation, that lives beyond accruing means, or gets in debt beyond ability to pay. The following table shows the average contribution, per member, in cents, of those in full connection, from 1862 to the present time:

YEAR.	Church Average.	Church and Sunday-school av'ge.
1862.....	.28	
1863.....	.47	
1864.....	.59	
1865.....	.73	
1866.....	.77	
1867.....	.60	
1868.....	.56	
1869.....	.45.....	.56
1870.....	.41.....	.54
1871.....	.37.....	.50
1872.....	.39.....	.52
1873.....	.37.....	.52
1874.....	.31.....	.46
1875.....	.30.....	.43

The accession of the Sunday-school raised the general average, but did not prevent the general decline. With the occasional exception of what boat crews call "spurts,"

produced by massing the entire force of bishops and missionary secretaries in a given locality, as in Cincinnati and Indianapolis last year, the decline is regular and constant. In spite of bishops, secretaries, thousands of ministers, and equal thousands of interested and pleading laymen, we have gone down to ante-war average, prophetic, if the Centennial year stops us not, of still further decline. In 1865, eight hundred thousand Methodists gave six hundred thousand dollars to the missionary cause; in 1875, thirteen hundred thousand Methodist members gave four hundred thousand dollars; and, re-enforced by the Sunday-school, which has really no business in this estimate, contributed only a little over six hundred thousand dollars, the amount reached by half a million less members ten years ago.

BALTIMORE is to be the seat of the next General Conference. Maryland began to be settled in 1634. Baltimore County was created in 1659; "in 1729, an act was passed by the Colonial Assembly for creating a town on the north side of the Patapsco, and for laying out into lots sixty acres of land in and about the place where one John Fleming now lives." The cost of said sixty acres was about ten dollars of our money. In 1743, the town, slowly growing on this site, was named Baltimore. After twenty-two years, the town numbered but twenty-five houses, including a school-house and church. Fifty years later, its population was 13,500; in 1800, 31,500; in 1810, 46,500. In 1870, Baltimore was the sixth city of the United States in population, numbering 267,354 inhabitants, 56,400 of whom were foreign born. The Baltimore of to-day is one of the most flourishing and delightful cities in the world. Its public buildings are numerous and elegant, including the Peabody Institute, whose library and musical institute promise to be the finest on the continent. Baltimore is not excelled by any city in the Union in beautiful churches, and its monuments are a national pride as well as a national attraction. For a hundred years Baltimore has been the Mecca of Methodism.

In 1774, when Baltimore town had six thousand inhabitants, it reported, to the Conference that sat in Philadelphia (the same place and year with the first Continental Congress), seven hundred and thirty-eight members, when New York and Philadelphia numbered only about two hundred each. A border State and a border city could not but be agitated by the great question that agitated and finally disintegrated the Church and the Union. Baltimore, conservative as it was, and desirous of peace and purity, was a severe sufferer in both the ecclesiastical and civil broils. All that is now past, and the General Conference will be as heartily welcomed to beautiful Baltimore by the Independent and Southern Methodist Churches as by the Methodist Episcopal; with nothing special on hand but a harmless debate on the presiding elder question, we need fear no interruption of the general harmony. Said debate will doubtless be protracted to the middle of June, to enable members to take the Centennial Exposition in their route homeward on the 1st of July. While they were changing the place, why did not the officials of the Church bethink them to change the time also,—a needed change,—to get the Conference out of the way of the quadrennial conventions of politicians that meet to manufacture candidates for the Presidency?

**VENALITY.**—The disposition to make money out of every thing in heaven and earth, and things under the earth, is one of the striking characteristics of the age we live in. In a mercenary, godless, self-seeking world, this is to be expected; but that the corrupting power of money should so often be brought into dangerous proximity with the holiest and purest of life's blessings is something fearful for a Christian to contemplate. We often think of the horror and burst of holy alarm with which Peter rejected the proposal of Simon, the spiritualist, the Barnum of Samaria, who offered money for the power of imparting the Holy Ghost, by laying on of hands. "Thy money perish with thee," said the indignant apostle to the frightened showman, who has conferred his despised name (Simony) on the godless trade in holy things, by which so many of St. Peter's pretended suc-

cessors have enriched themselves in all ages, without any of the conscientious scruples of their great head and founder. Until quite a recent period, money has ever been regarded with suspicion, as a corrupting element, in the domain of art and literature. No man can invent any thing in this world for a stipulated price. The gifts of genius, like the gifts of God, are "without money and without price." But the minute something valuable is created, the money-kings pounce upon it, drag it into market, and roll up fortunes, while the luckless inventor, who has struggled for years with difficulties, is still left to poverty and obscurity. It is well that it is so, for, by some peculiar law, money, or contact with it, seems to sully genius, and prosperity blights invention. Not without reason did Byron twit Walter Scott with making his muse venal.

If literature and art are corrupted by contact with "filthy lucre," much more religion. Religion will bear any amount of regal offering to the public welfare or the divine glory, but it must involve sacrifice on the part of the offerer. The work of the world that benefits mankind, and that posterity praises, is done by the self-sacrificing and poor. Washington would receive only his expenses from an impoverished country. Michael Angelo would receive no remuneration for his twenty years' labor on the grandest monument of Christian art, St. Peter's at Rome. John Wesley lived on a hundred and fifty dollars a year, and gave away whole fortunes made by the sale of his books. The Archbishop of Canterbury has a salary of seventy-five thousand dollars a year; the Archbishop of York, fifty thousand; the Bishop of London, fifty thousand; and others, twenty-five thousand,—to do a minimum of preaching and work. The beneficed clergy of England, as numerous as the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, have an average of fifteen hundred dollars a year salary, with a rectory, doubtless, but the real work of the Church of England is done by the five thousand poor curates, with a salary of four hundred dollars per annum each. The best work of the Methodist itinerancy was done in the days when it was struggling with want and poverty. The best work that is being done in the Church to-day is that performed by

the teachers and professors in our literary institutions, with just about salary enough to hold soul and body together, and they compelled to work sixteen hours a day to secure that.

Lorenzo Dow would receive nothing for preaching, but he usually had a man peddling his books in the vicinity of his preaching-stand, and made himself rich by the products of his eccentric brain.

To affix a money value to a sermon has always been as abhorrent to Methodists as to Quakers. To place a stipulated money value on the labors of evangelists always detracts from the value of those labors. A suspicion of money-making, or of interested motives on the part of a preacher, injures his influence and weakens his power; hence the avoidance of salary, professional pay, on the part of the founders of Methodism, and the substitution of an "allowance," carefully graded to the standard of current support. Moody and Sankey take no pay for their services, but the greed with which book-makers hurry up accounts of their labors is at once amusing and disgusting. When preaching, singing, camp-meeting occasions, dedication services, or any other religious matters become matters of dollars and cents, the glory has departed. Christ is needed with his scourge of small cords to drive the buyers and sellers from the temple.

**BROTHERLY LOVE.**—"A new commandment," said the blessed Christ, "I give unto you, that ye love one another, as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." Christ's love for us is to be the measure of our love for each other, and our love for each other is to be the test and sign of our discipleship. "He that loveth his brethren abideth in the light;" "he that hateth his brother is in darkness." No matter how many supernatural revelations he may have, no matter what his professions, if he love not his brother he is not of God. Here is one of the best evidences of a genuine religious experience, "By this we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." "He that loveth not his brother, abideth in death." Love is the life of a Christian. Not only is the non-lover of his

brother not a Christian, but he that "hateth his brother is a murderer," and "no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him."

Love, pure and true, teaches us to die for our fellows, for "hereby perceive we the love of Christ, because he laid down his life for us, and we ought (if need be) to lay down our lives for the brethren." Love is the soul of practical benevolence. "Whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" The final direction of the apostle of love is, "let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." Then "let us love one another, for love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God; he that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is LOVE," and "he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him." "If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar [strong language for a Gospel minister and apostle of Jesus to use], For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" This, therefore, is the final command, direct from heaven, "that he who loveth God love his brother also."

**THE SCHOOL SYSTEM.**—The President's last message, by insisting on the States taking measures to preserve the common-school system, has roused the wrath of all Romanism, from the hut of the railroad navvy to the Vatican. The *Catholic World*, for January, adopts the President's language, but, of course, interprets it after its own meaning. The Romanist does not understand the meaning of the word "free." He is free to do what his spiritual guides tell him to do, and nothing other. The *World* says, yes, let the schools be "free:" that is, let them be free to the access of priests and every device of Rome. Let them be "Christian," that is, papal, for there is no Christianity outside of the papacy. Let them not be "pagan" or "atheistical." They are both pagan and atheistical now in Romish parlance, and will only cease to be pagan and atheistical when they have voted the Pope of Rome God. The elements are incongruous. We might as well attempt to mix oil and water. The struggle which Rome has maintained

with civil governments for ten centuries, and is maintaining now in every European State, is resolutely renewed and bigotedly maintained in this country. Time-serving politicians, who have brought all this evil upon us, may stave off evil results for a while, but they are sure to come upon us. Dr. Crooks, in a valuable article in *Harper's Weekly*, Christmas number, shows that this struggle was inaugurated in New York City by Archbishop Hughes years ago.

THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY proposes to make use of the Centennial year to secure an offering from the alumni of one hundred thousand dollars, to be called the Alumni Centennial Fund. The Alumni Centenary Committee close an earnest appeal with the hope that the coming year will make the Wesleyan one of the great universities of America. We believe, with Dr. Foss at the head to engineer the project, they will succeed.

WORTHY OF IMITATION. — William B. Astor, son of John Jacob Astor, died in New York, in November last, leaving behind him a fortune of fifty millions of dollars. Yet, at his funeral, only the carriages containing the mourners and bearers were permitted to accompany the remains to the grave. There is a world of useless and ruinous display at funerals in these days, often rivaling the modern wedding in show and magnificence. A few such examples as that of the New York millionaire would go far toward breaking up the foolish fashions, the use of empty ceremonies and trappings, that now attend burials, and that often squander the means of the living in useless expenditures in the burial of the dead.

HARD TIMES. — A valued correspondent says the years 1874-5 have been more fatally disastrous to finance than any others our country has ever known, not even excepting 1837 and 1857. Scores of banks, from highest to lowest, have breathed their last. Many manufactories are swept out of existence, and large and venerable publishing houses are dumb, and some of them closed forever, and many now in operation are struggling to keep the spark of life in their weary types, while, among juvenile publications, five have to be merged in one.

REPRESENTATION. — Less than a million and a quarter of Methodists had nearly four hundred members in the last General Conference, while the forty million citizens of the United States have only three hundred and seventy-five representatives in Congress, both houses, all together. Two clerical and two lay delegates from each conference would be ample for all purposes.

A SLANDER REFUTED. — Rev. Dr. C. H. Payne says truly: "The world loves to repeat its lying adage about the godless character of the children of ministers and pious people generally; but, it is a huge lie, with here and there a sad exception. The general fact is, the more godly the parents, the better the children will be."

REVIVAL. — Why should we wait for Moody and Sankey? The Methodist Church has enacted the *role* of these earnest and energetic brethren for a hundred and fifty years. We have preached and sung multitudes of sinners into the kingdom, and sent happy millions to the realms of glory. We can do it again. Let us try.

OUR ENGRAVINGS. — A large portion of our Southern scenery is of a semi-tropical character. The wide-spreading swamps, the trees overgrown with the thready moss, the reptiles basking in the sunshine, the pelicans and flamingoes wading in the water, and the rank undergrowth of reeds and bushes, are almost unknown in our country outside of Florida and Louisiana; and it is in the latter State that the scene represented in our engraving is located. It gives a good idea of the land of bayous and alligators, of the cypress and live-oak, of everglades and hyaline pools. It was among the beautiful springs of Florida that Ponce de Leon hoped to find the fountain of perennial youth. "Here," said the followers of the first discoverers, "we could live forever." It is in the bayous and lakes of the South that we may look for the bluest of fresh water.

Quite opposite in appearance, but just as attractive for beauty, is the Shady Pool, at which the rustic maid is fishing. Quaint and demure, she seems to have no thought except how many fishes she shall get. Well if she be content; for we can not assure her of a large catch.



## VIOLET TOILET WATER. CASHMERE BOUQUET EXTRACT. CASHMERE BOUQUET Toilet Soap.



"Lowest Prices and BEST."  
**Do Your Own Printing!**  
\$3 Press for cards, labels, envelopes, etc.  
Business Men do their printing and advertising, save money and increase trade. Pleasure and profit in **Amateur Printing.** The Girls or have great fun and make money fast at printing. Send two stamps for full catalogue of presses, type, etc., to the Manufacturers, **KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.**

### THE ONLY CHROMOS

That have succeeded in standing the test of criticism, and become popular, are those superb pictures presented to the subscribers of

### DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

"THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET."  
"HOME, SWEET HOME."  
"AFTER THE STORM," AND THE  
"CAPTIVE CHILD."

Size, 17 by 26 inches.

These unequalled pictures (perfect reproductions of the original paintings) were sold for \$15 each. A choice of either Chromo is now presented to subscribers to DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE at \$3, per year. The largest Three-dollar Magazine published. Two Chromos can be had with the subscription to the Monthly for \$1.50 extra, or all four and the Magazine for \$7.50. If the Chromos are mounted on stretcher and canvas for framing, 50c. each must be added, which includes transportation. Address

**W. JENNINGS DEMOREST,**  
17 East Fourteenth St., New York.

And please remember these are the largest, best, and most popular Oil Chromos ever published for \$15 each.

Do not fail to send immediately and get one or both of these magnificent pictures.

Agents wanted. Send for terms.



**DECALCOMANIE,**  
or TRANSFER PICTURES, with book of 24 pp., giving full instructions in this new and beautiful art, sent post-paid for 10 cts. 100 small pictures, 50 cts. They are Heads, Landscapes, Animals, Birds, Insects, Flowers, Autumn Leaves, Comic Figures, &c. They can be easily transferred to any article so as to imitate the most beautiful painting. Also, 5 beautiful **GEM CHROMOS** for 10 cts.; 10 for 50 cts. Agents wanted.  
Address **J. L. PATTEN & CO., 162 William Street, New York.**

**DYE-HOUSE.** Ladies' Dress Dyeing a specialty for forty years. Goods by Express will receive careful attention.

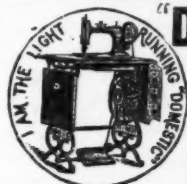
Send for Descriptive Pamphlet.

**WM. R. TEASDALE**  
265 Walnut St., Cincinnati O.

### BUCKEYE BELLS

**BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY,** Established in 1837. Superior Bells of Copper and Tin, mounted with Rotary Hangers, for Churches, Schools, Court-houses, Almshouses, Tower Clocks, Chimes, etc. Fully warranted. Illustrated Catalogue sent Free.  
**VAN DUZEN & TIFT, 102 and 104 East Second St., Cincinnati.**

**BUY J. & P. COATS' BLACK  
THREAD for your MACHINE.**



**"DOMESTIC"  
SEWING  
MACHINES.**

Liberal Terms of Exchange for Second-hand Machines of every description.

**"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS.**  
The Best Patterns made. Send 5 cts. for Catalogue.

Address **DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.**

AGENTS WANTED. **NEW YORK.**

**ZELL'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.**—New and Revised Edition.—150,000 articles, 3,000 engravings, and 18 splendid maps. The best book of universal knowledge in the language. Now in course of publication. Agents wanted. Specimen, with map, sent for 20 cts.  
**BAKER, DAVIS & CO., Philadelphia, Penn.**

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

### GREAT MEN OF GOD:

A NEW WORK, containing the best thoughts of the best writers upon all the leading characters of the Bible. With an Introduction by Bishop I. W. Wiley. A book for all denominations. Sold at a price within the reach of all classes. Beautiful type, fine tinted paper, elegant and substantial binding. Profusely illustrated with steel engravings. Sold only by subscription and by our authorized Agents, to whom exclusive territory will be given. Address for terms and circulars,

**NELSON & PHILLIPS,**  
805 Broadway, N. Y.

SEND postal-card, with your address, to **Land Company's** B. & M. R. R., Burlington, Ia., and receive FREE chart of Farm Lands for sale in Iowa and Neb.

### GREEN-HOUSE AND BEDDING PLANTS.

LARGE stock; plants well grown; finest New and Old varieties. Sent by Mail or Express. Illustrated priced Catalogue free. Address  
**ELWANGER & BARRY, Rochester, N.Y.**

**HO FOR IOWA!**—Documents sent free. No grasshoppers; no fever and ague. Write **Land Company's** R. R. Land Co., Chicago, Ill., or Cedar Rapids, Ia.

### BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

A LARGE and well-selected stock. Ministers, Students, and Schools supplied at reduced rates. Catalogues of Books and Lists of Stationery sent by mail on application. Address

**HITCHCOCK & WALDEN,**  
Cincinnati, Chicago, or St. Louis.



# Something to Suit You

IN A WELL SELECTED STOCK OF

## STAPLE AND FANCY STATIONERY,

INCLUDING

Pocket Cutlery, Gold Pens and Cases,  
Scrap-Books, Autograph Albums,  
Photograph Albums, Grapho-  
scopic Albums, Photo-  
autograph Albums,  
Pocket-Books,  
Portfolios,  
Portemonnaies,  
Paper Files, Paper  
Weights, Writing Desks,  
Inkstands, Pen-Holders, Pen-  
Racks, Ink Erasers, India Rubber.

## WRITING PAPER AND ENVELOPES.

Inks,  
Rulers,  
Steel Pens,  
Crayons,  
Lead Pencils,  
Drawing Pencils,  
Ladies' Tablets,  
Ladies' Work-boxes.

## HANDKERCHIEF AND GLOVE SETS

And many other

## ARTICLES OF STATIONERY,

Both Staple and Fancy, suitable for  
Schools, Students, and Personal Use.

## HITCHCOCK & WALDEN,

190 West Fourth Street,

CINCINNATI.

# NEW BOOKS.

### ALL FOR CHRIST;

Or, How the Christian may Obtain, by a  
Renewed Consecration of his Heart, the  
Fullness of Joy referred to by the Savior  
just previous to his Crucifixion. By Rev.  
Thos Carter, D. D. 16mo. . . \$0 75

### GLAUCIA:

A Story of Athens in the First Century. 1 50

### QUADRATUS:

A Tale of the World in the Church. . 1 50

### FLAVIA:

Or, Loyal to the End. A Tale of the  
Church in the Second Century. . 1 50

### AYESHA:

A Tale of the Times of Mohammed. . 1 50

### LEOFWINE, THE SAXON:

A Story of Hopes and Struggles. . 1 50

### ELFREDA:

A Sequel to Leofwine. By Emma Leslie.  
12mo. Illustrated. . . 1 50

### CHRISTIANS AND THE THEATER.

By J. M. Buckley. 16mo. . . 80

### GOD'S WAY;

Or, Gaining the Better Life, By Mrs. M.  
A. Holt. 16mo. . . 90

### THE WESLEYAN DEMOSTHENES:

Comprising Select Sermons of Rev. Joseph  
Beaumont. With a Sketch of his Charac-  
ter. By Rev. J. B. Wakeley, D. D. 16mo. 1 25

### MEHETABEL:

A Story of the Revolution. By Mrs. H. C.  
Gardner. 16mo. . . 1 25

### HOPE RAYMOND;

Or, What is Truth. By Mrs. E. T. Ray-  
mond. 16mo. . . 1 00

### ON HOLY GROUND.

Travels in Palestine. By Edwin Hodder.  
12mo. . . 1 50

### SIX YEARS IN INDIA;

Or, Sketches of India and its People. By  
Mrs. E. J. Humphrey. Eight Illustrations.  
12mo. . . 1 25

### QUEEN LOUISA OF PRUSSIA;

Or, Goodness in a Palace. From German  
Sources. By Catherine E. Hurst. . 1 00

### THE CATACOMBS OF ROME,

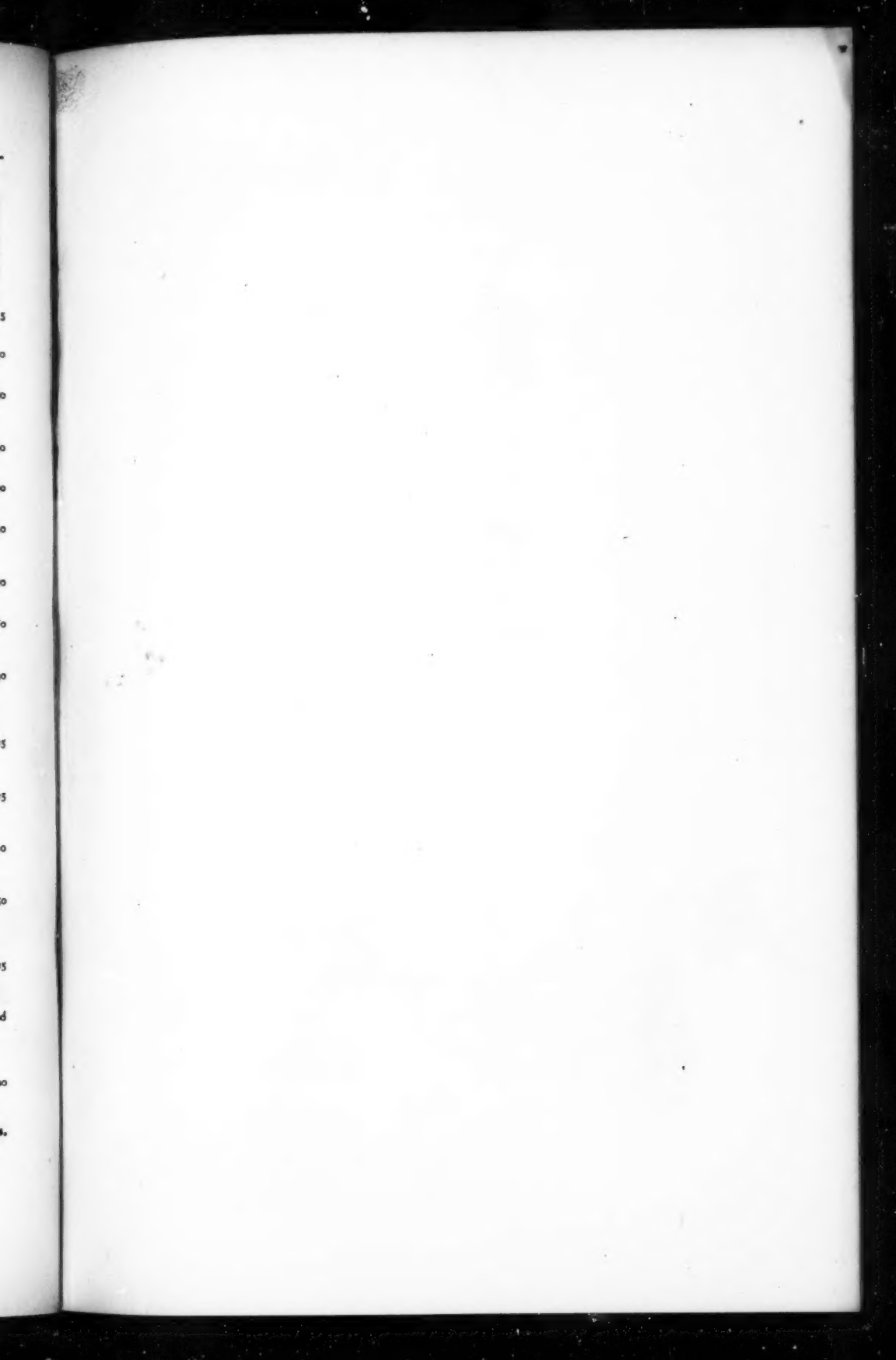
And their Testimony relative to Primitive  
Christianity. By W. H. Withrow, M. A.  
134 Illustrations; 560 pages. 12mo. . 3 00

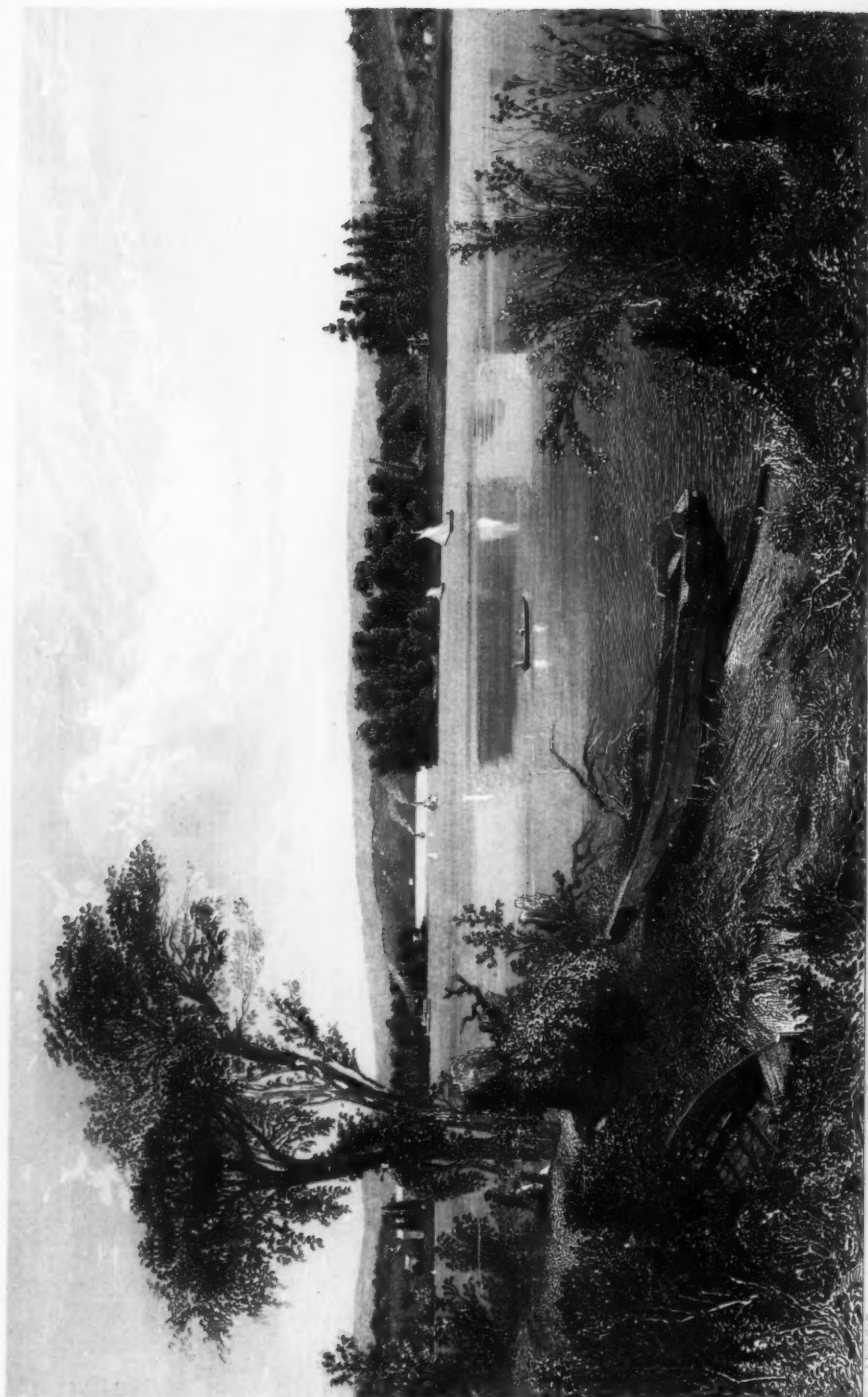
## HITCHCOCK & WALDEN,

Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis.

## NELSON & PHILLIPS,

New York.





LAKE CHAUTAUQUA

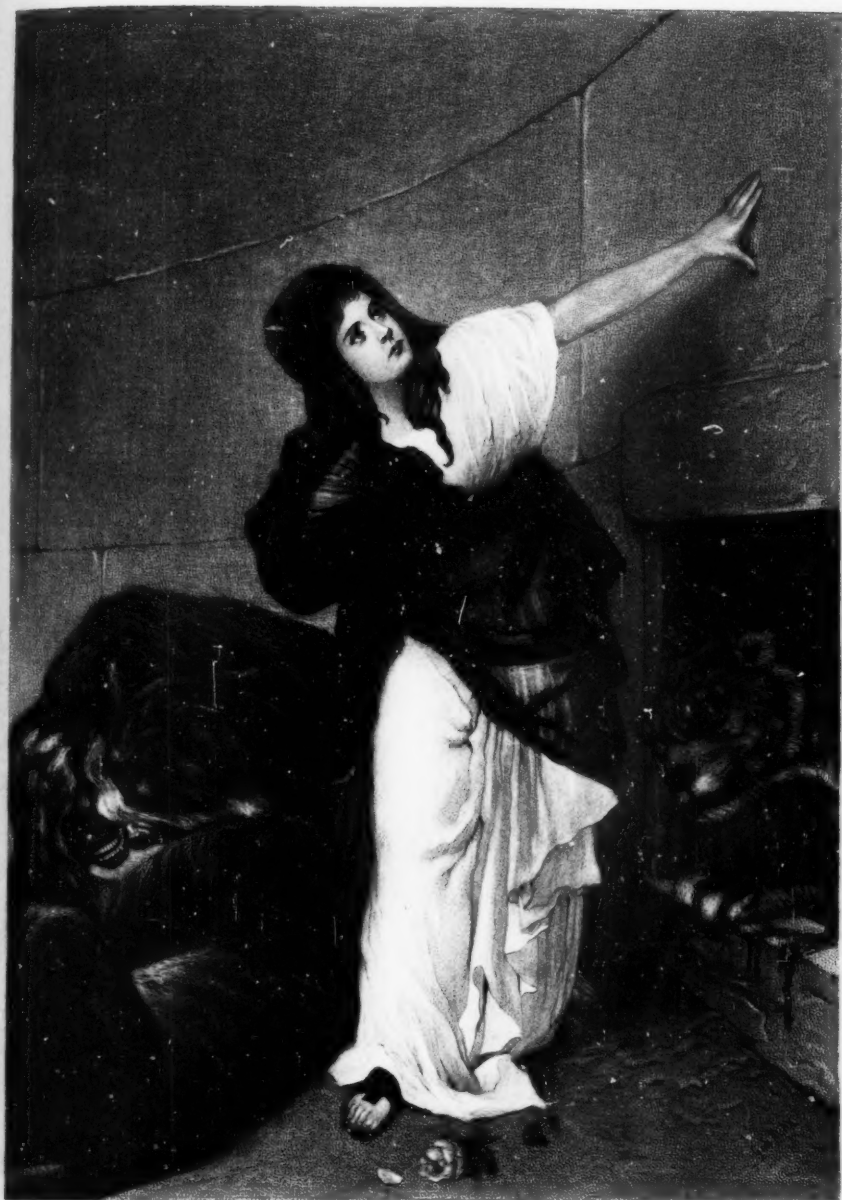
J. H. WOOD

BY SANDERS WOOD

LAKE CHAUTAUQUA







JACQUES MAX.

THE LADIES

## THE LAST GREETING.

ENGRAVED FOR THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.